Etwas Teutſches

zur Verteidigung der Teutſchen

über die

am 7den Oct. 1727. vollzogene

Verehligung

(S. T.)

HERRN LUEDERS

mit

(S. T.)

JUNGFER VOGUELLS

aufgeſetzt von

WEICHMANN.

Nil intentatum noſtri liquêre Poëtæ,
Nec minimum meruêre decus.——— Hor. de Arte Poët. v. 285.

IN *London Teutſch?*——Verhaſſte Muſe, ſtill!
Wer wird doch wol, bey *Englands* reichen Chören,
Den harten Klang von fremden Liedern hören,
Falls *Welſchlands* ſanfter Ton das Ohr nicht kützeln will?
Ihr *Teutſchen*, ſchweigt! Nur *England* hat Poeten,
Die machen euch und *Rom* und *Griechenland* erröten.
Allein gemach! Auch jenſeit Waſſers leb't
Manch edler Schwan, der in dem Dichter-Orden
Schon längſt ein Stern von erſter Gröſſe worden,
Und deſſen Ruhm die Welt in feſte Säulen gräb't.
Ihr *Britten*, glaubt's: Es gibt auch *Teutſche* Geiſter,
Die in der Poeſie, wie ihr, vollkommne Meiſter.
Wenn *Beſſers* Kiel die Teutſchen Helden preiſt;
Wenn *Brockes* Gott und Deſſen Werk beſinget;

Wenn

Wenn *Brandenburgs* und *Richeys* Leyer klinget;
Wenn *König*, *Wilkens*, *Pietſch* in jeder Ahrt ſich weiſt:
So muſs die Welt, die es verſteht, bekennen,
Die *Teutſche* Dicht-Kunſt ſey was Göttliches zu nennen.
Dieſs war ſie ſchon, als *Opitz* erſt begann,
Und viele ſind nach ihm ſo weit gegangen,
Als er zu thun nicht einſt ſich unterfangen.
Man ſehe *Canitz* nur, man ſehe *Günthern* an!
Natur und Kunſt iſt hier ſo ſtark vereinet,
Daſs man *Horacen* ſelbſt in *Teutſch* zu ſehn vermeinet.
Welch eine Kraft, welch eine Lieblichkeit
Herrſcht nicht in ihr, der Sprache *Teutſcher* Helden!
Die Wahrheit muſs von ihrem Reichtum melden,
Daſs er der *Engliſchen* den gröſten Nachdruck beut.
Was ſchön, was ſtark, was angenem und prächtig,
Deſs iſt dieſelbe bloſs durch unſre Sprache mächtig.
Von *Welſchland* an bis zu dem *Eiſmeer'* hin,
Vom *Nordmeer'* an bis *Liefſlands* äuſſern Grenzen
Sieht man ihr Gold und ihren Purpur glänzen;
So weit, ja weiter noch herrſcht ſie als Königinn,
Und *England* ſelbſt, wohin ſie längſt gekommen,
Hat ſie von Alters her als Mutter angenommen.
O könnt' ich nur mit gleich ſo guter Ahrt,
Wie ſie's erlaubt, den Gaul der Dichter lenken,
Nur gleich ſo gut, wie *Milton* dachte, denken:
Ich hätte gleichen Ruhm, wie er gerühmet ward.
Ja *Milton* ſelbſt, hätt' er in *Teutſch* geſchrieben,
Wär' eben das geweſt, wär' allzeit *Milton* blieben.
Jedoch wenn ich nicht ſinnreich dichten kann,
Nicht bey der Kunſt und ihren Regeln bleibe,
Nicht ſanft, nicht hoch, nicht voll, nicht feurig ſchreibe:
So iſt die Sprache ſelbſt gewiſs nicht Schuld daran.
Soll darum wol der Farben Wehrt verlieren,
Daſs alle Mahler nicht den beſten Pinſel führen?
Wie oder wird ein *Sächſiſcher* Poet
Dem *Engliſchen* bloſs darum nachgeſetzet,
Deſſwegen nur ſo gar gering geſchätzet,
Weil man ihn nie geſehn, die Sprache nicht verſteht?
O ſo kann *Swift* mit gleichem Grunde ſetzen,
Daſs ſeine *Houyhnhms* ſelbſt wie *Ober-Sachſen* ſchwätzen.

Die

Die Sprach' an ſich wird nur umſonſt verhön't,
Und, bloſs zum Spott der Tadler ſelbſt, getadelt.
Das Altertum, ſo ihren Vorzug adelt,
Hat längſt ſchon ihren Wehrt mit heiterm Ruhm gecrön't.
Die Wichtigkeit der vielen *Teutſchen* Schriften
Kann ihr weit ſtärker noch ein ewigs Denkmal ſtiften.
Daſs *Teutſchland* reich an ſcharfen Geiſtern ſey,
Daſs Kunſt und Witz bey uns vornemlich blühen,
Das Lob will zwar der Neid uns gern entziehen,
Und leg't er uns dafür bloſs Mut und Stärke bey;
Doch weiſs die That hievon viel mehr zu weiſen,
Als ich noch fähig bin, mein Vaterland zu preiſen.
Demnach vergeb't, ihr Schreiber dieſer Zeit,
Die ihr, was *Teutſch* und fremd iſt, ſo verachtet,
Und, was ihr kennt, allein zu preiſen trachtet,
Daſs euch die Wahrheit einſt den rechten Faden leiht,
Nach welchem ihr nun werdet richten können,
Daſs vieles, ob ihrs gleich nicht kennt, doch gut zu nennen.
Verzeiht auch Ihr, erles'nes wehrtes Par,
Daſs ich biſher bey Euern Hochzeit-Kerzen
So ernſtlich thu', an ſtatt vergnüg't zu ſcherzen,
Wie es in ſolchem Fall zuerſt die Weiſe war.
Vielleicht wird einſt ein Wiegen-Lied erſetzen,
Was itzt dem Scherze fehlt, und deſto mehr ergetzen.
Ich weiſs, Ihr ſeyd von echtem *Teutſchen* Blut',
Und kennt genug die Würde dieſes Namens.
O freuet Euch des Ehren-reichen Samens,
Und ſchaffet, daſs Ihr ihm hinwieder Ehre thut!
Dieſs wird dadurch am meiſten erſt geſchehen,
Wenn wir Euch fortgepflanzt und oft vervielfacht ſehen.
Biſhero zwar hab't Ihr den *Teutſchen* Ruhm,
Zu eignem Ruhm, auch in der Fremd' erhalten.
Man ſiehet Euch mit kluger Einfalt walten;
Die *Teutſche* Redlichkeit iſt Euer Eigentum.
Doch dieſen Preis der Nachwelt aufzuheben,
Müſſt ihr von gleicher Ahrt uns junge *Teutſche* geben.
Wolan, ſo laſſt, der *Teutſchen* Sprache gleich,
Das *Teutſche* Blut ſich durch die Welt verbreiten!
Dieſs that es ſchon vor uhr-uhr-alten Zeiten,
Und wo iſt wol itzund ein einzigs Chriſtlichs Reich,

Da nicht der Ruhm der *Teutſchen* ſich erhebet,
Da man nicht unterm Schutz von *Teutſchen* Häuptern lebet?
Ich, den ſo wol ein gleiches Vaterland,
Als ſelbſt mein Herz, und Sein ſo gütigs Weſen,
Herr Bräutigam, zu Seinem Freund' erleſen,
Ich preiſe höchſt-vergnüg't dieſs unſer Freundſchafts-Band,
Das ſich zwar nicht von fernem Urſprung ſchreibet,
Und, nach der *Teutſchen* Ahrt, dennoch beſtändig bleibet.
Wie leb't ſichs nicht ſo ruhig, ſo vergnüg't,
Wenn Ehrlichkeit, die noch in *Teutſchland* thronet,
Wenn Treu' und Ernſt in unſerm Herzen wohnet,
Wenn Abſicht, Min' und Wort ſich ſtets zuſammen füg't!
Wir ſprechen *Teutſch*, und meinen, was wir ſprechen.
Laſs and're Heuchler ſeyn, und Pflicht und Schwüre brechen!
Der Gott indeſs, Der *Teutſchlands* weiten Kreis
In höherm Grad, durch unweit ſtärkre Proben,
Als ſonſt ein Reich, an Ehr' und Macht erhoben,
Deſs Güte ruh' auf Euch, und crön' auch Euern Fleiſs!
Sein Horn des Heyls, das allzeit überflieſſet,
Sey Euch ein ſolches Horn, deſs Reichtum Ihr genieſſet!
O fahrt nur fort, wie Ihr biſhero thut,
Geprieſnes Par, in Lieb' und guten Werken
Die *Teutſche* Würd' und Abkunft zu beſtärken!
So folg't der Segen ſchon; ſo ſteht es um Euch gut;
So ſieht der Neid, und zwar zu Eurer Rache,
Daſs Redlichkeit allein, nicht Argliſt, glücklig mache.
Allein genug! Vermeſſne Reimſucht, ſtill!
Ich ſchäme mich, das Gegenteil zu weiſen
Von dem, was wir an unſern Schriften preiſen,
Und ſchreibe, weil ich ſoll, nicht wie ich ſoll und will,
Ja mir genüg't, durch and're bloſs zu zeigen,
Daſs Feuer, Geiſt und Witz den *Teutſchen* Köpfen eigen.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON, gedruckt durch JAMES BETTENHAM, 1727.

A Shorter and Truer ADVERTISEMENT

By way of

SUPPLEMENT,

To what was publiſhed the 7th Inſtant:

OR,

Dr. *D--ou--g-e--l-a--s* in an Extaſy,

AT

Lacey's Bagnio, December the 4*th*, 1726.

LONDON: Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXVII.
(Price Three Pence.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

A ſhorter and truer Advertiſement by way of Supplement, to what was publiſhed the 7th Inſtant, *&c.*

HAVE I my Fingers? and have I my Eyes?
Or are my Senſes fled through much Surpriſe?
There's *ſomething* ſure! muſt quickly come,
From out of *Mary Toft* her *Womb.*

SEE here! juſt above the *Pubes*,
Either in *Womb*, or in th' *Tube* is
A *Huge Swelling*, within her Belly,
Which I'm amaz'd at, let me tell ye!

THIS is no doubt a *curious Caſe!*
Her Pains are ſharp upon her,
Oh! keep your Word, and give me place,
As you're a Man of Honour:

REMEMBER your Promiſe, break not your Troth,
This Month of *December*, and Day the fourth.

HOLD, hold, ſweet SIR, do me no wrong,
Down on my Knees I implore ye,
Her Labour PAINS are mighty ſtrong,
Let's touch't in *Uteri Ore*.

WITH uſual Shrug and Pearl at tip of Noſe,
Amongſt you all, I ſolemnly depoſe,
There's *ſomething Curious!* make no doubt
E're it be long, I'll pull it out.

A *Birth!* a *Birth!* is now at hand,
Come in without delay;
Nay, come good SIRS, this Moment in,
Or I will *run away.*

UNLESS you all come in and ſee
This *wondrous Birth*, this Prodigy!
I never more *Belief* ſhall find,
Amongſt my Brethren, *or Womankind*;
Therefore come in with one Conſent,
For I am all *Aſtoniſhment!*

THESE were my very Words, *expreſs*,
Tho' I've indeed deny'd 'em;
And much like theſe, I do confeſs,
I've often ſaid beſide them.

Flamingo.

FINIS.

PARSONS's Triumph.

WHY *Whigs* can't you be Eaſy,
Nor ſtain a Reputation,
'Cauſe *Parſons* brave
Wo'nt be a Slave
Court Diſſimulation.

Why ſhould a TORY hearty,
(To get himſelf in Favour,)
Lye, cringe, and bow,
Proteſt, and vow
Now thought genteel Behaviour.

Poor Rogues, like you, may flatter,
Who're envious of his Merit;
And ſtill purſue,
Yet all you do
Wo'nt rouſe His Noble Spirit.

So have I ſeen, when walking,
A Maſtiff-Dog look ſower,
With Curs beſet,
That bark and fret,
He ſcorns, tho' in his Power.

Brave *Parſons* live for ever,
Indulge your Wife in Pleaſure,
Let them wear Rags,
She Diamond Tags.
And taſte Joys out of Meaſure.

Was Madam grown ſo ſtingy
Or Husband ſuch a Miſer,
Rich Silks to chooſe,
And yet refuſe
To pay the Man his Price, Sir.

Who was it bought the Bargain
To ſet off, and make pritty
His Lady dear,
For to appear
In *Paris* Noble City.

Go on, and ever proſper,
We'll follow thy Example;
Be always good
To *Britiſh* Blood,
And on thy Foes we'll trample.

LONDON: Printed by J. *Thompſon*, in the Strand, 1734.

A N

E L E C Y

On the much unlamented Death of Mathias Merrideth Govenour of St. Giles Work houſe; who departed this Life, at Tottenham Court on Saturday the 14th, of February 1732. Being a mornfull Dirge or Poem made by a poor Man in the Work-houſe, ſhewing all his Barbarities to the Poor, alſo how he was frightn'd to Death by the Ghoſt or appari,on of the Woman that he laſt ſtarved to Death in the Darke-hole.

MErridieth's gone, but where there's none can tell,
But if to Heav'n, there's none need fear an H-ll;
For if Rape, if Luſt, if Murther Damn the Man,
He's thither gone diſpute it, no one can:
So un-repenting as he liv'd he dy'd,
Harden'd in Sin, or elſe he's ſore bely'd.
Then let the poor in triumph celebrate,
That happy day, to them moſt fortunate,
For ſure a wretch, ſo wicked, vile and baſe,
Was never ſeen upon this world's vaſt face.
Would you a tyrant paint? his picture draw,
Whoſe will alone, was to him for a law,
Wou'd you oppreſſion repreſent to view,
In the ſame picture 'twill appear to you,
In lawful objects if you take delight,
Paint not the goat, for he out-ſtript it quite;
If you'd a wolf by pencils art diſplay,
Lycaon muſt to Merrideth give way.
Wou'd you a Bully on the ſtage bring here?
He'd hector, bounce he'd ſwear and dominear.
And yet a coward, was this very man.
Witneſs the ſame there's many thouſands can.
But why in generals do I ſing his fame.
Ceaſe muſe and ſome particulars proclaim,
This man, if we can credit rich or poor,
Chiefly delighted in a common w--re:
Which made ſome virtuous women for to cry,
Not to the work-houſe, firſt I'll chuſe to die,
For death's more elegible, by my ſoul,
In liberty, than life in work-houſe hole,
And that,s my portion if I contradict,
Or ſome dire fortune, he will ſure inflict;
The whip the ſcourge and other torments were,
In place of comfort; what he did prepare
For ſuch who wou'd not with his laws comply,
While others did for want of victuals die.
One cruel inſtance was an honeſt dame
Who thither went for ſuccour but in vain,
For ah, alaſs! this wicked monſter did.
Confin'd her cloſe, and ſcarce allow'd her bread,
Thus ſhe remain'd for many weeks we hear
In the dark hole till death did ſet her clear.
Soon after this her ghoſt did viſit him,
Which fill'd his ſoul with horrour all within;
For why the ſpectre did, in ghaſtly hue,
Preſent its ſelf in terror to his view
With hollow eyes and meager face 'tis ſaid,
And body thin as ever any ſhade,
With mournfull voice we often words did ſpeak.
Which made the villian tremble ſhake and quake:
One night ſaid ſhe, behold vile wretch, and ſee
'Tis you in fact have really murther'd me.
You from me kept thoſe bleſſings were deſign'd
For ſuccour and relief to poor mankind.
Altho I've kept a better houſe than thee
Yet baſely didſt thou triumph over me.
With oathes and direful imprecations ſevere
Unleſs I'd work I ſhou'd to hole repare,
There to remain you'd pull my ſtomach down,
Or elſe by G-d ſoon have me under Ground
For many a better man and woman tao,
You'd made ſubmit to what you'd pleaſe to do:
This is perhaps the only truth yon,ve ſaid.
From the firſt hour you hither was convey'd,
For pstjuries for blaſphemies and lies
Are what you chiefly ſtudy and deviſe.
Unleſs it be for to oppreſs the poor,
For which is ſhut againſt you heav'ns door;
And that moſt ſurely you will quickly find,
For you muſt die and leave this world behind:
And in ſhort ſpace in direful flames be hurl'd,
Where hiſſing ſoakes and twining ſerpents curll'd
For you're prepar'd with gnawing vultures to
But all of theſe can hardly puniſh you
This ſaid the ghoſt in flames did diſappear,
And Merrideth was ſenſeleſs ſtruck with fear;
And ſo remain'd in torture to the end,
Of life, when he was taken by a friend
Who to dark manſions of the d-mnd abode,
He was by many met upon the road.

E P I T A P H

Beneath this ſtone
Here lies the Bone
Of a moſt wicked man;
As to his ſoul
Without controul,
To h-ll it's headlong run.

F I N I S.

London, Printed for D. Smith, 1732

NEWSMAN's ADDRESS,

TO HIS

Worthy MASTERS and MISTRESSES,

On the Entrance of the NEW YEAR, 1761.

A POEM on the NEW YEAR.

GOOD God! What Revolutions there appears,
In the Succeſſion of revolving Years;
When MARS ſends forth his Thunders thro' the World,
And all it's Subjects are in Wars involv'd:
Oh! Lord, what Havock does Ambition make,
When Tyrant Princes Vertue's Paths forſake;
And aim the World's great Fabrick to controul,
Yet cannot rule their own imperious Soul:
Then why ſhould ſuch, o'er Mankind rule by Stealth,
Who is too weak, alas! to rule himſelf:
Stranger to Peace, to Piety and God,
And ſmiles to ſee the Earth with Human Blood
Bedeck'd,—and ſwears,—by Heaven it ſo ſhall be,
Becauſe my Will,—it is to pleaſure me.
What's Seas of Blood to me, ſo I prevail?
Or what is Monarchy, if Monarchs fail
In their Attempts?—Subjects are but our Slaves;
What Matter then, if many to their Graves,
Fall in the Bed of Honour,—as if Down,
When thus they fall for Honour or Renown;
Or where's the Pleaſure of Majeſtick Sway,
If Subjects ſhould be wanting to obey:
My Will is abſolute and ſo ſhall be,
And all my Vaſſals ſhall my Will obey?—
Cries *Gallia*'s haughty and imperious Lord,
Who (CYRUS like) would deem himſelf a God:
No, not the *Britiſh* Lion ſhall cruſh me down,
Nor ſtop my Thirſt of Glory and Renown;
Tho' join'd in League with *Pruſſia*'s Eagle'd King,
For I'll another Eagle 'gainſt his bring:
Join me ye Furies! all your Force unite;
Maintain a Univerſal Monarch's Right:
THERESA and ELIZABETH combine,
And blend your noble Intereſts with mine,
Againſt thoſe Enemies to our Church and State,
And cruſh their impious Hopes of being Great.
For, like to TAMERLANE, I will Reign free,
And if I fail, BAJAZET like I'll be.
So LOUIS dream'd, when Heaven and Earth conſpir'd
For to fruſtate whatever he deſir'd;
Becauſe he would not take GOD for his Guide,
But rather choſe Ambition and vain Pride:
For which, ſee all his Schemes abortive prove,
By us,—aſſiſted by the GOD of Love;
Who does deſpiſe vain Pride and Cruelty,
Nor yet permits ſuch Tyrants to go free:
Nay, what has throve that e'er he took in Hand,
By Sea—in Europe—or in Foreign Land;
To prejudice or hurt Great ALBION's ISLE,
On whom kind Heaven does propitious Smile
But oh! the faireſt Sun ſome Clouds muſt ſhare,
And we a heavy Cloud alas! muſt bear;
For why?—Great GEORGE our Sovereign King is dead,
And to the Realms of Bliſs his Soul is fled:
Oh! Thou, my Heavenly GOD, hear this my Prayer,
May we in Glory again meet Him there.
What tho' the Sun may be eclips'd o'er Night,
'Tis but next Morning, to appear more Bright:
So from the Aſhes of Great GEORGE's Urn,
True *Phœnix* like, behold another Son;
Great GEORGE the THIRD, in whom we hope will ſpring
PLENTY and PEACE, a PATRIOT, and a KING.

The HAWKER's ADDRESS.

MORE News, my worthy CUSTOMERS! ſee here,
The HAWKER's CHRONICLE for the laſt Year;
Which doth contain the Feats by us tranſacted,
Likewiſe of thoſe which are with us connected;
In *Aſia*, *America*, and in *Europe* too,
Which makes the *Monſieurs* for to cry *Morbleu!*
Nay, ſay thoſe *Engliſh* Dogs will never fall,
But in the End by Gar will kill us all:
For when the *Engliſh* Grenadiers do come,
With their damn'd March, their *Rum-adum, adum,*
The *Frenchmen* be ſo fright they will not ſtay,
But chooſe, as at *Montreal*, to run away;
Thinking that AMHERST was the very De'l,
Or he would not attempt to take *Montreal:*
But what's *Montreal*, when WOLFE had broke the Neck
Of all their Schemes, by taking of *Quebeck*;
Though in the bold Attempt he did expire,
He dy'd a Conqu'ror in the Midſt o'the Fire;
Worthy of a fair Monument of Braſs,
To lateſt Times his Actions to rehearſe.
If we to the *Eaſt-Indies* caſt an Eye,
See Colonel COOTE defeats Monſieur LALLY:
And Admirals TOWNSEND, SAUNDERS, HOLMES and HAWKE,
The COMMONS Thank, for each their well done Work:
From whence we evidently here may ſee,
Frenchmen the *Engliſh* fear by Land and Sea;
And our Commanders make them dread the Name
Of BRITAIN's KING, whom GOD grant long to Reign.
In *Germany*, ſee how Prince FERDINAND,
Join'd with brave GRANBY, does the *French* withſtand;
And never will permit them long to reſt,
But ever keeps them moving and harraſt;
Whilſt *Pruſſia*'s glorious KING hath Wonders done,
Defeating all the Schemes of Marſhal DAUN;
Sent him home ſick of this fatiguing War,
For Truth of which let *Torgau*'s Plains declare.
Yet equal Griefs to all Men do not fall,
Who leaſt hath ſome, who moſt hath never all:
For whilſt we thus was fluſh'd with our Succeſs,
DEATH came, and did our Sacred SOVEREIGN preſs,
To go with him unto the Realms of Bliſs!
His Time being come, GOD's Will would have it ſo,
That he with this grim Meſſenger muſt go:
What then, 'tis but a Debt we All muſt pay,
Parents from Children oft' are ſnatch'd away;
Yet ſtill an HEIR is left his Realm to ſway.
Pious and Good, nay and a Soul of mine,
Becauſe He hates *French* Servants and *French* Wine:
Thrice happy Omen of the Glorious Reign
Of GEORGE the THIRD, oh! Bleſſed be His Name:
Likewiſe with a good MINISTRY we ſhine,
A PITT and LEGGE does with Great GEORGE combine,
To ſcourge the Foe, and make the War to ceaſe,
And bring about an honourable Peace:
For worthy CUSTOMERS, we Hawkers are
Great Politicians, 'cording to our Sphere;
And love to ſee all's well for 'Country's Cauſe,
And that our Cuſtomers thrive with Applauſe;
And that our Papers may them always pleaſe,
When they peruſe them at their Time and Eaſe:
And one Thing more,—We hope of us you'll think,
And will enable us your Health to drink.

J. R.

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An ELEGY,

In Memory of the Reverend Mr. *John Newman*,

Who Departed this Life, July the 25th. 1741.

CHildren of God, tha's by the Spirit led,
Go to your Father—ſay,—is NEWMAN dead,
The Servant, Lord, O! how our Hearts they bleed,
We want more Miniſters—that are NEWMEN indeed.

Children of God—O ſay——NEWMAN is dead,
No more diſplays his Hand, lifts up his Head;
No more, no more the Man of God appears,
To ſound the Goſpel Trumpet in your Ears.

In NEWMAN——
An Angel's dead, and a Star did fall,
But he has—Heaven—for a *Salters* Hall;
Laſt, that's where his Soul did for Heaven mould,
Firſt, that's where now he doth God's Face behold,
The firſt and laſt, is Heaven and the Hall,
Manſion, for Pulpit, late to him did fall;
The Pulpit for the Manſion, is his change,
In Realms of Light, his bleſſed Spirit Range;
God empt's the Pulpits, Manſions to fill,
And in all, all AGES—he executes his Will.

NEWMAN, his Tongue's anointed from above,
He charm'd his Hearers with redeeming Love,
His Heart was ſoften'd, opened his Ear,
His Will was drawn, and Underſtanding clear;
His Soul refreſh'd, with Goſpel Promiſe fed,
Did eat the Word, and by the Spirit led.
All this he had, even in the Wilderneſs,
What has he now?—he's number'd with the Bleſt.

NEWMAN——
Father in Chriſt, *Jacob* in Prayer,
Prevail with God in Pulpit, Wreſle there,
When in his Prayer his Silver Tongue did roul,
He talk'd Court Language, that was in his Soul;
Fore taſt of HEAVEN, here he had in HAND,
This World to him—it was but a ſtrange LAND.

Refreſh'd in Prayer, his Soul did ſweetly ſail,
Under the Spirit's Breath's—with a full Gail;
In the Red-Sea of the Redeemers Blood,
Where all the Childrens Sins ſink in the purple Flood.

Refreſh'd with times refreſhing from above,
Dear Souls have been, when NEWMAN dropt the Word,
Refreſh'd with Dews from everlaſting it is,
That open HEARTS, and ſweetly draws our Wills;
O ſweet's the Bleſſing of the heavenly Shore,
A Sea that hath no bottom—nor no Shore.

A Soul that here with Comfort ſees God's Face,
Looks to the mercy Seat, —the Throne of Grace,
It's there alone, the Soul takes Piſgah-veiw,
The Heart enlarges, and its ſtrength renew?
It's there alone, the Heart doth Graſp Ize
The Lips ſays Abba, —— Father's in its cry's
Here what a *David*, and a *Paul* Reveal,
The Soul doth taſt, doth handle and doth Feel.

† Lookes all Light doth Centre in the Sun,
And all your Streams, into the Sea doth run
Thus all the Graces, of the Spirit's Love,
That fits the Soul, for the bleſt World above;
Here in firſt Fruits the Saint has ſweetly got,
Above it is a Sea, tho' here a drop.
Glorification is the Glorious Gain,
And the laſt Link, in the Belevers Chain,
All's over then, but Tryumph doth remain,

NEWMAN——
Laſt Bucket he dipt, in the Goſpel well.
He brought up Water ſweet, Hearers do tell,
The Water's of Salvation, Conſolate,
Refrech the Soul, above a common rate,
Lord let thy Face, upon the Soul but ſhine,
It's better far then then Corn, or Oyl, or Wine,
Laſt's but the *Bleſſing*, of the lower Spring
Firſt's from Heaven, the ſhines of Heaven's King.

The Laſt time he did in the Pulpit ſhine,
He ſhew'd the word of God, it was divine,
It was the Word of God, that came with Power,
And to prove this he ſpent the happy hour
Open'd his * Text, with underſtanding clear,
As a good Workman, nothing need to fear.

** But he's no more, that here had Heavens dews
" In Realms of Light, he no hath open views,
" no more ſeeing through Glaſſes now take Place,
" But Rapture viſſion, ſeeing Face to Face,
" No more he needs the Low, the neither Spring,
" But's gone were Saints do Love, and Angles ſing,
" we'll leave his ſpirit ſwallowed up with Bliſs,
" Bleſt with *Paul's* Rapture, and with *Moſes* kiſs.

EPITAPH.

Here lies [illegible] NEWMAN——

* Laſt Text he Preach'd from, was the [illegible]

† See [illegible]

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AN ELEGY

Sacred to the MEMORY of the Reverend.

Mr. JAMES WOOD.

ALaſs, Alaſs! I can't forbear to ſpeak, (wake,
My Tongue's unty'd — and my Heart's a-
Alas, I can't but ſigh my diſmal Moan
With broken Language, as I Breath, I groan,
To ſay, — *Great WOOD* is Dead, — no more appears,
† " To ſound the Goſpel Trumpet in your Ears;
" No more Fine Sentiments for to impart,
" To charm the Ear at once, and win the Heart;
" Rich Metaphors they'd make, his Sermons glow,
" And Allegories had a Curious Flow.
" His Fine Alluſions never fail'd to pleaſe;
" So apt they were, and form'd with ſo much Eaſe:
" Learning and Grace, each of them had a Part;
" The firſt was for the Head — and laſt was for the (Heart.

What ſhall I ſay? —

No more the Man of God lifts up his Head,
No more for JESUS ſee his Hand is ſpread;
No more Thoughts goſpelliz'd are from him ſent,
As ſhining Meſſengers were Eloquent;
No more from him we hear the Language flow,
Catch'd by the Ear — and to the Heart did go;
No, No, — no more, it's over — all is done,
For *WOOD* — is Dead — his Thread of Life is Spun.
Sure Providence upon us caſt a Frown, (down,
When Death cuts — *WOOD* — Cuts a tall Cedar
A Lofty Cedar in God's World of Grace,
In God's World of Glory — ſees the Redeemer's Face.
WOOD brought forth Fruit was ſavory and good,
A Tree of Righteouſneſs — a Living *WOOD*,
Planted in JESUS, in the Church he ſpread,
And by the Spirit's Breath — was drawn, was led
Refreſh'd with Dews from Everlaſting Hills,
Which Dews refreſhing, ſweetly draws our Wills;
Theſe Dews refreſhed this ſweet living Tree,
Love's in his Heart, Faith in his Eye did ſee;
Heavenly Treaſure ſhined in him bright,
In Conſcience Peace, in Underſtanding L
A Goſpel Liberty was in his Will,
And thus the Dews did on this Tree diſtill.
This Tree was fitted to be mov'd Above,
For here it ripen'd in Redeeming Love.
Heavenly Dews, and ſhines to God doth bring,
O! this is the Fountain — this is the Uppe Spring.

Fine Ideas in his Mind did Throng,
His Language beauteous — and his Reaſon ſtrong:
Cauſe and Effect, he'd ſhew how they did link,
And kept his Sentiments exact, diſtinct.
His Judgment always did his Fancy ſteer,
His Images were great, Ideas clear;
The Spices of the Goſpel garble well;
Say Here's the Chaff, and there the Wheat doth dwell.
His Words were Strong, Emphatick, Eloquent,
And to Perſwade, this was their uſe and bent;
Sentiments Rich, finely he'd mix and blend,
And Charm when he did Preach, from End to End.
His Sentiments were Juſt, his Doctrine True,
And as Refreſhing as the Morning Dew.

* " Well choſen were his Words, his Fancy fine,
" They'd charm the Ear, and wou'd the Heart incline,
" Rich Metaphors in his Diſcourſe he throws,
" And ſcatters Metonymia's as he goes.
" Hyperboles they did his Speech adorn,
" From Metaphors are Allegories born.

WOOD —— Dead! ——

†† " O Mourn ye Saints, ye Churches Pulpits tell
" Your Grief to Saints, and make their Boſoms ſwell,
" Diſſolve in Tears, from inward Sorrow bred,
" And ſay that — *WOOD* — that Man of God is dead
" Great *WOOD* is Love, his Judgment that was clear,
" The Church hath loſt a Faithful Overſeer;
" In him a Father to the Church did fall,
" One meek like *Moſes*, — and one ſweet as *Paul*;
" O! In his Death a Light is vaniſhed,
" A Star is fallen — And a Father dead.

But he is gone! ——

No more to wreſtle, —— nor no more to toil
In a ſtrange Land —— where barren is the Soil.
This Tree's Remov'd, Tranſplanted, it is gone
To Realms of Light, —— the heavenly Lebanon.
This *WOOD* for ever flouriſh in its Green,
In blaze of Day, in upper World is ſeen.
" No more *WOOD* needs the Low, the Neither Spring,
" But's gone where Love doth flame, and Saints do ſing.
" We'll leave his Spirit, ſwallow'd up with Bliſs,
" Bleſs'd with *Paul*'s Rapture, and with *Moſes* Kiſs.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a Wood *whom God in Chriſt did bleſs,*
Lean'd on the Beloved in the Wilderneſs.
But Wood's *gone! Where?* ——
The Light is Clearer, purer Waters flow,
And Talleſt Cedars they do Taller grow;
There this Wood *ſhineth with a clear Diſplay,*
In open Day-Light and Eternal Day.
Death cuts ſuch Wood —- *for to increaſe the Store*
Of Heavenly Treaſure, and make it more and more.

T. GUTTERIDGE.

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† *See* Bragg's *Elegy, by the Author of this.*
* *See* Man of Wit, *by the Author of this, founded upon Mr.* Lock's *Sentiments.*
†† *See Mr.* Willcox's *Elegy, by the Author of this.*

f this, Teacheth *Short Hand, the Shorteſt way*, from Schemes of his own, Intirely New, and ... upon any Pa...
he may be directed to as thus.— To be Left for *Thomas Gutteridge*, at Mr. Woodward's in Surry ... in the Strand,
ers. or unto Mr. Quinton's at the Bull Head the Corner of Weſt Smithfield. or unto Mr. ... at the
g. or unto Mr. Ivy at the Crown and Shuttle in Shoreditch. No Letter to be receiv'd without Full Pain.

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AN ELEGY,

Sacred to the MEMORY of the late Gutteridge T. K.

Learned and Rev. Mr. JOHN HUBBARD,

Who departed this Life *July* 13, 1743, in the 51ſt Year of his Age.

This ELEGY *is formed from the Dying-bed Language and Sentiments of the Deceas'd, as deliver'd in his* Funeral Sermon, *preach'd by the Rev.* JOHN GUYSE, *D. D.*

IT's ſweet to ſtand about a Dying-bed,
To ſee the Saint with Goſpel-Promiſe fed;
To ſee the Tranſport, Rapture, and the Joy,
Refreſhing Dews they give that never cloy;
Sweetly perfum'd is ſuch a Dying-bed,
The Tongne anointed, and the Heart is led
To ſee hi dear REDEEMER on the Throne,
The Soul cries out my *JESUS* is my own:
In Sickneſs, then,—*JESUS* doth Bleſſings ſend,
Love, the firſt Cauſe,—and Glory, the laſt End;
The Spirit to the Soul doth Bleſſings bring,
Death then may gives its Stroke, but's loſt its Sting.
Thus our Good *HUBBARD* had a glorious Ray,
As the firſt Breakings of eternal Day:
His [illegible] in Triumph Victory doth [illegible]tain,
And more than * *Conqueror* through C[illegible]*RIST* doth reign;
He triumphs o'er Death, the World, and Sin;
His Language was, *O! to be found in Him*;
As He's the *Son of Righteouſneſs*, ſhines clear,
The Lord my Righteouſneſs, REDEEMER dear.
Theſe Sentiments in Death he did maintain,
For him to live is Chriſt,—for him to die is Gain. §

O'er him the *Son of Righteouſneſs* did riſe,
His Heart enlarged, open is his Eyes;
He ſees *Self-Righteouſneſs* a broken Reed,
Says, LORD, what Thou accepts my Soul ſhall plead.
Altho' my Houſe it is not made to grow,
I am overcome, with Love doth overflow;
Thy *Covenant* it is for ever ſure,
And will for ever and ever endure.
O! Settlements are made by Heaven's King,
And what is made the *SPIRIT* He doth bring;
When Grace diſtilleth in a heavenly Shower,
The Soul made willing, 'tis the *Day of Power*;
The Lip unſealed, and the Heart awake,
The Things of *CHRIST* the *SPIRIT* He doth take:
Heart-melting Grace it doth the Soul renew,
JESUS gave *HUBBARD* a ſweet *Piſgah* View;
He breaths for Glory,—and ſweet was his Frame,
For him to live is Chriſt,—for him to die is Gain.

I put my Truſt in Thee, O LORD! he ſaith;
This was the Language of his living Faith:
JESUS He gave his Soul ſuch clear Diſplay,
This dreſs'd his Soul for the eternal Day:
On Dying-bed he found the Word, did eat,
And this he reliſh'd was to him ſweet Meat;
Sweeter than all the lower World's Increaſe,
He dies in *JESUS*, and he dies in Peace;

GOD's Countenance upon his Soul did ſhine,
'Twas better far than Corn, or Oil, or Wine;
Heaven was here, it did with him remain,
For him to live is Chriſt,—for him to die is Gain.

Humble *HUBBARD!*
Eaſy of acceſs, for he had no Pride,
Forgot his Greatneſs, threw it all aſide;
HUBBARD! a wreſtling *Jacob* with his *GOD*,
Taſted his Love—even whilſt he felt his Rod:
A little Pain, ſays he, I muſt endure,
It's all I am like to have of this I'm ſure.
He ſays, ——
I am in no Doubt about my after State,
All's Day-light in my Soul I freely ſay it:
My *Covenant GOD*, my Father, I will cry,
I want to go to him, I want to die;
To go to Court, and talk Court-Language there,
Sweeter's their Praiſes than enlarged Prayer;
There's Kings and Prieſts of excellent Renown,
Who've Robes to wear, and on their Heads a Crown:
In the REDEEMER's Arms I want to lie,
O Friends! why will ye not then let me die.
Here's dying Sayings the Saint did entertain,
For him to live is Chriſt,—for him to die is Gain.

Says *HUBBARD*, ——
LORD JESUS come, O come, O come away,
Let me be gone, and here no longer ſtay;
Go to my Father's Houſe, that gave me Grace,
To ſee an *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, *Jacob*'s Face.

Next Death, for ſweetneſs, to a *Moſes*' Death,
Did *HUBBARD* die, when he gave up his Breath;
Firſt dies at the Mouth of the Lord with Kiſs,
The laſt, with Lord in Mouth—enters the World of Bliſs.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies HUBBARD! *with God in Chriſt did walk,*
On Dying-bed of God in Chriſt did talk;
Faith was in his Eye, Heaven was in his Heart,
Foretaſte of Glory here he had in part;
His Soul that long'd with JESUS *for to be,*
Here he had a Drop, now he hath a Sea;
His Heart was warm'd, his Lips were put in Tune,
Here he had Morning-light, but now hath Noon;
Here his Soul to Goſpel Springs was led,
But now he's higher at the Fountain Head:
His Soul was drawn by Love, not drove by Fear,
His Heart was warmed, and his Head was clear;
Bright Scenes of Glory now him entertain,
For him to live is Chriſt,—for him to die is Gain.

T. GUTTERIDGE.

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* Alluding to the Word of the Text he laſt preach'd from.
§ The Words of the Text of his Funeral Sermon.

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* *N. B.* The Author of this, Teacheth *Short Hand* [illegible] Perſon at their own Houſe, he may be directed to as thus — [illegible] overagainſt the Fiſhmongers; or unto Mr. [illegible] *Shoreditch*. No Letter to be received without

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AN

ELEGY

Sacred to the Memory of Mr. SAMUEL STOCKELL, who departed this Life May the 3d. 1750. in the 49th. year of his Age.

STOCKELL is dead, no more you hear him groan,
With Grinding Pains of *Gravel* or of *Stone*;
No more in *Pulpit* hear his warbling Tongue,
That of his *Jesus* his Redeemer Sung:
O *Samuel* he was a great King's Son,
His Journey's ended, and his work is done;
His Pilgrimage in Wilderneſs is o'er,
And he Sojourns in lower World no more:
His Soul at Court Surrounds his Father's Throne,
And there he Sings, as the Redeemers own;
He talk'd Court Language here, and talk'd it ſoon,
The *Pulpit* had his age, and had his bloom:
Sweet were the ſayings that his Lips did ſay,
His Soul that long'd to be Strip'd of Clay;
His faultering Tongue did of his *Jeſus* ſpake,
And then his Eye-Strings and his Heart-Strings break.
I go to my Sweet *Jeſus* that he cry'd,
Sweet was his Language, ſhort his Breath and died:
Thus in Veſſel of prayer with Heaven Store,
A *Stockell* ——
Landed with Triumph on the Heavenly Shore.
Samuel ——
He dug deep in the Mine of Goſpel Truth,
And dug ſo Early, Even in his Youth;
Dug deep into God's free Electing Love,
Into decrees and Settlements above;
A Righteouſneſs Imputed did reveal,
A Righteouſneſs Imparted he did feel:
Of Righteouſneſs Imputed ſweetly Talk,
Of righteouſneſs Imparted ſhown in walk.
Juſtification Sanctification Join,
As they were chain'd in a Goſpel Line:
Depths of Goſpel Doctrines —— were by him told,
And very rich he was in Goſpel Gold;
He did rejoice in Settlements of Grace,
And view'd the Father's love -- in the Redeemer's face.
Stockell ——
With him, the *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, he was his all,
And *Samuel*, he Preached as a *Paul*;
To Chriſt's Blood, and unto that alone,
And ſo a *Stockwell* he went to the Throne:
No rags of righteous Self himſelf to cloath,
'Twas Chriſt's righteouſneſs was the beſt robe,
His own Corruptions he himſelf did loath.
The Church hat loſt a faithfull Overſeer,
Whoſe Goſpel Light it was both great and clear;
With Goſpel Food he always fed his Flock,
And of Experience *Stockell* had a Stock;
But he has chang'd his Church for one above,
Where Spirits of Juſt Men both ſing and love;
He's chang'd his Pulpit for a Manſion bright,
Mixes with Angels and with Saints in Light.

I am told the laſt Sermon he preach'd in the Morning Exerciſe, was from the 2*d* of *Solomon*'s Song, and the 16*th* Verſe, *My beloved is mine, and I am his, he feedeth among the Lillies.*

My Beloved is mine ——
Their's Application and Propriety,
Such acts of Faith give Comfort when you die:
When you die! when you die did I ſay!
Nay, whilſt you live gives Comfort day by day.
And I am his ——
Man's paſſive -- the Spirit that warmly draws,
The Spirit's Active -- frozen Hearts that Thaws:
In Sun-ſhine of free Grace the Heart doth melt,
And Tears ſhall fall from eyes where love is left;
The Blood of ſprinkling, is the Blood we ſee,
That opens *Priſon-Doors*, and ſets the *Priſoners* free.

EPITAPH.

HERE *lies a Man of God, that's* SAMUEL,
And what the LORD did for his Soul -- did tell;
He was a man of underſtanding clear,
His Tongue was Sweet; his Heart the Lord did fear.
He was a man with Goſpel promiſe fed,
Warm as love his Heart — clear as light his head;
In Goſpel Myſteries he run great Length,
He had an Egle's Eye and Giant's Strength:
Like Samuel *in* Old Teſtament *Days,*
His Tongue was ſet in Tune his Lord to praiſe:
This Samuel *in New Teſtament Day,*
The Glory of his JESUS *did diſplay.*
His Body we commit unto the Duſt,
As the Redeemer purchaſe Charge and Truſt;
To Duſt and Aſhes, to Duſt did I ſay,
His Soul is rapeur'd in Eternal Day.
We'll leave his Spirit *ſwallow'd up with bliſs;*
Bleſt with Paul's *Rapture — and with Moſſes Kiſſs.*

London: Printed and Sold by *L. How*, in *Petticoat-lane.*

AN ELEGY

Sacred to the Memory of the Reverend Mr.

Mordecai Andrews :

Who departed this Life *February* the 16th. 1750. in the 34th. Year of his *Age*.

ANDREWS Is Dead, over's his Dying moan,
No more you hear him either figh or groan ;
" Andrews is Dead, gone from our World of woe,
" No more in Wilderneſs his Tears to ſow.
No more in Pulpit hear his warbling Tongue,
That of his *Jeſus* his redeemer ſung :
No more his flowing Eloquence you hear,
That touch'd the Heart,—and gave the Eye a tear.
No more his fine diſtinctions to unfold,
Sweet Goſpel Doctrines did the Heart new mould.
No more his crittical remarks ſublime,
Which made his Sermons with fine Learning ſhine :
No more you hear him of experience ſpake ;
No more his Tongue Go ls dealings doth relate :
No more you hear him Goſpel truths declare,
No more's his Hand diſplay'd with Manly air .
No more you ſee his Face or hear his Voice,
No more he brings you Goſpel dainties choice.
No more with Goſpel food by him you're fed,
No no, no more, no more, *Andrews* is Dead ;
No more you hear him either Preach or Pray,
He's in Realms of Light ; in everlaſting Day ;
His Soul is raviſh'd ; ſwallow'd up with b ils,
Bleſt with *Paul's* raptures, and with *Moſes* kiſs.

Andrews in Sun ſhine of redeeming love,
Ripen'd for Glory, ripen'd for above ;
He talk'd Court language, talk'd it very ſoon,
He's taken up to Heaven in his bloom :
Andrews from grace to glory he is raiſ'd,
A thouſand Tongues in grace they do him praiſe.
Andrews with us no longer he remain,
He now ſupporteth his Redeemers train.
Young *Andrews* Preached as an aged *Paul*,
And Preaching *Chriſt*, with him was all in all :
His Goſpel light, was noon-day glory ſhine,
From *Chriſt* the ſon of righteouſneſs divine,
His will was drawn under the ſpirit's might,
And he run in Gods ways with great delight ;
The language of his Soul on Lip did roul,
Lord hide thy Face from ſin—not from my ſoul.
Here, before that he was drawn from hence
Had ſweet enlargements, had ſweet influence ;
Sweet Goſpel Sentiments he did reveal,
And what his Tongue expreſs'd his Heart did feel ;
In prayer in ſecret prayer to *God* alone,,
Sweet as a *Jacob* he goes to the throne
Of GOD in CHRIST, and there his wants doth tell
As wreſtling *Jacob*, prevailing *Iſrael*.
Andrews to his ſweet ſecret prayers was drawn ;
He was a Preacher that was Heaven born ;
His conſcience purg'd by blood that ſpake good things,
A ſence of pardoning love and grace it brings.

The blood of ABEL doth for vengeance cry,
But this Bl od that doth, that doth juſtify.
His He rt was opened with Goſpel love,
As well as conſcience ſprink'led from above
In Go ſpel preaching, here had joy you ſee,
Here he had a drop, now he hath a ſea ;
He's gone from Pulpit to ſurround the throne,
And Reign with CHRIST as he is Chriſt's own :
His Days is over, and his work is done,
His drop of grace in Sea of glory run.

Andrews led to *Chriſt*, and not to righteous ſelf,
Remember **Zephaniah* third and twelfth ;
The poor in Spirit they truſt in the LORD,
His goodneſs unto them he doth afford,
Bleſs'd are the poor in Spirit *Jeſus* ſaith,
Kingdom of *Heaven's* their's, through ſaving Faith ;
Theſe poor and naked they themſelves do loath,
They come to *Chriſt* for Righteouſneſs to cloath.
They ſee themſelves condemned by the Law,
They plead a Righteouſneſs that hath no flaw.

Refreſh'd with dews from everlaſting *Hills*,
That melts our *Hearts* and ſweetly draws our wills,
That leads to *Jeſus* our Redeemer kind,
And to his *Eye-ſalve*, that doth cure the *Blind*.
The poor in Spirit find the word, and eat,
It is to them as daily *Bread* and *meat* ;
They're thirſty in their poor afflicted day,
Eat they drink of the Brook thats by the way,
Out of *Chriſt's* fullneſs they are all ſupply'd ;
The *Eye* and *Hand* of Faith are ne'er deny'd

**Zeſtaniah* Chap. 3. Verſe 12. The laſt text he Preach'd from in his own place.

EPITAPH.

Here lies an *Andrews*———

THIS Mordecai was honoured by all,
Meek as a Moſes, and ſweet as a Paul;
Like Saul taller then his Brethren by much,
He was the growing hope of *Chriſt's Church* ;
Evangelical he was in his Oration,
He was a Son a Son of conſolation ;
Ever ſtudious and loaded with art,
And what he knew with eaſe he could impart,
Gifts and Graces in him they had a part,
Firſt was in the Head —laſt was in the Heart ;
He was a Man of Men but he is gone,
A repenting *David*,—for wiſdom *Solomon*.

*** See *Smith's*, *Wilcox's*, *Legg's*, & *Hubbard's* Elegy by the Author of this. this *Elegy* to be Sold by its *Author*, *Thomas Gutteridge*, at *Numb.* 47 in *Newing-Yard Shoreditch*.

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A N

E L E G Y.

On the much Lamented Death of Mr. *William Bentley*, Miniſter of the Goſpel, in *Criſpin Street, Spittlefields*; Who Departed this Life *May* the 1ſt, 1751. Aged 52 Years.

AH! Mournful times dark Clouds doth now appear,
Dark'ning the Star whoſe light did ſhine moſt clear,
Brave BENTLY's Landed in the Realms of light;
And doth with *Paul* behold a Glorious ſight
Of *Jeſus Chriſt*, his dear Redeeming King,
Which makes his Tongue with Eloquence to Sing.
Worthy is *Chriſt*, my *Saviour* dear indeed,
Who hath my ſoul from Sin and ſorrow freed;
A faithful Miniſter of *Chriſt* was he,
And always did continue ſo to be.
He fed the flock of *Chriſt* with tender care,
And of his Labour he did never ſpare;
His Heart did feel Gods everlaſting love,
The Spring which maketh all the VVeels to move:
He felt the power of *Chriſt* upon his Heart,
Which made him often long for to depart;
And leave this VVorld of Sin, and ſorrow here,
To be with *Chriſt* his *Lord* and *Saviour* dear.
For to enjoy him in the Court above,
In ſweet delight with everlaſting love.
A loving Father to his Children dear;
A tender Huſband as it did appear.
He often times to God for them did pray,
That God would lead them in his holy way;
His chief delight the Goſpel was to Preach,
That Sinners; he the ways of God might teach:
Great Eloquence did on his Tongue appear,
VVhen he to God his Saviour, did draw near.
The Goſpel Trumpet, he did ſound aloud,
And like his Maſter, he did hate the Proud;
But lov'd the humble Soul, and the Contrite,
They were the Objects of his hearts delight.
He with the reſt of Gods dear Saints below,
Temptation, Sin, and ſorrow he did know;
Fleſh, VVorld, and Devil they did all Combine,
To hinder him that ſo he might not ſhine:
VVithin the Church of *Chriſt* his *Saviour* dear,
But all in vain when *Chriſt* he did appear.
Unto his Soul to ſtrengthen him again,
Then all their threefold Cord was broke in twain.
Chriſt's Glorious Power doth to Saints appear,
VVhilſt they are on his Earthly *Hemiſphere*;
To give them Grace, Wiſdom, Power and light:
Untill their Faith, is turned into ſight;
A dear and loving Paſtor now is gone,
His dear *Redeemer* for to wait upon,
VVhere he in pleaſure now doth ſit and ſing;
New ſongs of Praiſe to *Chriſt* his *Heavenly* King.
Mean while is Church is in a vale of tears,
Being overwhelmed with ſorrow Grief and Cares;
For loſs of him their Friend and brother dear:
VVho is by Death removed from them here.

The EPITAPH.

DEar Saint thy Body now Entombed muſt Lay,
In Duſt untill the Reſurection Day;
Mean time thy ſhepherd he will watch thy Duſt,
Untill the Reſurection of the Juſt;
Then he will raiſe the from thy duſty bed,
Among the reſt of all the Pious Dead:
Then thou a Perfect Body ſhall put on,
And live forever where thy Soul is Gone.

Printed for the Author, M. C.

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AN ELEGY,

Sacred to the Memory of the Reverend Mr. WILLIAM BENTLEY,

Who Died *May* the *1ſt*, 1751, in the *52d* Year of his Age.

Guttridge T.
K.

BENTLEY——
THAT Man of GOD, he's dead, whoſe dying Moan
Would melt a Heart, to hear him ſigh and groan.
O! his dear Spouſe can ſay her Heart did melt,
And by a Sympathy his Sorrows felt.
Theſe pierc'd her Ears and Heart, and both gave Grief,
But here's the Pleaſure, here the Grand Relief——
His Soul in Sea of Goſpel ſweetly ſails,
And tho' his Fleſh was weak—His Spirit had ſtrong Gales.
Strong Gales of Conſolation fill his Breaſt,
He goes to *Jeſus*, and he gives him Reſt.
The Blood of *Jeſus* that his Soul did prize
As the Atonement, as the great Sacrifice.
He's led to *Jeſus Chriſt* once and again,
He's led to *Jeſus*, as the Lamb was ſlain.
He's led to *Jeſus*, and to him he's led,
His Soul with Goſpel Promiſe ſweetly fed;
And tho' the outward Man that did decay,
The inward Man's refreſh'd Day after Day;
At Times enlarg'd with Incomes from Above
Which overcame his Soul—and made Sick with Love.

BENTLEY——
Here as a Star he twinkl'd, nay ſhin'd bright,
But now more Glorious in the Realms of Light,
Here *Piſgah* Views they did his Soul renew,
Here he had a Glance, now a perfect View.
Here Joys of Upper World at times did feel,
Here he had a Crumb, now he hath a Meal,
With Glorified Spirits raptur'd be,
Here he had a Drop, now he hath a Sea
Now it's all Daylight, Tranſport and Delight,
He's in his Father's Houſe——that's in the Land of Light.

BENTLEY——
In his Death ſure a Light is vaniſhed,
A Prophet fallen, and a Father dead.
This ancient Settlement doth ſtrongly run,
That *Duſt thou art, to Duſt thou ſhalt return.*
Upon all Fleſh God's wrought Mortality,
The very Angels of the Church they die.
In him——
The Church hath loſt a loving Father dear,
The Church hath loſt a faithful Overſeer;
In him a Father to the Church did fall,
One meek like *Moſes*——and one ſweet like *Paul.*
BENTLEY whilſt here——
He was by a New Teſtament Spirit led,
Warm as Love his Heart, clear as Light his Head;
Sat in the Sunſhine of redeeming Love,
Ripen'd for Glory, ripen'd for Above.
He was a King's Son, ſure he was no leſs,
And talk'd Court Language in the Wilderneſs.
He travel'd hard, Zion-ward was his Face,
Heaven was in his Eye——and in his Heart was Grace;
Sweet Goſpel Doctrines with Pleaſure flow,
BENTLEY in Sickneſs to theſe Doctrines go.

Says he——
Theſe Doctrines from the Pulpit I did give,
Upon theſe Doctrines now my Soul doth live.
O Peace ariſing from Pardon of Sin,
Gave by the Spirit to the Heart within,
And be found in him in Chriſt's Righteouſneſs,
With this Bleſſing the Lord my Soul doth bleſs,
I find the ſweet Word, and the Word do eat,
That Chriſt is God, his Righteouſneſs compleat.
Chriſt, Robe of Everlaſting Righteouſneſs,
This is the Garment that my Soul doth dreſs;
I long to be with Jeſus, long to go,
Why do the Chariot Wheels run on ſo ſlow?
Here's breathing of the Spirit, pleaſant Gales,
South Winds awake, his Soul with Pleaſure ſails.

The Funeral Text, lxxi Pſalm, 23, 24.

My Lips ſhall greatly rejoice when I ſing unto thee; and my Soul which thou haſt redeemed. my Tongue alſo ſhall talk of thy Righteouſneſs all the Day long; for they are confounded, for they are brought unto Shame that ſeek my Hurt.

My Lips ſhall ſing, and greatly ſhall rejoice,
Lord——
Thou art my Redeemer, I am thy Choice.
Lord, let thy Glory be my conſtant Theme,
For Jeſus he my Soul he did redeem.
My Tongue ſhall talk, Lord, of thy Righteouſneſs,
My Heart ſhall praiſe thee, and thy Name ſhall bleſs;
With Underſtanding let my Heart thee praiſe,
My Will be drawn, and my Affections rais'd.
May all the Powers of my Soul unite
To bleſs thy Name, and give my Heart delight.
My Heart ſhall praiſe thee, as thou giveſt Grace,
Toucheth the Heart, and lifteth up thy Face.
My Tongue ſhall praiſe the Lord all the Day long,
And for more Love to Chriſt——the Burden of my Song.
Lord——
My Enemies thou bringeſt into Shame,
They ſeek my Hurt, but I truſt in thy Name.

The EPITAPH.

Here lies a BENTLEY——
IN Life with *Enoch*, with his God did walk,
And of his Jeſus he did ſweetly talk,
Of ſweet Experience had a bleſſed Store,
God gave him much, and ſtill he gave him more:
He was a wreſtling *Jacob*, even ſo,
Wreſtling with the Lord, would not let him go,
As an *Iſaiah*, and as *Paul* the ſame;
His Heart was open, Child-like was his Frame;
Was an *Iſaiah*, and *Paul*, God did ſend,
In him the Prophet the Apoſtle blend.

T. GUTTERIDGE.

This ELEGY Sold by the Author, at Number 47, in Newing-Yard, Shoreditch.

AN ELEGY,

Sacred to the MEMORY of

The Reverend Mr. THOMAS HALL,

Who Died *June* the 3d. 1762. In the Seventy-ſixth Year of his Age.

And is Hall dead,——

AN elder in the Church, a ſhining Light,
His better Part, his Soul is gone to bliſs
Gone from near *Moorfields*, to Realms of Light,
To everlaſting, everlaſting Day,
Gone from *London*'s Suburbs, to Jeruſalem,
Unto the heavenly Jeruſalem,
The holy City of the living God,
There cloath'd with everlaſting Righteouſneſs,
The train of his Redeemer there Support
In the upper, and in the better world;
Were all is Glory, and the blaze of day,
No more ſees his Redeemer through a Glaſs
But ſees him, as he is, face to face.

In *Hall*'s Death a great Light is vaniſhed,
A Prophet fallen, and a Father Dead,
His ſilver Tongue did Goſpel Glory ſpread,
His works they live, altho' his body dead;
Here to his Church he freely did impart,
Light he received with a glowing heart;
A tide of Joy ruſh'd in his Breaſt below,
And Preaching Chriſt, made his Affections flow,
Be found in him, his Soul breath'd for no leſs,
Leaned on his Jeſus in the Wilderneſs.

Hall,——
Goſpel Truths to him were ſavourie meat,
He found the word, and that his Soul did eat;
The charms of everlaſting Righteouſneſs
Open'd his heart, and Lip Jeſus to bleſs,
Let this inſpire us were e'er we go,
To ſay *Hall*'s gone, were tides of joy they flow,
Say ſtrong was his love and his light was clear,
Hall was drawn by love, and not drove by fear,
Say, Conſolations of his God above
Swallow'd him up in rapture and in love;
He's gone to glory, here below had grace,
Now he's uncloath'd of fleſh, he ſees with open face

It's ſweet to ſtand about a dying Bed,
To ſee the Saint with Goſpel Promiſe ſed,
The ſoul be cheer'd, refreſh'd with heavenly ſprings
Regail'd with dews, that heavens comfort brings;
Hall, through grace from all things here was weanʼd
Meetin'd for glory, and by grace redeem'd;
Triumphant in Faith's Chariot he did ride,
And from a Pulpit to a Manſion ſlide:
Panting for breath, heavenly gales comes on,
And dying words they ſmell of Lebanon;
Hall, he's by Faith enabled to rowl
On Chriſt, the weight of his immortal Soul;
Faith's in his eye that gives him hopes in death,
He got a Heaven, when he loſt *his* Breath.

The Reverend Thomas Hall,——
As *Enoch*, *Jacob* did, don't think it odd,
He walk'd, he wreſtl'd, wreſtl'd, walk'd with God,
Here heaven born *his* ſtrength it did renew,
And as a *Moſes*, had a *Piſgah's* view:
Now this *Iſrael's* duſt doth in Silence lie,
But his Soul——
It hath *Paul's* rapture, and *Paul's* extaſy?
In day-light of *God's* countenance doth ſhine,
There gives more Joy than here increaſe of wine,
There's light as morning, underſtanding clear,
The Will *is* drawn, liberty doth appear:
Peace in the Conſcience, there *is* no more Sin,
Heart's full of love, for all is love within:
Here leave *Hall's* Spirit, ſwallow'd up with bliſs,
Bleſt with *Paul's* rapture, and with *Moſes* kiſs.

The *EPITAPH.*

IN chamber of this Grave here lies a Hall,
His body crumbling into duſt doth fall,
In this Grave Hall's mortal part remain,
Till the Redeemer raiſe it up again:
Here may it reſt, until the World doth end,
When Graves ſhall open, and the Skies ſhall rend:
When the Redeemer ſits upon his Throne,
Shall raiſe this duſt, and claim it as his own;
Here lies Hall's mortal Part, and that alone,
His better part ſurrounds—now his redeemers throne.

T. Gutteridge.

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Publish'd April 16. 1785. by J. Wallis, N° 16. Ludgate Street.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED,

WHETHER

Hamilton's Bawn ſhould be turned into a BARRACK or a MALT HOUSE.

Written in 1729 by DEAN SWIFT, and

Read with great Applauſe by MR. HENDERSON, at *Freemaſon's-Hall.*

THUS ſpoke to my Lady the Knight* full of care,
" Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
" This Hamilton's bawn †, while it ſticks on my hand,
" I loſe by the houſe what I get by the land;
" But how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt bidder,
" For a barrack ‡ or malt-houſe, we now muſt conſider.
" Firſt, let me ſuppoſe I make it a malt-houſe,
" Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us;
" There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
" I increaſe it to twelve, ſo three hundred remain;
" A handſome addition for wine and good chear,
" Three diſhes a day, and three hogſheads a year;
" With a dozen large veſſels my vault ſhall be ſtor'd;
" No little ſcrub joint ſhall come on my board;
" And you and the Dean no more ſhall combine
" To ſtint me at night to one bottle of wine;
" Nor ſhall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin,
" A ſtone and a quarter of beef from my ſurloin.
" If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
" My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
" In poundage and drawbacks I loſe half my rent,
" Whatever they give me, I muſt be content,
" Or join with the court in every debate;
" And rather than that, I would loſe my eſtate."
Thus ended the Knight: thus began his meek wife:
" It muſt, and it ſhall be a barrack, my life.
" I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
" But a rabble of tenants, and ruſty dull ‖ Rums.
" With Parſons what lady can keep herſelf clean?
" I'm all over daub'd when I ſit by the Dean.
" But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
" The Captain, I'm ſure, will always come here;
" I then ſhall not value his Deanſhip a ſtraw,
" For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
" Or, ſhould he pretend to be briſk and alert,
" Will tell him that Chaplains ſhould not be ſo pert;
" That men of his coat ſhould be minding their prayers,
" And not among ladies to give themſelves airs."
Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;
The Knight his opinion reſolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah **, who liſten'd to all that was paſt,
And could not endure ſo vulgar a taſte,
As ſoon as her Ladyſhip call'd to be dreſt,
Cry'd, " Madam, why ſurely my maſter's poſſeſt.
" Sir Arthur the maſtiff! how fine it will ſound!
" I'd rather the bawn were ſunk under ground.

" But, madam, I gueſs'd there would never come good,
" When I ſaw him ſo often with †† Darby and Wood.
" And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
" That I ſaw a huge rat---O dear, how I ſcream'd!
" And after, methought, I had loſt my new ſhoes;
" And Molly, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould hear ſome ill news.
" Dear madam, had you but the ſpirit to teaze,
" You might have a barrack whenever you pleaſe:
" And, madam, I always believ'd you ſo ſtout,
" That for twenty denials you would not give out.
" If I had a huſband like him, I purteſt,
" Till he gave me my will, I would give him no reſt;
" And, rather than come in the ſame pair of ſheets
" With ſuch a croſs man, I would lie in the ſtreets:
" But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
" And worry him out, till he gives his conſent.
" Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
" An I were to be hang'd, I can't ſleep a wink:
" For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
" I can't get it out, though I'd never ſo fain.
" I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
" At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
" Of this to be ſure Sir Arthur has warning,
" And waits on the Captain betimes in the morning.
" Now ſee, when they meet, how their honours behave,
" Noble Captain, your ſervant"---" Sir Arthur, your
" ſlave;
" You honour me much"—" the honour is mine."---
" 'Twas a ſad rainy night"—" But the morning is fine."
" Pray, how does my Lady?"—" My wife's at your
" ſervice."—
" I think I have ſeen her picture by Jarvas."—
" Good-morrow, good Captain. I'll wait on you
" down."——
" You ſha'n't ſtir a foot."—" You'll think me a clown:
" For all the world, Captain—" " Not half an inch
" farther."——
" You muſt be obey'd!"---" Your ſervant, Sir Arthur!
" My humble reſpects to my Lady unknown."——
" I hope you will uſe my houſe as your own."
" Go bring me my ſmock, and leave off your prate,
" Thou haſt certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
" Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I ſaid?
" You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
" Next day, to be ſure, the Captain will come,
" At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
" Now, madam, obſerve how he marches in ſtate:
" The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
" Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow
" Tantara, tantara; while all the boys hollo.
" See now comes the Captain all daub'd with gold lace;
" O la! the ſweet gentleman! look in his face;
†† Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

" And ſee how he rides like a lord of the land,
" With the fine flaming ſword that he holds in his hand;
" And his horſe, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
" With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
" At laſt comes the troop, by word of command,
" Drawn up in our court; when the Captain cries STAND!
" Your Ladyſhip lifts up the ſaſh to be ſeen,
" For ſure I had dizen'd you out like a queen.
" The Captain, to ſhew he is proud of the favour,
" Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
" (His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
" For a Captain of horſe never takes off his hat,
" Becauſe he has never a hand that is idle,
" For the right holds the ſword, and the left holds the
" bridle.)
" Then flouriſhes thrice his ſword in the air,
" As a compliment due to a lady ſo fair;
" (How I tremble to think of the blood it has ſpilt!)
" Then he lowers down the point, and kiſſes the hilt.
" Your Ladyſhip ſmiles, and thus you begin;
" Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in."
" The Captain ſalutes you with congée profound,
" And your Ladyſhip curtſies half way to the ground.
" Kit, run to your maſter, and bid him come to us,
" I'm ſure he'll be proud of the honour you do us,
" And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to ſtay,
" And take a ſhort dinner here with us to-day:
" You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
" You come in the very worſt time of the year;
" If I had expected ſo worthy a gueſt——"
" Lord! madam! your Ladyſhip ſure is in jeſt:
" You banter me, madam; the kingdom muſt grant---"
" You officers, Captain, are ſo complaiſant!"
" Hiſt, huſſy, I think I hear ſomebody coming---"
" No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
" To ſhorten my tale (for I hate a long ſtory)
" The Captain at dinner appears in his glory;
" The Dean and the Doctor ‡‡ hath humbled their pride,
" For the Captain's entreated to ſit by your ſide;
" And, becauſe he's their betters, you carve for him firſt;
" The parſons for envy are ready to burſt.
" The ſervants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
" To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
" And Molly and I have thruſt in our noſe,
" To peep at the Captain in all his fine clo'es.
" Dear madam, be ſure he's a fine ſpoken man,
" Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue ran;
" And madam, ſays he, if ſuch dinners you give,
" You'll ne'er want for Parſons as long as you live.
" I ne'er knew a Parſon without a good noſe:
" But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:

" G--d d---n me! they bid us reform and repent,
" But, z-- s! by their looks they never keep Lent:
" Mr. Curate, for all your grave looks I'm afraid
" You caſt a ſheep's eye on her Ladyſhip's maid:
" I wiſh ſhe would lend you her pretty white hand
" In mending your caſſock, and ſmoothing your band,
" (For the Dean was ſo ſhabby, and look'd like a ninny,
" That the Captain ſuppos'd he was Curate to Jinny)
" Whenever you ſee a caſſock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
" Obſerve how a Parſon comes into a room;
" G---d d---m me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;
" A ſcholard, when juſt from his college broke looſe,
" Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a gooſe;
" Your ‖‖ Noveds, and Bluturcks, and Omurs, and ſtuff,
" By G——, they don't ſignify this pinch of ſnuff.
" To give a young gentleman right education.
" The army's the only good ſchool in the nation:
" My ſchool-maſter call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the ſchool;
" I never could take to my book for the blood o'me.
" And the puppy confeſs'd he expected no good o'me.
" He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was ſo maul'd in my life:
" So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
" The firſt man I robb'd was a Parſon, by G——.
" Now, madam, you'll think it a ſtrange thing to ſay,
" But the ſight of a book makes me ſick to this day."
" Never ſince I was born did I hear ſo much wit,
" And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I ſhould ſplit.
" So then you look'd ſcornful, and ſnift at the Dean,
" As who ſhould ſay, "Now, am I §§ ſkinny and lean?"
" But he durſt not ſo much as once open his lips,
" And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus mercileſs Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the Dean call, " Will your Ladyſhip
" walk?"
Her Ladyſhip anſwers, " I'm juſt coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, " Huſſy, why ſure the wench is gone mad!
" How could theſe chimeras get into your brains?—
" Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
" But the Dean, if this ſecret ſhould come to his ears,
" Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
" For your life, not a word of the matter: I charge ye:
" Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

* Sir Arthur Acheſon, at whoſe ſeat this was written.
† A large old houſe, two miles from Sir Arthur's ſeat.
‡ The army in Ireland is lodged in ſtrong buildings, called barracks.
‖ A cant word in Ireland for a poor clergyman.
** My lady waiting-woman.

‡‡ Doctor Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

‖‖ Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.
§§ Nick-names for my lady.

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(*Entered at Stationer's-Hall.*)

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The Extraordinary and Facetious HISTORY of

The IMMACULATE BOY,

Who, JOHN GILPIN like, ran a greater Riſk than he intended, and came home ſafe at laſt.

As read at the *Cockpit-Royal*, and received with uncommon Applauſe.

YOUNG *Billy* was a Stateſman bold,
Of credit and renown:
Of Grocers one by name was he
In famous London Town.

Say W——*e*, a Yorkſhire Lad,
Went to him, as we find,
And thus in ſtrains of fluent ſpeech
Diſclos'd his burthen'd mind.

"My Brother dear!—my pureſt Friend!
"Fatigu'd thou art, I ween;
"Employ'd thou'ſt been for many months,
"And not a Play-day ſeen.

"To-morrow is Red-letter Day;
"And we will then repair
"To dine with Daddy *J*——*n*,
"All in a chaiſe and pair.

"With him we'll ſettle future ſchemes,
"And further Taxes plan
"To cruſh the Poor, and ſave the Rich,
"For which he is THE MAN."

The morning came, the chaiſe was brought,
The plotting Youths got in;
Two precious Souls, and all agog
To drive through thick and thin.

Through thick and thin indeed they drove,
As they had done before;
Full ſpeed they ruſh'd o'er hill and dale,
To gain their dear Back-Door.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folks ſo glad;
Inſpir'd with joy the Boys puſh'd on
To meet their deareſt Dad.

Daddy appear'd, and hail'd with glee
Gay *W*——, the Lad;
Young *Billy* too with rapture met—
The gentleſt Child he had.

"What news! what news! my deareſt Boys?
"Make haſte, and tell me all:
"Are we ſecure in Places fix'd,
"Or muſt our Back-Stairs fall?"

"Thanks to your arts" young *Bill* reply'd,
"All things go well at Court;
"The Crown, averſe to *Fox*'s ſenſe,
"Will all our ſchemes ſupport."

"Why then," cried Dad, "if that's the caſe,
"We've nothing more to do
"Than take ſuch meaſures as we chooſe,
"And our own good purſue."

Then, as deep colours ſuit bad plans,
Up dark Back-Stairs they hied,
Their Country's peace to interrupt,
And on her fate decide.

Behold theſe Secret-Influence Men
In conſultation join'd:
Each gave a plan to ſerve Himſelf
By ruining Mankind.

Said *J*——*n*, "My Sons, attend;
"Rejoice with me, I pray: [hearts,
"Such Schemes I've form'd will warm your
"And make you bleſs this day.

"Fearful I am our Reign is ſhort:
"Therefore ne'er ſtrictly tell
"What you intend, or what you mean,
"And things may ſtill go well."

"To ſink the pride of *Engliſhmen*,
"And curb their ſoaring ſouls,
"Shall be our aim.—Give me your hands—
"Swear by theſe flowing bowls.

"If *Ireland*'s force appears ſupreme,
"Then humble *England*'s flag:
"If *Britons* rouſe to check the flame,
"To *Ireland* give the bag."

"Since *Ireland*'s ſpirit ſeems ſo firm
"To prop our artful plan,
"Their Goods ſhall at our Marts be ſold
"Cheaper than *England*'s can.

"Proviſions too and labour are
"Much cheaper there than here:
"Commerce of courſe will take her flight,
"And wealth purſue her there.

"Then muſt the *Engliſh* droop their heads,
"And bend unto our will:
"However nauſeous be the taſte,
"They muſt accept the pill.

"Whatever Burthens we impoſe,
"Submiſſive they'll obey,
"And, broke in ſpirit, will conſent
"To Arbitrary Sway.

"And, Oh, thou Favourite of the Muſe,
"Thy Tax muſt not be loſt;
"A Tax on Maids we *will* have laid,
"Though laid at Virtue's coſt.

"For proſtitution ſinks Man's mind,
"And ranks him with the brutes:
"The Man debas'd, the Patriot ſhrinks,
"And that our Plan well ſuits.

"And thou, Sir *G*——*y P*—, my Friend,
"Man-Milliner, pray ſtop,
"Aſſur'd that ere my Schemes conclude,
"I'll tax thy Lady's Shop.

"My Parent *B*—, whoſe *Scotriſh* mind,
"No injury ere forgave,
"Aſſerted once, and kept his word,
"That *London* he'd enſlave.

"Thy thoughts, my *T*—*r*, well accord:
"*Blackheath* no more receives
"The Cockney's Gigs, nor gives acceſs
"To aught but You and Thieves."

With joy young *Bill* theſe precepts heard,
Then ſaid unto his Dad,
"To be thy tool in every caſe
"I am thy pliant Lad.

"To ſecret influence I owe
"The power I poſſeſs:
"'Twas you that ſhew'd me the Back-Stairs,
"And duty I profeſs.

"Whatever meaſures you propoſe,
"The Public with I'll teaze;
"And, Mungo-like, will do whate'er
"You, my good *Maſſa*, pleaſe."

Papa a few more leſſons gave
To each ſweet ſupple Boy:
They made their bows, and took their leave,
Elated high with joy.

Like Johnny Gilpin, now they thought
Their cares would be no more:
Homeward they drove at furious rate,
Much faſter than before.

But, vers'd alone in private roads,
The public they forſook;
And, as they oft had done before,
The wrong for right they took.

Bewilder'd with confus'd ideas,
With trembling ſteps they went;
Though bold in ſenatorial ſtorms,
Their courage here was ſpent.

For here no Monarch back'd their cauſe,
Or gave them courtly heat;
No ſanction here for ſpleen they had,
No *Temple* for retreat.

Though us'd the firſt and beſt of men
With ſcandal to aſſail,
Though oft in darkneſs they had been,
Here did their ſpirits fail.

At length unto their eyes appear'd
A farmer's houſe in ſight;
Young *Bill* deſcended to enquire,
For once, the road of right.

The Dogs, the guardians of the yard,
Each took their proper taſk;
The Whigs appear'd in maſtiff form,
Tories in Charles's maſk.

The former ruſh'd with boldneſs on,
The latter ſought the ſhade:
Fit emblems of the ſtranger's mind,
On open ground afraid.

The Boy, as does an aſpin leaf,
Trembled from head to foot;
In ſtudied phraſe he try'd in vain
To make his courtly ſuit.

But Hodge, the owner of the farm,
No words could e'er deceive;
For not a fact he did not know
The ruſtic would believe.

"I am great *C*——*n*'s ſon," ſaid *Bill*,
"Therefore ſome ſhelter grant;
"Or lead my doubtful ſteps, I pray,
"Unto the ſpot I want."

"Thou *C*——*n*'s ſon!—Impoſtor, go,"
The Farmer blunt replied;
"His name, but not his ſoul you have,
"Nor are to that allied.

"No midnight councils he conven'd,
"No darkneſs ſought, nor ſhade;
"His meaſures honeſt, open were
"Unto the Public laid.

"He was the friend of all mankind,
"A foe to mean Back-Stairs;
"His Country's glory was his pride,
"And he had Tradeſmen's prayers.

"Therefore his honour to defend
"Againſt thy paltry art,
"This gun, with its contents, I fire
"Into thy milky heart."

In vain, alas! the bullet pierc'd,
No heart was to be found;
It broke the belt with which his waiſt
With budget was girt round.

Here Iriſh Propoſitions flew,
There fell the Tax on Maids;
Hawkers and Pedlars ſpread the way,
And ſtrew'd were retail trades.

Oh woeful tale, but ſtill 'tis true,
Had *Bill* ſupport not found
From foreign fir that ſav'd his fall,
He muſt have kiſs'd the ground.

Come then, Thalia, muſe of glee,
And aid the comic ſcene,
Which, had a Cynic been to view,
Had cur'd him of the ſpleen.

The Iriſh ſchemes, an half-ſtarv'd cur
Off haſted to convey;
Purſu'd by maſtiffs noble two,
Anxious for Briton's ſway.

A gooſe the Tax on Maids purloin'd,
To add to Folly's ſtock;
But trepidation mark'd its flight
Before a true game-cock.

The Tax on Shops was torn in twain
By honeſt Engliſh cats,
Who portions fair of food deſerve
For killing venal rats.

At every window girls were ſeen,
Rejoicing that their foe,
Mean in his ſoul, though high in rank,
Theſe pangs muſt undergo.

The Poſt-Boy heard the gun's report,
And thinking danger near,
Explain'd in honeſt terms the caſe,
And check'd the Farmer's fear.

"Aſſiſt him, Sir," the Driver ſaid,
"Nor more his feelings goad;
"Shew to a ſtranger, as he is,
"For once, the proper road."

Frighten'd to death, the Premier *P*—,
By apprehenſions ſtrong,
Had done a deed, which well we know
To *Office* does belong.

When ſhips are foul, it is well known
That they muſt be careen'd;
When men are foul, it is as true,
That they ſhould be well clean'd.

But ah! the girls no pity took
On this bepickled boy;
For thinking manhood none he had,
They view'd his plight with joy.

"Oh, Bane of Woman!" they exclaim'd,
"Of Virtue chief of foes;
"Of Proſtitution, beſt of friends,
"Yet not its nature knows!"

But, cold to every ſenſe of ſhame,
To every object cold,
He, ſilent as in Senate ſtood,
When of his ſhifting told.

To decency at length reſtor'd,
His chariot he regain'd;
"Hence" ſaid the Farmer, "keep that road
"Your Father firm maintain'd."

Thus *Bill* was to his home once more
In darkneſs back convey'd,
And hail'd, no doubt, with tears of joy,
The Secret-Influence ſhade.

Should he again ſuch trips purſue,
May we behold the ſame;
And, if again the Farmer fires,
He may take better aim.

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A SECOND HOLIDAY FOR JOHN GILPIN,

Or a VOYAGE to *Vaux-hall*, where, tho' he had better Luck than before, he was far from being contented.

JOHN Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A common-council man was he,
Of famous London town.

Moſt folks have heard of Gilpin's fame,
And of the race he won,
When he on horſe back did ſet out,
All unto Edmonton.

nd never ſince that luckleſs time,
Which gave him ſuch diſmay;
or ten whole years, had he, and ſpouſe,
Enjoy'd, a holiday.

he main chance minding, ſtill at home,
On Bus'neſs quite intent;
e made amends, there is no doubt,
For what that day was ſpent.

heir daughters riſing in their teens,
Were innocent, and gay,
nd as young girls, they often beg'd
To have a holiday.

ood Miſtreſs Gilpin had a heart,
Her pretty girls to pleaſe;
ut how to win John Gilpin to't,
Was not a taſk of eaſe.

owe'er, ſaid ſhe, leave that to me,
t never will cauſe ſtrife;
he will, ſure, comply once more
o pleaſe his loving wife.

mark'd the time, in chearful mood,
hn Gilpin for to ſee;
nto him thus did ſhe ſpeak,
ev'ning o'er their tea.

dear, you muſt a favour grant,
Your tenderneſs to prove;"
Gilpin, "what is your deſire?
can't deny my love."

y, there's my ſweeteſt life, ſaid ſhe,
And ſtrok'd his ſmirking face,
t which he kiſs'd his deareſt dear,
And ſmil'd with comely grace.

ou know, ſaid ſhe, "Since that ſad day,
"Which we could not foreſee,
That we have never thought upon,
"An other holiday.

Ten circling years have made their round,
"And time comes ſtealing on;
Next Tueſday is our wedding day,
"Then pray let us have one."

John Gilpin hum'd, and ha'd awhile,
Then cried, "it ſhall be ſo,
Yet hope, you do not mean, my dear,
"To EDMONTON to go.

"That curſed jaunt I can't forget,
"Which brought me ſuch diſgrace;"
"No, no, my dear, ſhe quick reply'd,
"I mean a nearer place.

"Amuſements round the town are found,
"Delighting unto all;
"Therefore with me, if you'll agree,
"We'll go to ſweet Vaux-hall.

"A ſculler, ſure, will take us all,
"The purchaſe can't be great;
"And then along the ſilver Thames,
"How we ſhall ride in ſtate,"

"Thy will be done, John Gilpin cry'd,
"I like thy thought in this;
"The ev'ning is not all the day,
"Much bus'neſs we can't miſs."

"Then Miſtreſs Gilpin ſaid to John,
"That we may all be gay,
"Your very ſuit you ſhall have on,
"Made for your wedding-day.

"Your lac'd cravat, and beaver hat,
"Your cane, with head of gold,
"With roll'd up hoſe, and then you'll be
"Moſt charming to behold."

At length the happy time arriv'd,
John Gilpin neatly dreſs'd,
Look'd like a citizen, indeed,
Array'd in all his beſt.

The Miſſes, with their kind Mama,
All furbelow'd about,
With proper cloaks, in caſe of rain,
In joyful mood ſet out.

And now unto the river's ſide,
They ſmilingly drew near;
The Watermen, cries "Gilpin", comes,
And run to get the fair.

Now ſeated in the cleanly boat,
How ſmoothly did they glide;
Their hearts were ev'ry one on float,
As was the flowing tide.

The daughters gracefully did look,
Which graces much my theme,
Stately as are the downy ſwans
That ſwim upon the ſtream.

John Gilpin view'd with joy the pair,
(Forgive him this ſmall pride)
And thought them pictures of his dear,
When ſhe became his bride.

Good Miſtreſs Gilpin too was pleas'd,
Becauſe ſhe then did find,
That tho' her charms began to fade,
They bloom'd in Gilpin's mind.

Boat, after boat, now preſs'd the tide,
And ſeem'd to ſwim a race;
John fear'd, leaſt ſome miſchance ſhou'd hap,
As in the former caſe.

For not to pleaſure much inclin'd,
Fate ſeem'd to be his foe,
To make of him the laughing ſtock,
Wherever he did go.

His perſon known, likewiſe his name!
The wags, as they row'd by,
Cried, ſmoke John Gilpin, that's the man
That rode ſo manfully.

At this alarm'd, he hung his head,
Aſham'd of his diſgrace;
But with their daſhing oars, they daſh'd
The water in his face.

Then bounce againſt the boat they went,
Which made the Ladies ſcream,
And Gilpin's hat, by ſudden jerk,
Went ſouſe into the ſtream.

Too ſwift it ſail'd to be o'ertook,
Which made the wags more gay,
And all cry'd out, "ſee Gilpin's hat,
"How faſt it runs away."

When Miſtreſs Gilpin thought his hat
Moſt certainly was gone;
She whiſper'd to him, pray take care
Your perriwig keep on.

I fear my dear you may take cold;
But other thoughts had he:
So he ſecur'd it with both hands,
Which elſe away might flee.

For loſs of hat and wig before,
Came freſh into his mind,
When he the race did run to Ware,
"*And left the world behind.*"

But patient ſtill, yet full of fear
That matters might go worſe,
And make the water prove as bad
As formerly the horſe.

He only to the ſneerers ſaid,
"I let you have your way,
"An other time it may be mine,
"Each dog muſt have his day."

So on he went, and on went they,
'Till coming near the ſhore,
Well pleas'd was Gilpin to behold
His hat was there before.

The boats puſh'd in from every part,
And try'd which firſt ſhould land;
But glad was he the hat to ſee
So near unto his hand.

He ſnatch'd it up with all his might,
And eke with joy and glee,
Then bowing of his head, he ſaid,
"Your welcome, Sir, to me."

Then getting all upon dry land,
He to his wife did ſay,
"My other hat, you know, my dear,
"Was carried quite away.

"But this, more honeſt, comes again,
"And when I get him home,
"I'll keep him ſafe within a box,
"That he no more ſhall roam."

Beneath his arm his hat he plac'd,
You'll gueſs the reaſon why,
In hopes, before he came away,
Again it might be dry.

And in this ſtate they march'd along,
Unto the garden gay,
Where he was vex'd to find he had
Four ſhillings, there to pay.

Yet ſcarcely had he paſs'd the door,
And to the place got in,
When "here's John Gilpin," all did roar,
And all did laugh and grin.

The ladies, with the beaus and wits,
Came crouding all around,
And cried, "John Gilpin," is it you,
Pray, whither are you bound?

John anſwer'd not, but with his wife
And daughters, went along
To liſten to the muſick ſweet,
And hear a pretty ſong.

O! charming, cried the Miſſes both,
Do, Mama, Papa, hark,
I'm ſure, O! dear, that thrilling voice
Is ſweeter than the lark.

Aye, aye, cry'd Gilpin, it will do,
'Tis very fine, in brief,
But I ſhould like much more to hear,
Britannia, or roaſt beef.

Then turning round, the trees he view'd,
With orcheſtre ſo fine,
The waiters running here, and there,
With chickens, ham, and wine.

But as he turn'd too ſuddenly,
'Tis ſad the tale to tell,
Againſt a waiter's hand he ſtruck,
And down a bottle fell.

All in a ſtream the wine it flow'd,
Which gave to him much pain;
Yet he for it was forc'd to pay,
And it was dear Champagne.

He thought it hard to pay for that
Which he did never taſte;
His frugal wife was not well pleas'd,
To ſee it run to waſte.

Such accidents, ſays ſhe, my dear,
Will happen, you do know;
But never mind it, we muſt have
Some wine before we go.

His daughters, as the ſtory tells,
Thought ham, and chick, right fit,
Becauſe their appetites now ſerv'd
To pick a little bit.

At this John Gilpin bent his brow,
His lady cried, "My dear,
"Pray let us do as others do,
"Since we are now come here."

The wine, the ham, the chick was brought,
With tarts and cheeſe-cakes too;
On ev'ry thing he comments made,
And carefully did view.

What! two-and-ſixpence for a chick,
He ſaid, was plaugy dear;
The wine was ſhort, he'd rather had
A pot of Trueman's beer.

The wine was Port, and he ſurvey'd
The bottle in each part,
And cried, I'm ſure it wants three gills
To make a little quart.

He eat and grumbl'd all the while,
He grumbl'd, yet he paid;
For ſtill to pay, was Gilpin's way,
By ev'ry one, 'tis ſaid.

A coach was call'd, which griev'd him ſore,
And ſo they went away;
But Gilpin thought he ne'er wou'd have
Another holiday.

Now let us ſing, long live the King,
And Gilpin! long live he;
To Vaux-hall ſhou'd he go again,
May I be there to ſee.

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WEST-SMITHFIELD,

AND

Enter'd at Stat.

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THE MINISTER'S A——.

I.

AS time circles round, what ſtrange whims and what fancies,
By chance, or deſign, are held forth—like romances;
The preſent will ſure, for a novelty paſs,
As it is not the Queen's—but the Miniſter's A——.
Miniſter's A——, &c.

II.

To the altar of Hymen, two fond ones were bound,
And the glaſs to their nuptials went jovially round;
Yet after ſweet meat often comes ſour ſauce,
As you'll find bye and bye—of the Wimbledon A——.
Wimbledon A——, &c.

III.

Jolly Bacchus preſided, and puſh'd round the bowl,
And fill'd with his heart-cheering juice ev'ry ſoul;
'Till prudence directed them homeward to paſs,
And the Son of great Ch—t—m was ſeen on an A——.
Seen on an A——, &c.

IV.

To accommodate all, were not horſes enough,
Of humility P—tt gave a wonderful proof;
For ſeeing a donkey at feed on the graſs,
Then England's Prime Miniſter mounted an A——.
Mounted an A——, &c.

V.

Yet the obſtinate brute, at this critical pinch,
(What e'er was the reaſon) would not ſtir an inch;
When a farmer, who happening that way to paſs,
Cry'd, who'll give a kick at the Miniſter's A——.
Miniſter's A——, &c.

VI.

The word KICK 'tis ſuppos'd made him caper and bray,
And over the common at once dart away;
Tho' others imagine it ſo came to paſs,
That ſomebody near kick'd the Miniſter's A——.
Miniſter's A——, &c.

VII.

Let malice and envy not here vent their ſpleen,
Or broad-looking laughter make game of the ſcene;
'Tis own'd that ſuch things come but ſeldom to paſs,
As here is diſplay'd—kick the Miniſter's A——.
Miniſter's A——, &c.

VIII.

With budget and taxes, the people half mad,
For a kick at the Miniſter ſure would be glad;
Yet his friends for his honor would cry out alas!
How can you for ſhame kick the Miniſter's A——.
Miniſter's A——, &c.

Publiſhed by S. W. FORES, (No. 3,) PICCADILLY,
NOVEMBER 26th, 1784.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

A NEW SONG,

CALLED

The Angler's Progreſs;

WRITTEN BY

Mr. H. BOAZ,

JULY the 4th, 1789.

Entered at STATIONERS-HALL, according to Act of Parliament.

I.

WHEN I was quite a *School-boy*, (ere yet I'd learn'd my Book)
I found an Itch for ANGLING in every little Brook;
An Oſier Rod, ſome Thread for Line, a crooked Pin for Hook,
And thus equipp'd I *angled*, in every little Brook:
Where *Prickle-backs* and *Minnows*, each Day I caught in Store,
With *Stoneloaches* and *Millers-thumbs*, thoſe Brooks afford no more:
And thus the little ANGLER, (with crooked Pin for Hook)
Wou'd ſhun each noiſy *Wrangler*, to fiſh the murm'ring Brook.

II.

Then next I bought ſome Farthing Hooks, and eke a Horſe-hair Line;
An Hazle Rod, with Whalebone Top, my Play-mates to outſhine:
With which I ſoon aſpired, to angle with a Flote;
And where I could not fiſh from Shore, I angl'd from a Boat:
Then *Roach* and *Dace*, and *Bleak* I took, and *Gudgeons* without End;
And now and then a *Pearch* I'd hook, which made my Rod to bend.
And thus the little ANGLER, (pleas'd with his Line and Hook)
Wou'd ſhun each noiſy *Wrangler*, to fiſh the murm'ring Brook.

III.

Bream, *Chub*, and *Barble* next I ſought, their various Haunts I try'd,
With ſcower'd *Worms*, *Graves*, *Cheeſe* and *Paſte*, and various Baits beſide;
With Hooks of *Kirby-bent*, (well choſe) and Gut that's round and fine,
So by Gradations thus I roſe to fiſh with Running Line:
A Multiplying Winch I bought, wherewith my Skill to try,
And ſo expert myſelf I thought, few with me now cou'd vie:
And thus the little ANGLER, with Rod and Line, and Hook,
Wou'd ſhun each noiſy *Wrangler*, to fiſh the murm'ring Brook.

IV.

My Mind on *Trolling*, now intent, with live and dead Snap-hook:
I ſeldom to the Rivers went, but *Pike* or *Jack* I took;
Near Banks of *Bulruſh*, *Sedge* and *Reed*; a dark and windy Day:
And if the *Pike* were on their Feed, I rarely miſs'd my Prey.
If Baits are freſh, and proper Size, no Matter what's the Sort,
At *Gudgeons*, *Roach*, or *Dace* they'll riſe; with all by Turns, I've Sport:
So now a dextrous ANGLER, with Rod and Line, and Hook,
I ſhunn'd each noiſy *Wrangler*, to fiſh the murm'ring Brook.

V.

And now to caſt a *Fly-line* well, became my chiefeſt Wiſh;
I ſtrove each ANGLER to excel; and cheat the nimble *Fiſh*:
Now *Trout* and *Greyling* I could kill, (if gloomy was the Day)
And *Salmon* alſo, (at my Will) became an eaſy Prey:
Now *Flies* and *Palmers* I cou'd dreſs, *Aquatic Inſects* too,
And all their various Seaſons gueſs, their Uſes well I knew:
So now a dextrous ANGLER, with Rod and Line, and Hook,
I ſhunn'd each noiſy *Wrangler*, to fiſh the murm'ring Brook.

VI.

So now to cloſe this charming Scene, which none but Sportſmen feel;
Be ſure you keep the *Golden Mein*, nor arm your Hearts with Steel:
The Fiſh with Moderation take, and to the FAIR BE KIND;
And ne'er with them your Promiſe break, but Virtue keep in Mind:
So *Wives* and *Sweethearts* now let's drink, let each Man fill his Glaſs,
And may we never ſpeak or think, to diſconcert our Laſs.——
Then when our Lines are all worn out, and *feeble* grows the *Hook*,
They'll ne'er forget the ANGLER, that *angled* in the Brook.
They'll ne'er forget the ANGLER, that *angled* in the Brook.

N. B. *If any of theſe Songs are ſold without* Mr. BOAZ's *Signature, the Vender will be proſecuted.*

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR ONLY.

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AN

ELEGY

ON THE

MUCH LAMENTED DEATH

OF THE

Rev. JOHN BERRIDGE,

C 20/2
259
K.

Late VICAR of EVERTON, near POTTON, in BEDFORDSHIRE,

Who departed this Life on TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1793, about Three in the Afternoon.

Know ye not, that a great man is fallen this day in Iſrael? 2 Sam. iii. 38.

Behold, an Iſraelite indeed! John i. 47.

WHAT meliferous ſounds are theſe I hear,
Swiftly floating thro' the ambient air?
It is the note of pure ſeraphic fire,
Sweetly hailing our much honour'd Sire.
Around his Angel kindred ſpirits fly,
To know his name, as he approaches nigh.
BERRIDGE, he ſays, was late my earthly name,
A ſett[illegible]-forth of our dear Saviour's Name.
But ſtay me not, with eagerneſs he cries:
I long to ſee Him with immortal eyes;
Him who erſt I feebly preach'd below;
Him to whom the Gentile nations flow;
JESUS, my KING, my SAVIOUR, and my GOD;
David's Root, yet of Jeſſe's ſtem a Rod.
Hark!—His voice!—He calls me to his throne!
When, lo! a ſudden glory round him ſhone.
The SAVIOUR comes, and takes him to His arms:
His ſoul o'erpowers with His ſalvivic charms.
Stay, dear LORD, this is too much, he cries,
My portion's at Thy feet, where Mary lies:
Leſs than the leaſt of all the ſaints confeſt:
In Thee and then alone I'm only bleſt,

As he liv'd, thus died this Man of God:
Humbly in IMMANUEL'S ſteps he trod.
In him a friend thro' all the country round,
The poor, the naked, and the hungry found.
His fellow-lab'rers feel his ſoft'ring care;
Had his advice, his patrimony ſhare.
Oft he petition'd others, as their friend;
Yet in all, CHRIST'S glory was his aim, his end.
He envied not, he courted no applauſe:
His heart was only in his SAVIOUR'S cauſe.
His life was inoffenfive, meek and mild:
In manners ſweet, in ſimplicity a child.
He in his public character ſet forth
The SAVIOUR'S fulneſs, and intrinſic worth;
Laid low the ſinner, CHRIST exalted high:
He learn'd Arminius' doctrines to decry.
As his Goſpel lyre was by the SPIRIT ſtrung,
The ſaint, the ſinner, on his accents hung,
They both return'd, muſing on the pleaſing theme,
Convinc'd that all beſide was but a dream.
Many call'd him Father, while on earth,
As inſtrumental in their ſecond birth.
Theſe were his words as on his bed he lay,
—"Yes; and my children too will ſhout and ſay,
"Here comes our Father," from his labours freed,
Rejoicing in the woman's conqu'ring Seed.

His theme was Grace; Free Grace was his delight;
The SPIRIT'S teaching, and the SPIRIT'S might;
The Perſons of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Ador'd by ſaints, and all the heavenly hoſts,
Th' eternal ſelf-exiſtent ONE in THREE,
Whoſe pow'r's ſupreme, whoſe love is full and free.

LONDON: Printed and Sold by J. CHALMERS, No. 81, OLD-STREET. [Price ONE PENNY.]
[Entered at Stationer's Hall.]

CENTENARY JUBILEE.

VAUXHALL

FOR

One Shilling

Says I to Doll, the other day,
We've lately not much fun done,
And so suppose, we take the coach,
And journey up to London.
Why, yes, says Doll, I do not care,
I'll go if you are willing,
And we'll see all the Vauxhall sights,
For they only charge a SHILLING.
Tol de rol, &c.

Arriv'd in town, I call'd a cab,
And swiftly off we rattled;
The crowd wur great, I didn't care,
But 'mongst them boldly battled.
I came to man who sat in box,
Says I, to pay I'm willing:
How much a-piece?—I stood surpris'd,
When he told me but a SHILLING.

I walk'd inside, I view'd the place,
And shady trees walk'd under;
And I then to little playhouse went,
Which they said wur the Rotunda:
I look'd in glasses, so did Doll,
To see our faces willing;
They made us uglier than Punch,
But I only paid a SHILLING.

We heard the concert; Robinson,
Did sing so very pretty,
In all our lives, nor Doll nor I,
Did hear so sweet a ditty.
With Bedford, Page, and Stansbury,
The air with sweet notes filling:
Says I, Ecod! but this is fine,
And only for a SHILLING.

Miss Forde and Mrs. Mapleson,
I cast a loving glimpse on;
And Billy Williams, funny chap!
When up came Mr. Simpson:
His hat was ever in his hand;
His politeness wur quite killing;
Says he, Welcome to this property,
And it's cost you but a SHILLING.

I look'd at Siege of Antwerp,
And I made my observations,
And then I walk'd about
To look at the illuminations:
The Fire Works wur vastly grand,
To see them we wur willing,
So we went into the gallery,—
What wonders for a SHILLING.

When I of all those pretty sights
Had taken an inventory;
I found Vauxhall had stood its ground
Exactly for a century.
I'll down to country go again,
And tell neighbours, if they're willing,
They can be delighted all this week
At Vauxhall for a SHILLING.

THE GARDENS ARE OPEN
MONDAY ... [illegible] of AUGUST
WEDNESDAY ... [illegible] of AUGUST
FRIDAY ... [illegible] of AUGUST
When they close for the Season.

ADMITTANCE, EACH NIGHT, ONLY **1s**

"—— off, off, ye lendings."

Pub.d May 3.d 1794. by H. Humphrey, N.o Old Bond Street.

The NOBLE *SANS-CULOTTE*.

A BALLAD,

Occaſioned by A CERTAIN EARL'S *ſtyling himſelf*

A SANS CULOTTE CITIZEN

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

RANK, character, diſtinction, fame,
And noble birth forgot,
Hear St****pe, modeſt Earl, proclaim
Himſelf a SANS CULOTTE!

Of pomp and ſplendid circumſtance
The vanity he teaches;
And ſpurns, like Citizen of France,
Both Coronet and Breeches.

But, thrown away on lordly ears,
His counſel none attend:
No pattern take his brother Peers
By St****pe's LATTER END.

Let Commoners for Britain's weal
Their patriot bottoms bare:
Lords are no Sans Culottes:—they veil
That Part with ſpecial care.

They vaunt ariſtocratic Tails
In ſilk and velvet 'dight;
And, well-accoutred, each aſſails
With taunts a Naked Wight.

" At one End, ſays the noble Peer,
" No Breeches I retain:
" From this confeſſion we infer
" At t'other End no Brain.

" Whoe'er alike unfurniſh'd views
" Both Nether end and Upper,
" May ſwear there's not a pin to chooſe,
" 'Twixt Pericrane and Crupper."

But what care WE for lordly Spies,
A Miniſterial band,
The nakedneſs who ſcrutinize
Of Oppoſition land?

What tho' they deem us poor and bare,
Like thoſe Lean Kine Egyptian—
Patriots there are who Breeches wear—
When paid for by SUBSCRIPTION.

With Nature's buff (tho' BUFF AND BLUE
Be ſcant) provided each is:
No FUSTIAN if our bottoms ſhew,
You'll find it in our Speeches.

Nay, what if Brains and Breeches fail,
Pray, ſay no more about 'em;
Since St****pe, ay, and L*****dale,
Can make a ſhift without 'em.

Say, for what purpoſe and intent
Are brains and breeches fit?
Breeches to hide our Shame are meant,
Brains ſerve to ſhew our Wit.

'Tis true—but in this caſe, you know,
Both will be miſapplied.
Till L*****dale has Wit to ſhew,
And St****pe Shame to hide.——

God ſave King GEORGE, and give his grace
To GEORGE the Prince of Wales;
And to all Britiſh Peers a Caſe,
Wherein to keep their TAILS!

Queen CHARLOTTE's welfare Heav'n promote,
And ſhow'r its gifts upon her;
And from each NOBLE SANS CULOTTE
Defend the Maids of Honour!

[*Entered at Stationers Hall.*]

CENTENARY JUBILEE. VAUXHALL

FOR

One Shilling

Gentles high and low, O, O!
Come, see my raree-show,
Full of sights the most amazing,
Scenes and wonders past all praising;
And the *Time*, you understand, is
(Gentle Dandyzettes and Dandies!)
One hundred years ago, O, O!
A hundred years ago.

First of all I'll show, O, O!
A military beau,
Unlike our exquisites in trousers,
To his periwig all bow, Sirs!
Hats so small, and smalls so large are,
Mounted on a thundering charger;
And his coat, by tailor's needle,
Gilt, just like a parish beadle,
A hundred years ago, &c.

Ladies, now I show, O, O!
A damsel all the go;
Hoop enclosing half her figure,
Like a city barge, or bigger:
Head so high, with fruits and flowers,
Took in dressing but four hours;
In a sack at court presented,
Gigot sleeves not then invented,
A hundred years ago, &c.

Next a ship at sea, E, E!
Proud of victo*ree*,
Colours fly, while Britain's thunder
Strikes, as now, the world with wonder:
Though *esteem'd*, no *steam* impelling,
Winds alone her canvas swelling,
A hundred years ago, &c.

Next a street I show, O, O!
With lamps a pretty row,
So genteel and dim—if brighter,
Thieves might starve as now, when lighter;
And the Charleys set to watch 'em,
Couldn't see the way to catch 'em,
A hundred years ago, &c.

Gayest sight of all, all, all,
Now behold VAUXHALL!
In the dark-walk lovers dying,
Ham and beef around 'em flying,
Cut so thin, that ev'ry breeze,
Would blow them up among the trees!
A hundred years ago, &c.

Now all we have to show, O, O!
In present days you know,
Is humbly meant to give you pleasure,
Your applause our richest treasure:
If we successfully compete
With what was here esteem'd a treat,
A hundred years ago, &c.

THE GARDENS ARE OPEN

MONDAY .....26th of AUGUST
WEDNESDAY ....28th of AUGUST
FRIDAY .....30th of AUGUST

When they close for the Season.

ADMITTANCE, EACH NIGHT, ONLY 1s

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CENTENARY JUBILEE.

VAUXHALL

FOR

One Shilling

There were Eight-and-forty Farthings all of a row,
Eight-and-forty Farthings all of a row!

Which Eight-and-forty Farthings (according to Cocker) make Twenty-four Half-pence, equal in value to Twelve *Pence*, which is very good change for a Shilling.

Then ladies and gents at economy's call,
All you who are able and willing;
Mount tippets and tiles, and come here to Vauxhall,
And be happy all night for a Shilling, a Shilling,
And be happy all night for a SHILLING!

Ye mercantile dons, whose commercial range,
From all climates your pockets keep filling,
Not Gresham himself made a finer exchange,
Than you may do here for a SHILLING!

Ye lovers, who can't, without notice at home,
Indulge in your cooing and billing,
Alone, among thousands, are here free to roam,
And say all your soft things for a SHILLING!

You musical amateurs, where would ye go,
To hear voices so tunefully thrilling,
And such singers as I am, I'd just like to know,
To enchant all your ears for a SHILLING!

Bold soldiers and bumpkins, who oft in the field
Raw recruits or raw turnips are drilling;
Pray when did your ranks or your rows ever yield
Such produce as ours for a SHILLING?

Ye Dandyzette ladies, who love soft perfumes,
The scent of all flowers distilling,
In our bottles and boxes, rotundas, and rooms,
You'll find all their sweets for a SHILLING!

Ye A double S's, M. D's, and P. C's,
Who teach Latin, and music, and milling,
May learn at our school to take moderate fees,
Since we take no more than a SHILLING!

A century back—there can be but a few,
Who remember the Gardens then filling,
At twelve-pence a head; but, lord! what did they do?
And what did you get for your SHILLING?

They'd a lamp for each tree, and perhaps for each bough,
Its oil on your gay dresses spilling;
While we for each leaf have a sparkler now,
Delightfully lit for a SHILLING!

And what an expense for bagg'd wigs, and long queues,
Cock'd hats, caps, and lappets so trilling,
Lac'd waistcoats, canes, swords, velvet tights, and tight shoes,
Which pinch'd the purse more than the SHILLING!

Then all who run crazy in praise of old times,
Preferring picquet to quadrilling;
Let prejudice sleep, and these beautiful rhymes
Shall all be thrown in for a SHILLING!

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE GARDENS ARE OPEN

MONDAY .....26th of AUGUST
WEDNESDAY ....28th of AUGUST
FRIDAY .....30th of AUGUST

When they close for the Season.

ADMITTANCE, EACH NIGHT, } ONLY **1s**

THE CHARMING METHODS,

A NEW SONG.

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264.

Without one Error in Meaſure, containing a rich Preſent for the Ladies from the Poet, by a *New Method* he invented this Month of *Auguſt*, 1797, to draw a captivating Lady's Picture, with her moſt amiable Features (placed exactly true by Meaſure) in one grand View of them all, never before attempted, to charm the Hearts of Men.

HERE the new-ſealed thought, caught with ſpeed
ſhould be,
'Twill be chang'd quick as thought you'll plainly ſee.
If formed wide curling, or as a tetter,
Note as follows, no rule can be better:
Many hands, and compaſſes, muſt aſſiſt,
Or the ſealed thought might quikly be miſt.
Small ſtalls, riſings, 'tis maſter-piece to ſhade,
By two painters their ſides ſhould be made,
And firſt copied on bits of paper,
While other painters compaſſes caper,
From the out-lines to gage their diſtances,
Shaded copies, by ſuch aſſiſtances,
Might be here placed near the mouth, eyes, or noſe,
Or in the cheeks, if there theſe ſeals are roſe.
Con paſs proofs from the eyes, mouth, noſe or frame,
Might with reaſon prevent detected blame.
Forming uglineſs, exceeding nature,
This has been your cruel boaſted ſatire.
But now we'll meaſure your work to a hair,
And not let you our ſweeteſt likeneſs ſpare;
From this a ſixteenth ſize may be made,
(If not true) detected by the like aid.
No painter can deſerve your credit leſs,
When he attempts his compaſs proofs to gueſs.
In old times beauty caus'd a mighty change,
For novelty, I'll now theſe wonders range.
Artful Jupiter to a cuckoo turn'd,
His loving heart for pretty Juno burn'd;
This cuckoo ſought ſhelter in Juno's lap,
Who did ſoon this bird in her boſom wrap,
And recover from chill. When dry of rain,
He ſpake! and did his marriage obtain!
Tho' Juno was his ſiſter! wonder not,
'Twas a cuſtom the Perſians had got,
Alectryon (by Mars) chang'd to a cock,
To mend his fault, proclaims himſelf youre lock.
By Venus anemony flowers were made,
From the blood of Adonis, Mars had ſlay'd.
Paris Helen's great beauty obtain'd,
By refuſing empire, this prize he gain'd.

Now place your face within your frame of tin,
Cloſe to the tips of the ears, then begin;
Prepare your out-lines, from this mark well fixt:
Gage her eyes, mouth, noſe, cheeks, and chin betwixt;
Then let your Venus ſpeak and feel; a ſpeech
Well prepar'd, captivating paſſion each:
From plays theſe ſeparate passions ſelect.
When ſhe feels them, ſeal'd features come direct.
To explain the mind, required for you,
In exact front gage them perfectly true.
Pineing, loving features are each, tho' ſmall,
By a large magnifier catch them all.
Seven or eight of theſe faces prepare,
Firſt with out-lines, in places you can ſpare;
When highly finiſh'd, place them in one frame,
On this captivating view, place her name.
In ſeparate faces each paſſion ſhade,
Pray draw eight, for a captivating maid.

One picture can ſhew but one paſſion,
To multiply them ſhould be the faſhon.
Place them, as through the tin they are peeping,
In one rich frame, how worthy your keeping!
Now charmers call for your ſervants and glaſs,
And by yourſelves the painters art ſurpaſs.
Venus and Adonis ſhould then contend,
And by their compaſſes their pictures mend.

This Maſter-piece of profitable poetry is entered at Stationer's Hall; counterfeits of this Work will be proſecuted by a Perſon of high Rank.

The Poet adviſes the Ladies to act their Parts of Speeches of Captivation, taken from the Index and alphabetical Volumes of the Beauties of the English Stage, and to get them perfectly by heart, that their Feelings might not be interrupted: Then their Use may be further extended, to charm their lovers into Matrimony.

I will now number the Feelings of the Mind, easily given you, by virtue of the Index as aforeſaid, to ſerve theſe rich Purpoſes, viz.

In Face, No. 1.

In her black liquid, and enchanting eyes,
Make floating Cupids plainly dive and riſe.

No. 2.

Languiſhing love was plainly printed there.

No. 3.

Smiling acceptance and great friendly care.

No. 4.

Help ſoothing deſires there quivered plain.

No. 5.

Compaſſion like arriv'd from heaven came.

No. 6.

Eager and exceſſive foondness is ſeen,
Liberal and conſenting love I mean.

No. 7.

Humility and benevolence add,
If in her face ſuch features can be had.

No. 8.

Fidelity in creeping bluſhes trace
This I've ſeen in Miſs Wingott's oval face.

No. 9.

Wiſdom, love, and ſincerity combine
To make this whole face perfectly divine.

This elegant Work may be had at the capital Bookſellers in Bond-ſtreet, and Oxford-road,
[Price only Three Pence.]

250

C20/2
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JUBILEE SONG,

For WEDNESDAY, 25th OCTOBER, 1809.

Tune—" GOD SAVE THE KING."

BRITONS! your Voices raise,
Join cheerful Songs of praise,
With grateful lay;
May all our Island ring,
Her Sons Orisons sing,
For their beloved King,
On this bright Day.

May He the vale of life
Close free from ev'ry strife;
His Subjects see
Bless'd with a lasting Peace;
May War for ever cease,
Pris'ners each Pow'r release,
And all be free.

King George's Fiftieth Year
Of Sceptre'd greatness cheer
Each loyal Heart;
May the stain'd Sword be sheath'd;
Amity once more breath'd;
Commerce, with Plenty wreath'd,
Sweet Joy impart.

Thus may our Children find
Cause which will e'er remind
Them to agree,
That we with Justice sing,
God bless our good old King,
For him our noble King,
This Jubilee.

J. D. W.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

(One Penny.)

Merridew, Printer, Herald Office, Coventry.

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266.

Four new CAROLS for 1809.

THE REDEEMER.

MIGHTY God, while Angels bleſs thee,
May an infant liſp thy name?
Lord of men as well as Angels,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.

Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded thro' the wide creation,
Be thy juſt and lawful praiſe.

For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a Seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with ſkill and kindneſs wrought.

For thy providence, that governs
Thro' thy empire's wide domain;
Wings an Angel, guides a ſparrow,
Bleſſed be thy gentle reign.

But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark thro' brightneſs all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expreſſion,
Who can ſing that awful ſong?

Did Arch-angels ſing thy coming?
Did the ſhepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuſe to praiſe.

Brightneſs of thy Father's glory!
Shall thy praiſe unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, ſuch guilty ſilence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.

From the higheſt throne in glory,
To the croſs of deepeſt woe,
All to ranſom guilty captives—
Flow, my praiſe, forever flow.

Go return, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footſtool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign forever,
Be the kingdom all thine own.

Christ in the Manger.

Where is this ſtupendous ſtranger,
Nymphs of Soloma, adviſe;
Lead me to my maſter's manger;
Shew me where my Saviour lies.

Oh! moſt mighty, Oh! moſt holy,
Far above the Seraph's thought,
Art thou then ſo meek and lowly
As unheeded prophets taught?

Oh! the magnitude of meekneſs,
Worth from Worth immortal Sprung;
Oh! the ſtrength of infant weakneſs,
If Eternal is ſo young!

THE LAMB.

Come, Chriſtians all, behold the Lamb,
That on this day was born;
Come riſe and praiſe his holy name,
And uſher in the morn.

From Heaven theſe glorious tidings came
To mortals here on earth,
God ſent his own beloved ſon
With us to ſpend his birth.

Now to the Father to the Son,
Be praiſe and glory giv'n,
Let Saints on earth with angels join
The harmony of heav'n.

THE SAVIOUR'S WILL.

With one conſent let all the earth
The praiſe of God proclaim:
Who ſent the Saviour,—by whoſe birth
To man ſalvation came.

All nations, join to magnify
The great, the wond'rous love
Of him, who left for us the ſky,
And all the joys above.

But vainly, thus, in hymns of praiſe
We bear a joyful part,
If, while our voice aloud we raiſe,
We lift not up the heart.

We by a holy life alone
Our Saviour's laws fulfil;
By thoſe his glory beſt is ſhewn,
Who beſt perform his will.

May we to all his words attend
With humble pious care!
Then ſhall our praiſe to heav'n aſcend,
And find acceptance there.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. PITTS, 14, GREAT SAINT-ANDREW-STREET, SEVEN DIALS, LONDON.
ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL

THE IRISH FORTUNE UNTERS.

TWO Lads of Hibernia (so famous for gallants)
Determin'd to try if their persons and talents
Would not gain the affection of some British fair,
Who might keep them hereafter from living on air;
So their plan being settled, to London they came,
Each in search of some rich inconsiderate dame.

Patrick first sprung his game, a brisk Dowager gay,
He escorted one night from her box at the play;
Where his eyes so well told her, his heart was her slave,
That she, proud of her conquest, his boldness forgave:

Then Patrick return'd to his old friend and croney,
"Come chear up my lad, we shall soon touch the money,
"Here's a young English Widow just fall'n in my snare,
"And you my good fortune shall certainly share.
"Arrah, sure, I know how to plaise a fine Lady
"Who's deeply in love with my person already.
"But how my dear joy shall we get at the cash,
"To appear in high stile and to cut a great flash?"

"Oh!" cried Ted, "I'll assist you, a livery I'll wear,
"And report that you're worth a good thousand a year;
"But a purse to obtain, to back your pretensions,
"And purchase fine clothes, baffles all our inventions;
"Unless, on the road we should turn bold invaders
"And borrow some cash with a brace of *persuaders*:
"For where'd be the harm, just to carry this farce on,
"If some miser we robb'd, or some tythe-loving Parson?
"And when we have settled your business for life,
"We'll turn honest again, and rob none but your wife."

Pat lik'd the proposal, and with thoughts wholly bent
On the fond Widow's jointure, a thieving they went.

Pat needed but little of Teddy's assistance,
A booty he took without any resistance,
For so fieree was his look and so strong was his brogue,
That they dar'd not refuse so determin'd a rogue.

Now with cash in his pocket he sported so gay,
Nor dream'd that the laws would his life take away.
With sword and cockade, dubb'd a Captain by Teddy,
He ventures to make his attack on the Lady;
Who accepts his devoirs, and permits him to share
In her rural excursions for taking the air.

One day, in a pleasant retreat they were seated,
And he her fair hand had with ardour entreated.
In her he declar'd all his happiness center'd,
When rudely! some *thief taking* myrmidons entered!
And dragging in Teddy, seized hold on his master,
No bull-dog enrag'd, could have held his prey faster.

The Lady scarce heard on what errand they came,
E'er she quitted the place in confusion and shame,
Afraid, lest the gossiping Dame, Madam Scandal,
Should whisper her name, and her character handle.

"By St. Patrick! dear boy" cried Ted, "we are undone,
"Oh! curse on the day that we ever saw London!"

"Devil burn ye," said Pat "what signifies whining,
"'Tis better be hanged, than with hunger be pining;
"So lead on my lads to the prison design'd us,
"If we die! we shall leave misfortune behind us.

How painful to give the affecting relation
Of fetters, imprisonment! and condemnation!
Sad reverse! When expecting a fortune and wife,
On a gallows poor Paddy surrendered his life!
Whilst Teddy, whose crime was not deem'd quite so heinous,
Was whipt round the gallows, in stile ignominious;
For whilst from his eyes the tears rush'd like a flood,
His back corresponded with streams of his blood.

Now Teddy of wounds and ambition quite cured,
Though sick of the penance he had lately endured,
Thought by leaving old England, to shun his disgrace,
And once more in dear Ireland to shew his sweet face:
So in haste he set off lest the trump of ill fame
Should before his arrival, his story proclaim.

From ship-board just landed, his comrades surround him,
Each eager to hear, with enquiries confound him,
"Well, what news have you brought us? Are fortunes soon made?
"What success have you had in the love-making trade?"

"Cease your bother," cried Ted, "and pour me some whiskey,
"Had you come my journey, you'd not be so frisky:
"But Teddy pray tell us, is Patrick come over?
"Has he to advantage been playing the lover?"

"By my soul Pat is married to the *Widow Tree*,
"And the knot tied as fast as a marriage can be!
"Is she rich, is she handsome? cried all with one voice,"
"Pretty well," answered Ted, "but she'd not be my *choice*.
"And for riches dy'e see, why she brought him such store,
"As ensures him from e'er knowing want any more.
"Such a concourse of people assembled that day
"I much wish'd an excuse to get out of the way;
"But they forced me to dance, and to tell you the truth,
"I was ne'er so fatigued since the days of my youth;
"For they taught me such *jumps*, and such *scapers* to give,
"I shall ne'er like such *dancing* as long as I live."

London: Printed for J. LEE, Engraver in Brass and Wood, No. 68, Hatton-Garden.—Entered at Stationer's-Hall, and published as the Act directs, April 27, 1797.

C 20 2 23
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Description of Covent Garden Theatre.

THE ANCIENT DRAMA.

THE OUTSIDE.—In the centre, three Greek Poets are sitting; the two looking towards the portico, are Aristophanes, representing the Old Comedy, and (nearest to the spectator) Menander, representing the New Comedy. Before them Thalia presents herself with her crook and Comic mask, as the object of their imitation. She is followed by Polyhymnia playing on the greater lyre, Euterpe on the lesser lyre, Clio with the long pipes, and Terpsichore, the Muse of Action and Pantomime. These are succeeded by three Nymphs, crowned with the leaves of the fir-pine, and in succinct tunics, representing the hours or seasons, governing and attending the winged horse Pegasus.

The third sitting figure in the centre, looking from the portico, is Æschylus, the Father of Tragedy. He holds a scroll open on his knee: his attention is fixed on Wisdom, or Minerva, seated opposite to the Poet. She is distinguished by her helmet and shield. Between Æschylus and Minerva, Bacchus stands leaning on his Faun, because the Greeks represented Tragedy in honour of Bacchus. Behind Minerva stands Melpomene, or Tragedy, holding a sword and mask; then follow two Furies, with snakes and torches, pursuing Orestes, who stretches his hands to supplicate Apollo for protection. Apollo is represented in the quadriga, or four-horsed chariot of the Sun. The last described figures relate to part of Æschylus's Tragedy of *Orestes*.

THE MODERN DRAMA.

In the centre, (looking from the portico) Shakespeare is sitting; the Comic and Tragic masks, with the lyre, are about his seat. His right hand is raised, expressive of calling up the following characters in the *Tempest:* first, Caliban, laden with wood; next, Ferdinand, sheathing his sword; then Miranda, entreating Prospero in behalf of her lover; they are led on by Ariel above, playing on a lyre. This part of the composition is terminated by Hecate (the three-formed goddess) in her car, drawn by oxen, descending. She is attended by Lady Macbeth, with the daggers in her hands, followed by Macbeth, turning in horror from the body of Duncan behind him. In the centre, looking towards the portico, is Milton, seated; contemplating Urania, according to his own description in the Paradise Lost. Urania is seated facing him, above; at his feet is Samson Agonistes, chained. The remaining figures represent the masque of *Comus;* the two brothers drive out three Bacchanals, with their staggering leader, Comus; the Enchanted Lady is seated in the chair; and the series is ended by two tigers, representing the transformation of Comus's devotees.

Tragedy, which occupies the nich in the southern extremity of the building, is a fine figure, holding the Tragic mask and dagger.

Comedy holds the shepherd's crook, or pendum, on her right shoulder, and the Comic mask in her left hand; and is placed in the northern extremity of the building, next to Long Acre.

THE INSIDE.—The chief entrance to the Boxes is under the Portico in Bow-street. On the left of the *vestibule* is the grand stair-case, which leads to the anti-room, in which is a fine figure of Shakespeare. From the anti-room you come into the lobby of the lower tier of boxes; which is in the Ionic style of architecture, and is divided with arched recesses, the semi-circular parts of which are filled with paintings from various scenes of Shakespeare painted in *relief*. The fronts of the boxes are elegant, though simple; a gold fretted flower, of antique form, runs along each tier, upon a pale coloured ground: above and below the flowers are rows of stars. None of the boxes project beyond the others, in the manner of those usually termed stage-boxes; and the fronts are perpendicular, without any of that rotundity which rather hurt than enrich the *coup d'œil* in the former theatre. Slender pillars, richly gilt, separate the boxes; and from a golden bracket, above each pillar, is suspended a chandelier of cut glass: these chandeliers are novel in their form. The seats of the boxes are covered with light blue cloth, and the seats are more in number than in the boxes of the former theatre. The pit is divided by two passages through the middle of it, and the seats are much elevated above each other. The two-shilling gallery is more ample than has been represented, and the slips are very wide and commodious. The most remarkable novelty consists in the construction of the shilling gallery: here the architect, to preserve the uniformity of his design, has rested the piers of a row of arches which support the roof, in such a manner that the gallery is divided into five parts, resembling separate boxes.

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A NEW SONG,

ON COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Tune—Madame Fig's Gala.

On saint Monday the Row first began,
On Tuesday they continued their din, Sir,
On Wednesday they all took in hand,
The dark Manager forward to bring, Sir.
Then he came forward so grim,
From the Boxes a Letter was thrown, Sir;
The Letter 'twas plain meant for him,
The contents that night wasn't made known, Sir.
Rumti iddity, &c.

The dark Gentleman, Commander, and Co.
Did swear one and all they were willing,
That for Grimalkin and their show,
They would venture both Sixpence and Shilling.
For the Public then this wouldn't do,
They continued to bawl and to thunder.
Be advised, then, my friend, now pray do,
To quell all this noise, strife, and wonder.
Rumti iddity, &c.

Let's combine, Briton's, now, and agree,
The great Cat's squalling to dispense with for ever,
To disgrace our old British stage shall not she,
And triumph in old England, no never.
The Chief in Command's very ill,
Jack of Spades in him has a rumbling,
Desist, lower the prices and be still,
And end all this shouting and grumbling.
Rumti iddity, &c.

The great Cat wants it all her own way,
Mr. Piano for to lead the band, Sir;
Mr. Leader was then to be turn'd away,
The Public cried it if be, well be damn'd Sir.
Friend of Shakespeare, you must now give way,
Or you'll gain the Public's displeasure;
Be content, lower the Pit and Boxes, I say,
And you'll have full Measure for Measure.
Rumti iddity, &c.

In the attic, where mounted so high,
Pay a shilling and to the Pigeon-holes stroll, Sir,
The happy gods the Pigeons let fly,
To remind them of their Pigeon-holes, Sir.
In the Boxes the bloods they all sit,
Seven shillings your lungs out to pull, Sir,
Four shillings they pay for the Pit,
But neither will suit Johnny Bull, Sir.
Rumti iddity, &c.

So here is an end to my song,
My ditty I hope it will please, Sir;
All those of the party concern'd,
I hope I shall not displease, Sir,
My motive for handling my pen,
Being an enemy by no means to the party,
And I hope we shall all be friends again,
Drink a health to our king and all parties.
Rumti iddity, &c.

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*] Sold at No. 20, Maiden-Lane, Strand.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

Higly, Printer, 3, Eyre Street, Leather-Lane, Lond

A NEW SONG

ON

The TAX upon LAWYERS.

[WRITTEN BY Dr. WEST.]

I.

I'll praiſe BILLY PITT! for his famous new Budget
The Tax upon Lawyers!---tho' Black Nick did grudge it;
However you'll hear from my further Relation,
How his Imps, they were thrown into great conſternation.
Vow, vow, vow, Fal lal, &c. &c.

II.

Behold! how the Lawyers exerted their cunning,
To evade the new Tax---to the Courts they were running
For a *ſpeedy Admittance*, they were ready and willing,
To part with their Caſh---ev'n the laſt ſplendid Shilling!
Vow, vow, vow, Fal lal, &c. &c.

III.

Oh la; how the *Judges* did ſweat at their labour
In ſigning their Flats, t'oblige each good Neighbour,
Whilſt their *Clerks* knack'd the requiſite *Fees* for their *Honors!*
And laughing ſhook hands with their generous Donors.
Vow, vow, vow, Fal lal, &c. &c.

IV.

The croud of the ſcrambling young Lawyers 'twas pleaſing
To ſee, with what Force into Courts they were ſqueezing
For their *Rights* to Promotion they challeng'd each Station
And with ſtrong *Affidavits* made a damn'd Botheration!
Vow, vow, vow, Fal lal, &c. &c.

V.

The *Day for Admiſſion!* to ſome 'twas a Curſe Sir!
For ſome turn'd out Flats---with Caſh out of Purſe Sir!
Some din'd with their Clients---but to comfort each Sinner,
They charg'd Six-and-Eightpence---*Attendance at Dinner!*
Vow, vow, vow, Fal lal, &c. &c

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
And Sold by A. BROWN, No. 5, Blackmoor-Street, Clare Market.
[Entered at Stationer's-Hall, 1794.]

(1.)

COme all that wiſh well, to th' Land where we dwell,
With Wool and Silk-workers, ſing and rejoice;
While thoſe may be ſad, who have ruin'd our Trade,
With Thanks and great Praiſe let's lift up our Voice;
Our Voices let's raiſe, to th' wonderful Praiſe
Of *William* our King, for his Royal Conſent.
To this Happy Thing, for which we now ſing
Praiſe God and our King, and our good Parliament.

(2.)

Let Hatters and Drapers, ſo down to Shooe-makers,
With all who ſell Drink, or Proviſions vend,
With Plowmen and Sailors, and all (except Goalers,
Or *Eaſt-India* Traders,) Their Thanks to Heaven ſend;
For Paſſing this Bill, their Pockets will fill,
And Tenants will better pay Landlords their Rent;
Therefore let them ſing, with us in this Ring,
Great Praiſe to our King, &c.

(3.)

Ah, how many Years, have we been in Tears,
Greatly lamenting our Sorrowful State,
While th'*Eaſt India*-Trade, great Spoil on us made,
And by our Undoing grew wond'rous Great:
But now God be prais'd, we may ſee good Days;
Our Ruine we hope this Bill will prevent:
And therefore we ſing, for this Happy Thing,
Great Praiſe to our King, &c.

(4.)

This Nation now ſee, what great Miſery
Is coming on them by this *India*-Trade;
That *Two Millions's* ſent, in Two Years to be ſpent,
Which make our wiſe Senators ſtrangely affraid,
Leſt what they're doing, prove this Kingdom's Ruine,
Which Miſchief this Bill is deſign'd to prevent:
For which we now ſing, Hi ding a ding ding,
Great Praiſe to our King, &c.

(5.)

For this Bill being paſt, they'll not ſend ſo faſt,
Which Coin will increaſe, and encourage our Trade:
In Gratitude bound, we'll always be found,
To defend their juſt Rights 'gainſt thoſe that invade;
And from our good Prince, let ne'er a Man flinch,
Or utter or mutter the leaſt Diſcontent;
But in this round Ring, let's merrily ſing,
Drink a Health to our King, &c.

(6.)

We remember with Grief, when we ſought Relief,
Our Senators were well inclin'd to our Eaſe;
But ſome ill adviſ'd, in Tumults did riſe,
Which certainly then did ruine our Caſe:
But ſince they're grown wiſe, ſuch Riots deſpiſe,
For future ſuch Meetings we'll ſtrive to prevent;
For we hate that ill Thing, which much Sorrow did bring,
And diſpleas'd our King, &c.

(7.)

The Heavens now ſmile, on the Face of this Iſle,
And Trading will flouriſh as it did before.
If our Ladies are kind, their own Intreſt mind,
They'll ſoon give Imployment to their own Poor,
And by it they'll gain, as appear very plain,
When thoſe are imploy'd, will raiſe all their Rent;
For Lands more Rent bring, while w' eat, drink, and ſing,
And praiſe our good King, and our good Parliament.

(8.)

Some Women, we're told, are angry and ſcold,
Reſolve to buy up and wear *India* Stuff,
In 'ſpite of our Laws, and pitiful Cauſe;
Talk of Reſtraining, they're angry, and huff:
But we hope they'll grow wiſe, in Time and deſpiſe
To uſe what deſtroy their Poor, Coin, and Rent,
And with us will ſing, for this Happy Thing,
Great Praiſe to our King, &c.

(9.)

But when all is ſaid, we're yet much affraid
Their Fancies their Reaſons will overpower;
So that they'll ſtill wear, what's *far-fetch'd, tho' dear,*
And our Wealth and Trade thereby much devour:
But if they're ſo vain, 'twill appear very plain,
They are on their Country's Ruine ſtill bent;
And that 'tis a Thing, which great Loſs will bring,
And diſpleaſe our King, &c.

(10.)

Our *Princeſs*, Heav'n prais'd, our Hopes has much rais'd,
Since, for Preventing ſo ill a Deſign,
She's graciouſly ſaid, ſhe'll encourage our Trade,
In *Engliſh* Silks then our Court will ſoon ſhine:
For which in Her Praiſe, while our Voices we raiſe,
Her Fame for this thing, through the World will be ſent:
Her Glories we'll ſing, drink her Health in this Ring,
And praiſe our good King, &c.

(11.)

And ſince She's ſo kind, Her Example let's mind,
And firmly ingage, by joining our Hands,
To Promote and Wear, what plainly appear
To be for the General Good of this Land.
Thro' th' Land let it run, and th'work is ſoon done,
And from ſuch engagement let's never recant,
But ſtand to this Thing, which much Gain will bring
To this Kingdom and King, &c.

(12.)

In a Bumper of Beer, or ſuch Drink as is here,
To conclude, let's drink one General Health;
'Tis *a Health t' all thoſe, who're clad in ſuch Cloaths,*
As incourage our Trades, and Old England's *Wealth;*
And they that refuſe, deſerve Wooden Shooes,
Or elſe to go bare-foot until they Recant;
While we merrily ſing, and make the Skies ring,
With Long live our King, and our good Parliament.

Advertiſement: England's Almanack: Shewing how the *Eaſt-india* Trade is prejudicial to this Kingdom, &c. in which Ships on the other. And under the Copper-Print an account of 52 Ships ſent to the *Eaſt Indies* in Two Years laſt paſt Guns, Men and Cargoes. A Liſt of 52 Ships which were ſent to *Eaſt-India* in 7 Years, from 90 to 97, of which but facturesmade in *England* in one Year, with the value thereof. An Account of all the Silver and Gold coin'd ſince Burnings, occaſion'd by the Uſe of Callicoes. With a Calendar for the Year 1700, ſhewing the *New Moons, Sundays*

London: Printed by *S. Bridge*, in

...of Lilli Ballero. The Second Part.

(1.)

HAv'ng in our *First Part* ſhew'd th' Joy of our Heart,
For *Paſſing this Bill*, our *Gratitude* ſhown;
Let's farther declare, to all that will hear,
Such Matters of Fact as are fit to be known,
That all Folk may ſee, the Neceſſity
T' uſe their Endeavours, and join to prevent
The wear of ſuch Things, which great Miſchief bring
To this Kingdom and King, and our good Parliament.

(2.)

Long ſince we were told, how Silver and Gold,
And *Bullion* was ſent out to purchaſe our Ruine;
How our Workmen went, and our Patterns were ſent,
The better to bring on our utter Undoing:
To eaſe our great Grief, we oft ſought Relief,
And with Complaints to our Senators went;
But now in this Ring, we merrily ſing,
Great Praiſe to our King, &c.

(3.)

For they've heard our Caſe, and giv'n us ſome Eaſe,
Our Hopes have reviv'd, and mended our State;
While our *Indian* Foes, in Numbers up-roſe,
With Noiſe and Clamour againſt us did prate,
Our juſt Caſe prevail'd, and their Deſigns fail'd,
At which their Paſſion and Folly they vent,
Whilſt we merrily ſing, Hi ding a ding ding,
And praiſe our good King, &c.

(4.)

The *French*, Edicts made, to diſcourage this Trade,
So that they bring Home much Silver and Gold;
While we ſend our *Bullion*, to ſpoil Silk and Woollen,
They'll ſuffer no Printing, nor Printed Stuffs ſold:
The *Dutch* too grow wiſe, this Trading deſpiſe,
Their Eight Ships brought leſs than One which we ſent:
Did we the ſame thing, much Gain it would bring
To this Kingdom and King, &c.

(5.)

In King *Charles*'s Reign, we then did complain,
For our Trade in his Time was oft very dull;
But what we deſign'd, they then undermin'd,
All we gain'd was an *Act to bury our Wool*;
Which ſmall Relief yield, while the Nation they fill'd
With Silks and Chints, which at Court they preſent:
By Bribes or like thing, in Faſhion they bring,
Which might pleaſe the King, tho' not Parliament.

(6.)

It has been declar'd, as we have oft heard,
Theſe Traders once fear'd to bring in *Wrought Wares*,
Or ſend out *Bullion*, to ruine our *Woollen*;
But now they're grown Great, and got over ſuch Fears:
For they've ſent Treaſure, in wonderful meaſure
To bring Home ſuch Goods as Trading ſupplant:
For ſtopping this Thing, we now merrily ſing,
Great Praiſe to our King, &c.

(7.)

To get a Law made, the *New Dons* then ſaid,
That th' *Old* drove a Trade to this Kingdom's Ruine;
Since they've gain'd their Act, 'tis Matter of Fact,
They're the like Method and Meaſures purſuing:
For the *Eagle* declare, how they were ſincere,
What we muſt expect, if ſuch Goods here be ſpent;
For the Cargoe ſhe bring, put forward the Thing,
For which we praiſe our King, and our good Parliament.

(8.)

If a *Million* be ſent, Yearly to be ſpent
In Wares that ſupplant our *Silk* and *Wool* Trade,
'Twill hinder of Poor, half a Million, or more,
Might be imploy'd here, ſupported and fed,
Beſides as great Train, theſe Workers maintain,
B' all the Proviſions which by them are ſpent,
For ſtopping this Thing, which ſuch Ruine bring,
We praiſe our good King, &c.

(9.)

While we joy for Relief, 'tis matter of Grief,
To think what great Numbers yet of our Poor,
As Makers of *Fans*, *Pots*, *Tables* and *Stands*,
Japanners and *Limners*, and Multitudes more,
Who will be undone, and their Country run,
If b' Law or Example, we do not prevent
The uſe of ſuch Things, which ſuch Miſchief bring
To this Kingdom and King, &c.

(10.)

What troubles us more, is what is brought o'er,
Tho' it doth not excel, or come near us in kind,
How fond of their Ware, tho' never ſo dear,
Are too great Numbers of our Women-kind,
Which ſhews very plain, they're ſtill very vain,
Whoſe fanciful Humours are ſo much bent
On East-India *things, which ſuch Miſchief bring*
To this Kingdom and King, &c.

(11.)

But e're we do end, our Song we intend
To remember all thoſe, ſtood up for our Caſe,
With Zeal and Good Will, did bring in the Bill,
And th' reſt of our Friends that gain'd us this Eaſe,
And all thoſe who wear, what plainly appear
To th' advance of our Trade, and Lands in their Rent:
Their Praiſes we'll ſing, drink their Health in this Ring,
And praiſe our good King, &c.

(12.)

And now we have done, t' our Works let us run,
For freſh Supply let us work on our Trade;
If we ſpend our Store, we can work for more
To purchaſe good Drink, good Meat, and good Bread;
And as for all thoſe, that do us oppoſe,
We wiſh them no ill, but hope they'll repent,
And forbear to deal in, what ſuch Ruine bring,
While we work, and ſing, and praiſe our good King, &c.

255.

...which is repreſented, by a Copper Print, the *Weaver*, *Comber* and *Spinſter* at work on the one ſide, and the *East-India* ...aſt pit with above *Two Millions of Bullion*. A Liſt of 26 Ships belonging to the *Old East-India* Company, with their Tuns, ...but 17 return'd. An Account of all the Cloth ſent to the *East-Indies* in 15 Years. An Account of all the Woollen Manu... ...95. Abſtracts of Petitions, Decrees and Chronologies, extravagant Riſe and Fall of Stocks. Dreadful Account of ...days, Holidays, Sun-riſings, &c. Calculated for Information of the Publick. by *T. L.*

...Friers; and Sold by *J. Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*. 1700.

A NEW SONG,

CALLED,

The Carcaſe Butchers.

Compoſed by JOSEPH DYKE.

Tune—*God ſend Peace.*

I.

WHAT cheating and grumbling goes on ev'ry hour,
In the midſt of plenty ſome hogs much devour;
We 've plenty of good ſheep, and cows in this land,
But hard to come at by each poor honeſt hand.

CHORUS.

There is meat enough,
It's the fat carcaſe butchers as keeps the meat up.

II.

The butchers wives and daughters now dreſs ſo fine and gay,
And ſpeak ſo affected we ſcarce know what they ſay;
When at the maſquerades theſe half-bred gentry dance
Amongſt Turks and pigs, and old prieſts from France.

III.

The ladi[illegible] they are now grown ſo ſhort in the waiſt,
You can ſcarcely tell if their ſtays they are lac'd;
How can you tell if they've had meat of the beſt,
Their d[illegible]s ſo looſe, but they lov'd to be preſt.

IV.

The foreſtalling butchers in Smithfield market wait,
And buy the cattle wholeſale, it's ſuch rogues do us cheat,
And if they go on depriving poor men ſo,
They'll ſee their black uncle the devil below.

V.

When the butchers' dinn[illegible]s paſt, the bowls come on the table
With wine, punch, and toddy, theſe rogues drink while they're able,
And ſome wear ſpencers like monkeys round their guts,
And ſome are ſo fat that they waddle juſt like ducks.

VI.

Some rich men, they give their meat to the dogs,
Sooner than ſerve the poor they would give it to the hogs
Some overgorge their naſty guts till ready to burſt,
While ſome in diſtreſs would eat a mouldy cruſt.

VII.

If the folks would not eat ſo much meat for a time,
Thoſe foreſtalling villains could not ſtrut ſo fine,
If the curſed graziers damn'd tricks could be ſtopt,
You'd have meet at fourpence a pound for your chops.

Printed and ſold at No. 6, Little Catherine-ſtreet, Strand.

Dick and Johnny,

Or, The laſt new Drinking Song.

BRITISH MUSEUM

" I'LL live at my pleaſure,
" And repent at my leiſure,
" To-day I will baniſh all ſorrow;
" My humour I'll follow,
" My bumper I'll ſwallow,
" And talk of repentance to-morrow."

Thus frolickſome Johnny,
So blithe and ſo bonny,
Roar'd out at our laſt merry meeting;
But Dick, a dull fellow,
Who never gets mellow,
Cried, " Johnny, life's joys are but fleeting."

" Why, you frolickſome youth,
" I declare of a truth,
" Wicked mirth, ſuch as yours, I deſpiſe, ſir;
" Come, give up your drink,
" Begin now to think,
" Repent, and make haſte to be wiſer."

" Your wiſdom is folly,
" I hate melancholy,"
Quoth John, " I'll repent when I'm older;
" There's a heaven, I've heard tell,
" And I fear there's a hell,
" So I guzzle to make myſelf bolder."

" With deſperate madneſs,
" To drink away ſadneſs,"
Quoth Dick, " is a terrible blunder;
" That a day may be lent us,
" Of our ſins to repent us,
" What angel can tell us, I wonder?"

Johnny laugh'd, and he ſwore,
Then he ſunk on the floor,
Sudden death put an end to the ſentence,
Then to-day renounce drinking,
For 'tis bad, to my thinking,
To truſt to to-morrow's repentance.

C20 L 2
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Good News;

OR, THE

Farmers, Cornfactors, and Millers Lamentation.

For the Arrival of the Foreign Corn.

A NEW SONG.

Compoſed by JOSEPH DYKE.

LET the poor of Old England rejoice and be glad,
Now foreign corn's come to this land, it cheap may be had;
The farmers ſaid the corn would not laſt this year out,
But now they're prov'd rogues we will with joy ſhout.

CHORUS.

The cornfactors and farmers on the poor have play'd rigs,
Some ſcratch their mad heads—others throw off their wigs.

Now the price of bread is falling, the bakers frown,
The millers have taken them in in country and town,
Stocks of flour they have laid in, at the old price,
Now ſome of its mouldy, ſome eat by rats and mice.

The farmers, cornfactors, and millers meetings call,
To know what's the reaſon the corn doth ſo fall,
Gluttonizers farmers muſt leave off drinking wines,
For the Devil will flog them in hell for their crimes.

Our farmers and cornfactors they all did agree,
That the corn this year ſo much a buſhel ſhould be,
Now the Indian corn is arrived in this town,
It will bring the exorbitant villains pride down.

Our cornfactors are running like madmen about,
Good news for the poor has put them to the rout;
They run to each other to know what to do,
Foreign corn arriv'd will make thoſe foreſtallers rue.

Come bring out your muſty corn forth from your barns,
You bareface'd farmers, you've cau'd great alarms:
More corn into England will conſtantly come,
Now we'll laugh at the factors—thoſe rogues are out-done.

The millers ground horſebeans and mix'd with the flour
But now they muſt leave off and weep ev'ry hour,
Since we can have foreign corn our bellies to ſtuff,
The poor will have cheap bread and pudding enough.

Printed and ſold at No. 6, Little Catherine-ſtreet, Strand.
[Entered at Stationer's Hall.]

Buonaparte's
RISE, PROGRESS, and DOWNFALL.

C 20 f 2
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A STRANGE revolution, what doth now appear,
A strange man, who every king on earth doth fear;
Strange events that no precedent can declare,
Such as Popes and Delegates are not aware.
To pull down this power all nations hard do strive.
But, strange to tell, their attempts do not thrive:
All that has been done, or still may be doing,
Nations in their turn only seek their ruin.
This Beast, by strange means, will his great power enlarge,
And, till he get ten horns, with fury he will charge:
Destroy the Whore, and the valiant that stand by,
Nations cannot help it, for the Whore must die.
Desolation attend this dreadful event,
Buonaparte the Beast, to him ten Kings are sent;
All agreed, will wedge war, bear universal sway,
And conquer all who stand up for the evil way.
The great and mighty in rocks and hills will hide.
For who the day of God's great wrath can abide!
By Cyrus of old, God his wrath did display,
The massy gates of Babylon did give way.
All nations feel the stroke, and will feel more,
Depend upon it, the judgments are not o'er.
I fear Buonaparte's power will rise very high,
Though in the end his power will surely die.
As a tyrant, with tyrants doth war and fight,
When he is done to be a tyrant—is not right.
In those days men will see, feel, know, and declare,
That the Lamb ought to reign, and not the Bear.
Experience from what has pass'd will make fools growwise
Men will learn the laws of God not to despise:
Tyrants and tyranny shall no longer reign,
Truth and justice the pre-eminence shall gain:
Satan, bound for a thousand years, shall lay still,
Then men will love peace, and go no more to kill:
Men will plant and prune, and take the thorns away,
And learn to bless each other every day:
Forget and forgive, the happy hours will slide,
Thus prepared, mankind becomes the Lamb's bride:
God omnipotent shall appear in his creature man,
This shall be the end—we must confess wise is the plan.

F. Jennings, Printer, Brick Lane, Spitalfields.
Sold by J. Pitts, 54, Gray's Inn Lane, London.
Repository, J. Fisher, 2, Lambeth Street.

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A

CAUTION

Againſt Mobing, With a petition to the KING, and an advice to the Meal-mongers, &c.

By Claudero

YE Poets be cautious what muſe ye invoke,
Be careful too, Printers and do not provoke,
The guardians of juſtice, or laws of our land;
When you oppoſe either, 'gainſt reaſon you ſtand.
To juſtify tumults, no man ſhould pretend,
Elſe farewell to order, peace then's at an end;
The Scriptures divine, our good wholeſome acts,
And rules that are ſocial, forbids ſuch attacks,
Tho' engroſſing foreſtallers, by theſe are condemn'd,
Let the Legislator, the oppreſſed defend,
'Tis the magiſtrate's duty theſe harpies to ſtop,
By ending their crimes, with their lives in a rope.
Theſe wicked Loch-leeches, both here and elſewhere,
Should to juſtice be brought, all good people declare;
For why ſhould they feed on the blood of the poor,
And ſtarve a whole kingdom the orphan devour?
O Royal Grand Sovereign! we beſeech Thee to hear
The cry of thy ſubjects, let come to thine ear,
Let no high connection ſuch vermin defend,
But juſtice' ſharp ſword, their malpractices end,
A proof by ten thouſand, their guilt ſhall atteſt,
O grant us this proof, and thy people are bleſt:
By neceſſity urged, we are forced to cry,
To our king, as our father, to grant us ſupply;
For our Printers are ſeized, their labours are burnt,
And Poets dare ſcarcely reſent the affront.
No mob I encourage, nor rioters join,
Nor do I 'gainſt law and the rulers combine;
I pity John Muat, who fell without blame,
Who ſuffer'd for others that he can well name;
I condole the fair traders, who were willing to ſell,
At a moderate price, when the mob on them fell,
And rifling their houſes, did pillage their ſtore,
And ruin'd whole families, whoſe caſe I deplore;
Then where is the juſtice the preſs to knock down?
Or why ſhould the Poet here ſuffer a frown?
Fair liberty ſure, will hear us complain,
Againſt thoſe oppreſſors, who add to our pain,
And law on engroſſers, muſt ſurely take hold,
Which wou'd put an end, to all mobing I'm told.
Then ſeize on the guilty, convict them in haſte,
Till then, peace or plenty, we never will taſte;
For Judges themſelves, if ſtarved to rage,
Would fight for their victuals and ſwear it was ſage.
I refer to my country, both parts of my ſong,
And will humbly ſubmit, if my judgement is wrong,
But if I am right, I freedom will plead,
For ſighing the ſtrains, of poor people in need.
And to ſhow all engroſſers that I am a hero,
I'll boldly affix here, the name of

CLAUDERO.

P. S. Among the number of ſcurrilities in the North Britons, there are alſo to be found a few very unlucky facts, and too true it is, that the freedom of this Country, compared with that of its ſiſter Kingdom, will vaniſh into arbitrary petty tyranny. Would an Engliſhman believe that it was practicable for two engroſſers to ſeize upon a Printer and eſcort him under a ſtrong Military guard, from Leith to the City of Edinburgh, and then to have his papers burnt, merely becauſe they ſpoke to the ſame purpoſe as does the word of God, and our acts of Parliment againſt engroſſers and foreſtallers? No,— would he believe that a Scotſman may be ſtarved to death, with money in his pocket, yea, many thouſands of them, yet dare not for the ſouls of them complain upon thoſe who retain all the victual in the country, till they have an exorbitent price, more than the labours of the people can afford? No.—For God's love let not theſe and many other ſcandalous abuſes of freedom, tranſpire to the ears of Mr. Wilkes, or we muſt certainly be aſham'd of the contempt, juſtly poured upon us for our puſillanimity.

A

POEM

By Claudero

Or an Alarm to the Meal-mongers and Cornfellers, in Scotland.

YE mealy mouth monkeis attend to my ſong,
Whoſe plunder brings plenty of bleſſings along,
No goſpel or law ſtarv'd people regard,
For hunger thro' ſtone walls a way hath prepar'd
The Bounteous crop that late grac'd each plain,
By Foreſtallers cann'd raſcals, the worſt of all men,
Has ſeiz'd ev'ry boll not one peck to be found,
Till their proſits are rais'd to five ſhillings per pound;
With luxury pamper'd the meal-mongers ride;
Their profits are huge and their conſciences wide;
The cry of the Orphan no pity can draw,
Nor the gulph of damnation keep villains in awe,
To ſtarve a whole Kingdom in midſt of great ſtore,
Is what they now do and has oft done before;
With ſpecious pretences they cover their fraud,
To famiſh a country makes Poets run mad;
Heaven thus long provok'd, will vengeance pour down,
Upon (ſhall I name them) the rogues of our town;
For withholding its bleſſings on mankind to flow,
And abuſing the plenty which God did beſtow.
Ye Tradeſmen enraged who ventur'd your lives,
For meat to your Children and your loving Wives;
Reform now your proſſion, let good laws take place,
For robbing tho' uſeful is but a diſgrace;
O Auldearn take warning by John Muat's fate!
Hear the whiſpers of conſcience before 'tis too late,
For wealth gain'd by wickedneſs, vengeance will bring,
Your gold will be uſeleſs when your neck's in a ſtring,
Nor would I inſure you for all your fine duſt,
For if you perſiſt in a trade that's unjuſt
The needy will curſe you, your maker will frown,
Your memory will ſtink, and your ſoul it will drown.
At Leith too thou villain, repent and give o'er,
Conſider what crime 'tis the poor to devour;
The grand royal ſage who ruled in the eaſt,
Says withholders of corn will be damned at leaſt,
Modena the painter, for a firlot of meal,
Will ſend thee his bible this truth to reveal,
O if he refuſe the Claudero nimiel',
Will ſend thee his ſcripture to ſave thee from Hell.
This wholeſome advice I beg you'll attend,
For better late thrive than never to mend:
Thy country injur'd by raſcals like thee,
Will make dire example on many curs'd tree,
To the terror of other ingroſſers of corn,
Who buy up the victual before it is thorn,
Your factors and clerks, with riches and pride,
Abroad in their coaches are able to ride,
While thouſands of children are meager and pale,
Whoſe parents are ruin'd by the dearth of your meal.
Ye monſters of mankind what vaileth your ſtore,
When the practice of virtue you leave and give o'er,
Believe ye the goſpel or 'poſtolic creed;
The devil gets villains as ſoon as they're dead;
And as for your lives here, they will not be long,
Therefore I pray you give an ear to my ſong,
Be honeſt, hear conſcience, if any you have,
Or this dire inſcription ſhall ſtand on your grave.

Epitaph.

Old Gripus lies beneath this ſod,
Hated by men and damn'd by G—d,
Bad meal and dear he always ſold,
And went to Hell for love of gold,
The needy's curſe he often got
which ſent him to Belzebub's pot,
Amongſt the devils now he's cramm'd,
And like a villain doubly damn'd.

FINIS.

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A GIPSY BALLAD.

A wand'ring GIPSEY, Sirs, am I,
From NORWOOD, where we oft complain,
With many a tear, and many a ſigh,
Of bluſtering winds, and ruſhing rain.

No rooms ſo fine, nor gay attire
Amid our humble ſhed appear,
Nor beds of down, nor blazing fire
At night our ſhiv'ring limbs to cheer.

Alas! no Friends come near our Cot—
The Red-breaſts only find the way,
Who give their all,—a ſimple note,
At peep of morn and parting day.

But Fortunes here I come to tell,
Then yield me, gentle Sir, your hand—
Amid thoſe lines what thouſands dwell!
And bleſs me, what a heap of land!

This, ſurely, Sir, muſt pleaſing be,
To hold ſuch wealth in ev'ry line!
Try, pray now try if you can ſee
A little treaſure lodg'd in *mine*.

[*Holding out her hand.*]

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Britons Strike Home!

A NEW SONG.

BRITISH MUSEUM

1.

SHOULD Frenchmen e'er pollute Britannia's strand,
Or press with hostile hoof this sacred land;
The daring deed should every Briton arm,
To save his native land from dire alarm;
Her free-born Sons should instant take the field,
The Altar and the Throne at once to shield.

Britons, strike home! avenge your Country's cause,
Protect your KING, your LIBERTIES, and LAWS!

2.

Repel the Foe, that desperate, dares invade
The land protected by great SYDNEY's shade;
And in the cause for which your HAMDEN bled,
Should ev'ry Briton's blood be freely shed;
A cause no less than Liberty and Life,
The poor Man's Home, his Children, and his Wife.

Britons strike home, &c.

3.

The base Usurper comes—his troops advance,
And line, with threat'ning front, the shores of France;
Already has the Despot given the word;
Already has he drawn his blood-stain'd sword;
While JAFFA's plains attest th' Assasin's skill,
Poison and blood—the dagger and the pill.

Britons strike home, &c.

4.

No common war we wage—our *native land*
Is menac'd by a murderous, ruthless band;
The Throne and Altar by their Chief o'erturn'd,
And at his feet one half the prostrate world!
" Plunder, and Rape, and Death's" the hostile cry,
" Fire to your towns—to Britons slavery!"

Britons strike home, &c.

5.

Come, Bonaparte, come! we are prepar'd;
No British heart a foreign foe e'er fear'd.
What! tho' an abject world in arms should rise,
In ENGLAND's cause a Briton death defies:
If to herself she prove but firm and true,
Gaul, and her frantic Chief she'll make to rue.

Britons strike home, &c.

6.

Plung'd in the deep her navy we'll confound,
Or with French blood manure our British ground;
Drive backward to the sea the Gallic slaves,
And whelm their host, like Pharaoh's, in the waves;
Restore lost Peace and Plenty to our isle,
And make the land again with gladness smile.

Britons strike home, &c.

46.12.12.17.

One Halfpenny each, or 50 for 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. per Hundred for distribution.---Printed for J. GINGER, 169, Piccadilly; where a variety of Patriotic Hand-Bills and Songs may be had.

WHEELER, Printer, 57, Wardour Street, Soho.

Experiments, and Improvements of Land

With *Generall Accommodations*

Imprim', To diſcover ſeverall feaſable, credible, and maintainable D[illegible] the leaſt exception of contradiction, to raiſe 1000, 2000, 3000, 4000 [illegible] *per annum*, by honeſt, rational and generous ways, without the leaſt imaginable inconvenience or prejudice to any whatſoever: No conſiderable ſumms to be paſſed with, and thoſe no way hazarded or endangered.

Item, Such perfect and certain directions for the ſecure diſpoſing of Moneys, ſo far tranſcending all manner of Intereſt or Adventure, that the reſult thereof may by many degrees be more ſatisfactory, and may more advantageouſly extend and conduce to the content of any ingenuous man whatſoever.

Item, Divers moſt excellent and admirable Improvements of all ſorts of Grounds, ſuch and ſo juſtifiable, that the like was never heard of before: And other extraordinary beneficial diſcoveries in relation to Husbandry, whereby all active and ingenuous perſons may exceedingly advantage themſelves by experimentall and approveable ways, ſufficiently to be accompliſhed and atteſted &c. See the Book.

Item, After many yeers ſtudy of Phyſick, &c. travelling ſeverall yeers for rare diſcoveries, amongſt many admirable collections for ſeverall Infirmities, hapning upon four eaſie ways for the perfect curing of the *Kings Evil*, and neither of them with the ſeventh Son; which are ſo excellent, and (by the bleſſing of God) ſo exceedingly ſucceſsful, that I deſire to impart them to ſuch as have occaſion thereof.

Item, An infallible experiment for the *Gout* and *Scurvie*, which hath cured [illegible] an hundred, to be ſufficiently atteſted.

Item, For the *Stone* and *Strangury*, which hath ſaved many mens lives, when they were concluded to be paſt help. *Cum multis aliis.*

Generall Accommodations.

Whoſoever will buy, ſel, borrow or lend; or would let, or take a convenient Houſe or Farm for term of yeers or lives, neer *London*, or in any place of *England* or *Ireland*; or would take lodgings, or part of an houſe, and be dieted, or otherwiſe: or would buy or ſell Reverſions, Annuities, Bonds, Bils of debt, &c. or would buy any kind of Goods that ſhall come out of the Country, or any requiſites belonging to houſhold affairs, at the firſt or ſecond hand; either from Executors, or ſuch as are to give up houſe-keeping: Or ſhal deſire to entertain or be entertained Chaplains, Secretaries, Tutors, Schoolmaſters, Gent' Uſhers, Stewards, Butlers, Cooks, Barbers, &c. or Apprentices with ſufficient ſumms of money: Or ſhall have debts recoverable in any place of *England*, *Ireland*, &c. Suits in Law to commence: or ſhall have need of an Agent or Solicitor with ſufficient obligements for their fidelities. Or whoſoever ſhall be capable of preferment, either for undertaking an Office, or any other good imployment, may according to theſe particulars and divers other wayes, have all accommodation, content and ſatisfaction as may be rationally and honeſtly deſirable; whereby the wants of every one lawfully required, may be compleatly ſupplyed, and all mens talents become uſefully communicable to each other, ſo far as humane neceſſity ſhall extend.

At the three Flower-de-luces and Crown, an Ordinary within the paved place in Black-Friers, [illegible] may be the Books particularizing ſuch variety of Advantages, that cannot but contribute and yeild ſatisfaction according to profeſſion: With directions to the Office in the Black-Friers, where there ſhall be conſtant attendance given by reſponſible Gentlemen, to comply with all Expectations in reference [illegible] to the Contents.

Rofe CC (1847)

THE

Hop Garden:

A POEM.

WHEN the blest time of harvest is all o'er,
And CERES bears her golden sheaf no more,
The wealthy farmer joyful locks his barn,
Then looks with pleasure on the smiling gar'n,
Where clustering hops of a bright silver hue,
Entwine each pole, present a pleasing view.
In the mean time, it is the good man's care,
T'provide his pickers, and the bins repair;
The oast-house too is fitted up for drying,
His coals are stow'd and bagging wants no buying.
All things now ready, and the hops are ripe,
He strides his nag, he rides, and thus invites:
"Come my good dames," says he "to-morrow rise,
As soon as Sol illumes yon eastern skies,
My ripened hops again require your aid,
I'll use you well and well you shall be paid;
There's sturdy HAL again shall pull you poles,
The hops as usual, measured by JACK COLES."
Thus spake the farmer, and each one consented,
Each one was pleased and each one contented;
Then straight to work their garden food to bake,
Pies for their children and themselves, they make;
Their hopping garments they were patch'd before,
Were darn'd and quilted till they need no more;
Nor were they nice about the patches hue,
If red, it did, if yellow, green, or blue,
That when complete, with Joseph's coat might vie,
And strike with wonder each beholder's eye.
Soon as the glowing east is ting'd with red,
They rise, and quickly leave the drowsy bed,
Where in soft slumbers of the night they dreamt,
Of this, of that, and how the hopping went.
The fire's made, the kettle o'er it plac'd,
The table is with cups and saucers grac'd;
Around they sit, and with the Tea regale,
Yet all in haste, no time for idle tale;
They soon arise, the tea-traps put aside,
The lapsy hat beneath the chin is tyed,
The stocking glove upon the arm is drawn,
The children hooded, wish for to be gone:
Then the fond mother takes the infant young,
On Sally's arm the dinner basket's hung,
While daddy, he, who now must act a part,
Mounts up the cradle and away they start;
The young ones pleas'd, with nimble steps trudge on,
And proud they are to lug the stool along.
Soon as they do attain the wish'd for spot,
With prying eye they view the branching hop,
Range o'er the garden as they think it fitting,
To see where is the best, where the worst picking;
Yet as each one their chance by lot must take,
No quarrels, brawls, or cavils now they make,
But each content, unto the station where
Dame fortune has directed, they repair.
Now all are fixed, how swift their fingers go,
Yet their glib tongues their fingers still outdo;
A noise confused throughout the garden runs,
Sounds indistinct, in each direction comes.
Here goody Clackitt at the children brawls,
There in a shrill-toned voice another calls
Aloud for POLES! an infant here does cry,
To quiet which, a fourth sings lullaby;
The cheerful maids in pleasing chorus sing,
Their well-tuned voices make the garden ring;
While with the woven bine the mother jirks,
And thus compels the idle child to work.
The lasses now, in merry glee unfold,
Fond tales of love, by each fond lover told;
They laugh, they prattle, while their heaving breast
Will scarce permit the secret there to rest.
While thus employed, with cautious steps and sly,
From the next village the spruce swain draws nigh.
He creeps, he stops, then with a sudden spring,
The lass he seizes and into the bin
He quickly puts her, where he steals a kiss,
And though she squalls, she takes it not amiss.
At the next bin old crippled men do prate,
And 'mongst themselves fix matters of the state;
One blames the king, another parliament,
They know not why, but 'tis they're discontent
With their own lot; a third then boldly says,
"If I was king, you should see better days?
None but the brave should have command at sea,
The valiant only in the army be;
That statesman I'd dismiss, this I'd retain,
And soon all matters set to rights again."
Nor far from this is fix'd the housewife's station,
Whose talk concerns not matters of the nation;
The female tongue is seldom known to roam,
But talk of things that happen nearer home;
Of economy in washing, brewing, baking,
Of death, of marriages, and cuckold making.
One thus begins, "Pray neighbour do you hear
That BETTY WANTON'S big, 'tis true I fear;
'Tis by sly DICK, her mistress found it out,
So of the truth, you know there is no doubt."
"Dame, have you heard that neighbour WIMSET's dead
And goody SIMPSON she is brought to bed;—
Is WIMSETT dead? Alas, how short his life!
Poor man, I'm very sorry for his wife:
I hope that goody SIMPSON she is well,
What has she got—is it a boy or girl?
A girl, they say, but this morning dame PARRET
Told me its cheek was marked all o'er with claret;
O dear, I'll tell you what I heard to day,
I think it's true, 'tis what the people say,
And goody Tattle told one here just now,
That Jobson's catched in bed with goody Sprow."
See now a different scene, the clouds grow black,
The wind it whistles, and the hop-poles crack,
Red lightnings glare, above hoarse thunders roar,
The clouds surcharged, in hasty torrents pour;
With hasty steps the bin each hopper leaves,
Some to the hedge, some to the spreading trees,
To find a covert from the wind and rain.
Till the storm is past, and all is fair again,
When each repair unto their dripping bins,
And forth the master his October brings,
For to regale the wet,—the weary too,
That they with spirit may their task pursue,
Till eve draws on, and the broad setting sun,
Proclaims to each the time of going home.
Now let us view them as they homeward go,
Women and children, yea, and cripple too;
With weary steps they slowly trudge along,
Nor more is heard the cheery tale or song;
Some rest their wearied limbs upon each stile,
Others on broken hop-pole lean awhile;
Some out of temper, 'cause the petty hop
That would not rise, had fallen to their lot;
Others do scold the idle boy and say,
They'll beat him well if thus another day.
Thus day by day the hopping it goes on,
New scenes each day until the hopping's done,
When jocose all home with the master go,
To take their earnings, and to sup also.
Now on the table the hot sirloin's smoking,
And speckled puddings from the pots come roaking;
Here's roast, here's boiled, with garden stuff a plenty,
All may make free, and none arise up empty.
The glasses next come rattling on the table,
All now must toast and sing as they are able;
While the women, they, in merry mood do join,
To make the pole-puller an andrew fine,
With ribbons red and blue his hat they deck,
Some platted round, some hanging down his back;
And thus equipped, he being full of glee,
With a salute he pays each honest she;
Then home in peace the men and women steer,
Thanking their master for their hopping cheer,
And wish him plenty the succeeding year.

C. ROFE.

47. 7. 10. 40.

Ransom, Printer, 42, George-street, Hastings.

INVASION.

A NEW SONG.

C 20 f. 2
281

BRITONS! cease your long forbearing,
Let insults fire your gen'rous blood;
Arouse, arouse! to martial daring,
And deeds of noble hardihood.

2.

Proud *Frenchmen* brave us---quick assemble,
Join BRITANNIA's patriot band;
Make these boasting Frenchmen tremble,
If they dare invade our land.

3.

FREEDOM ever held her station
On this happy favour'd Isle;
FREEDOM calls ye; rouse, brave Nation!
Cease the works of Peace awhile.

BRITISH MUSEUM

4.

Shall *Frenchmen* threaten our enslaving?
Shall slaves in BRITAIN e'er be found?
Shall Gallic banners, proudly waving,
E'er be fix'd on British ground?

5.

Now I mark your hearts' quick motion;
Yes, let them come, I hear you cry;
Yes, let them pass our subject ocean;
Yes, let them come, they come to die.

6.

Come, *Bonaparte*, tyrant savage!
Thy armies marshal on our coast;
Awhile thy slaves our fields may ravage,
But ruin soon shall whelm thy host.

7.

Gallant comrades! think of CRESSY,
And ABOUKIR's well-fought field;
Departed heroes' shades will bless ye,
Whilst the avenging sword you wield.

8.

Quick, ye gen'rous youths assemble,
Join BRITANNIA's patriot band,
Make these boasting Frenchmen tremble,
If they dare invade our land.

Greenwich. 46. 12. 12. 16. H. P

One Halfpenny each, or 50 for 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. per Hundred, for distribution.—Printed for J. GINGER, 169, Piccadilly; where a variety of Patriotic Hand-Bills and Songs may be had.
WHEELER, Printer, Wardour Street, Soho.

A Christian Effort

TO EXALT THE GOODNESS OF THE DIVINE MAJESTY, EVEN IN A MEMENTO, ON

Edward Marcus DESPARD, Esq.

And SIX OTHER CITIZENS, UNDOUBTEDLY now with GOD in GLORY.

An heroic poem: in Six parts.

N.B. Part IV. would not be an improper EPITAPH for deceased PRIZE-CATTLE FEEDERS: and Part V. another EPITAPH for FARM ENGROSSERS! (Loyalty RESPECTFULLY excepted therein.)

"I will be heard."—C. J. Fox.

PART I. or INTRODUCTION.

JOHN DOYLE was clear'd, it being proved clear;
He could not read, nor write: nor ſcarcely hear.
Few, who read *Oakeley Oath!* ſtamp'd on a card;
And kiſs'd it!.. touch'd them choaking, tight and hard!
King-killing, *George's Fields* abominate!
In *Southwark*, none that deed could perpetrate,
Except ſome try'd, and known accomplices,
Go where you will, the very thought diſtreſſes!
Except Seducers, and the dupes ſeduc'd;
That oath, vindictive! every one refus'd.
God give all Britons Grace to ſpeak aright!
I ſay, Take warning by late dreadful Sight!
Not DESPARD ſever'd! nor SEV'N, headleſs! dead!
Had civil, loyal tongue been in each head.
Survivors live in hopes, by faith, not Sight
With Chriſt, theſe SEV'N, reign kings majeſtic bright
For God in mercy ever doth delight.

PART II.

GOD *our Saviour's Delight in His Omnipotence to ſave.*

"Let him, that's without Sin, caſt the firſt Stone—"
Can God Almighty Heav'n enjoy alone?
So good "Our Father which in Heav'n art"
Can he for ever with his children part?
Infants huff'd!....wrangle about pretty toys,
Yet welcome to their earthly parent's joys;
Children upgrown, for *Poland* quarrelled!....See!
Like youngers carv'd a twelfth cake greedily!
To nine years war againſt Republics go
See! ſtars and garters now engroſs the plough!....
To God, for ever gracious dear is earth
He loves us, to each other, little worth!
"In great humility" Our Saviour came
Sinners to ſave....Thanks to his holy Name.

PART III.

EDWARD MARCUS DESPARD, THOMAS BROUGHTON, JOHN WOOD, JOHN SEDGWICK WRATTEN, ARTHUR GRAHAM, JOHN MACNAMARA, *and* JOHN FRANCIS, *ſaved through Grace as we all muſt be, if ſaved at all.*—*They departed this Life Feb.* 21*ſt*, 1803.

How loyal we, alarmed by alarms!
Of Plots in *Oakeley-Street*, at th' *Oakeley Arms!*
Since SEV'N ſouls (ſee above) have ſudden fled,
Our panics, fears, and tremors vaniſhed.
Beheaded, full atonement made, have they,
Not more than blood and lives, of theirs could pay.
Heads, from their trunks, firſt Sever'd, then expos'd,
With the LORD JESUS CHRIST, their Souls compos'd.
"Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates,"
In vain, no Sinner on OUR SAVIOUR waits.
Death, a ſweet ſleep, with God, through him at peace,
Whether convuls'd, or calm....the pulſes ceaſe.
If none ſav'd but born ſaints!....King David!....Ah!
Tell, where thy ſoul ſings hallelujah?
Dire murderers! King David and St. Paul!
Uriah fell!....St. Stephen ſton'd by Saul!
"Ye worſe for mending!" (wrote good Dr. Young)
"There hangs all human hope!"....what CHRIST has done.
Bleſſing and honor, glory, pow'r, and praiſe;
SEV'N late ſtate priſoners to JESUS raiſe,
What boſom could not wiſh them happily,
Where one ſpark glows of Chriſtian charity?
Not greater ſinners than thoſe gone before,
Methinks, I ſee, to them, open'd heaven's door,
With FABIUS WASHINGTON rank glorious high,
Hark! ſing their SAVIOUR's love in endleſs joy.
With Chriſt betray'd to Calv'ry, in peace reſt,
This Paul deſir'd, and ſaid, "'Twas for the beſt."
Said DESPARD, "I die bright," (God knows how true)
"My innocence the Miniſters well knew;"....
"Though God, me ſlay, yet, will I truſt in him!"
Said all, like JOB, when Sever'd limb from limb.
Thus, DESPARD, ſaid, and FRANCIS, WOOD, and BROUGHTON,
Thus GRAHAM, MACNAMARA, ſaid, and WRATTEN;
Theſe victims (SEV'N) in hiſt'ry, not forgotten.

PART IV.

An EPITAPH *on all Prize Cattle Feeders.*

Prize cattle only tortur'd when they die,
Since food, they glut;....in droves, ſound Subjects fly.
Late ſaid a worthy JUDGE, in noble ſtate,
"All writings libellous that irritate."
I aſk all Farmers....If not ſtubborn facts?
And irritating?....Theſe juſt mention'd acts?
Our, Chriſtmas, apoplectic, groſs fed beef,
"Fierce irritates weak ſtomachs!"....ſays O'Keeſe.
Dives, who Laz'rus on a dunghill put,
Dying too rich! the door of heav'n was ſhut.
"In hell (ſaid Chriſt) tormented lift his eyes;"
Ye rich, and wealthy! from this text grow wiſe,
Not more your hounds than fellow-creatures PRIZE.

PART V.

A Commentary on Dr. GOLDSMITH's *Deſerted Village.*

Let Kings BE Kings, and Nobles Noblemen!
See! rats in cornſtacks fat as Aldermen!
Let retail profits of the land, diſperſe
'Mongſt SECOND POOR to fill their empty purſe.
If Emigrations, Miniſters Sore feel
Four acred farms renew'd, that wound would heal.
This law of Queen Elizabeth reſtor'd,
The CONSTITUTION, then, by all ador'd;
The AUTHOR's heart with LOYALTY well ſtor'd.

N.B. Mr. Arthur Young's last publication juſtly remarks, that "the cottagers would love their country the better, for "their moderately renting a little land, ſufficient not to ſtarve "a cow, or even to fat a pig or two. *Query*, Did the landed intereſt of the United Kingdom, ever give a juſt occaſion to ſuch a pointed remark before two Centuries preceding the laſt thirty years?—*What ſays* MR. A—*the Premier thereto?*

PART VI.

The AUTHOR's *Loyalty above purchaſe, yet concluding the whole with a Quotation from St. Matthew's Goſpel, Chapter the* 28*th, verſes* 12, 13, 14, *and* 15, *which prove that large ſums of Money may purchaſe any* HE'ARSAY *downright Lie!!*

"If ever I forſake my King" (Lord Thurlow ſays)
"May God forſake ME"!....this the AUTHOR prays,
Not Parliament more loyal than am I;
Like them, would for the CONSTITUTION Die
The free-eſt CONSTITUTION ever known,
Where happy birds have flew, and breezes blown.
Romantic plots, like *Oakeley's!*.... ever flee!
SEV'N late concern'd, God merciful! with Thee!
Their Souls with JESUS in Eternity.

They gave large ſums of Money to the Soldiers, ſaying, Say ye, his Diſciples came by night and ſtole JESUS away while we ſlept; and if this comes to the Governor's ears, we will perſuade him and ſecure you: ſo they took the Money, and did as they were taught; and this Saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this Day. Alſo ſee Luke chap. iii. ver. 14.

N.B. To the READER:—*In civil troubleſome times the above Scripture ſhould never be forgot.*

☞ Since advertis'd, ſome thouſands are beſpoke,
Of theſe eventful lines, which much betoke,
All intereſted, truly all awake,
Now, All alive, for *their own* Safety's ſake.

Printed for, and Sold by the Author, C. F. MORTIMER, No. 2, TEMPLE-PLACE, Blackfriars-Road, Surrey, Author of two ELEGIES, on the late murdered "*DULWICH HERMIT, COTTAGE FARMS RENEWED BY LAW*," and other Patriotic Poetical Subjects. [*Entered at Stationer's Hall.*] PRICE TWO PENCE.

Printed by by W. GLENDON, 48, Rupert-ſtreet, Coventry-ſtreet, Hay-market.

C20 f 2.
282.

BONAPARTE ANSWERED;

OR, THE

BRITON'S WAR SONG.

BRITISH MUSEUM

1.

" Bow, Britons! bow the haughty head;
" Bend, Britons! bend the stubborn knee;
" Own your ancient virtue dead,
" And know not that ye once were free.
" Think not, as your fathers thought,
" Speak no more, as Britons ought;
" Act no more the Briton's part
" With valiant hand and honest heart;
" What indignation bids you feel,
" Dare not, dare not to reveal;
" Tho' Justice sharpen, dare not grasp the lance,
" Nor single-handed tempt the might of France.

2

" Me HOLLAND, ITALY obey;
" Her breast with many a war-wound gor'd,
" And, crush'd beneath my iron sway,
" Me HELVETIA owns her Lord.
" Boast not then your Fleets, that sweep
" The eastern and the western deep;
" Boast not then your sea-wash'd land,
" Rampart-girt by Nature's hand;
" Fleets and billows stay not me—
" Then bow the head and bend the knee.
" Britons, no more your rival ranks advance,
" Nor single-handed dare to cope with France."

3.

Yes! as our Albion's root-bound oak
Stoops to the tempest, we will bow!
Yes! we will bend as the tall rock
Mocking the wave that chafes below!
Now by the sable Prince embrued
Once and again in Gallic blood;
By the laurels, that intwine,
HARRY, thy helm; and MARLB'ROUGH, thine;
By our Chiefs on Nilus' tide,
Him who triumph'd, him who died;
By him whom Acon's turrets raise
To lion-hearted RICHARD'S praise;
Yes! we will stillour rival ranks advance,
And single-handed brave the might of France.

4.

Come then, come thou Consul-King!
Launch thy navies, arm thine host,
And, beneath night's fav'ring wing,
Thy banners plant on England's coast.
Come! but hope not to return:
Here other thoughts thou soon shalt learn;
Shalt feel, that Britons still may claim
The honours of the British name;
Can fearless still maintain their stand
On British as on Syrian land;
Still rise superior to the Sons of Chance,
Still single-handed crush the pride of France.

One Halfpenny each, or 50 for 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. per Hundred for distribution.---Printed for J. GINGER, 169, Piccadilly; where a variety of Patriotic Hand-Bills and Songs may be had.
WHEELER, Printer, 57, Wardour Street, Soho.

2 b. 12. 12. 15
end of vol.

ROOME FOR
CUCKOLDS:

OR MY
LORD *LAMBERTS*
ENTRANCE
INTO
SODOME and *GOMORRAH.*

To the Tune, ***Is there no more Cuckolds but I.***

YOu Cowd-hearted *Citizens*,
What is your Damn'd pretence
To keep your ſelves within your Beds,
and not Fight for your Prince;
Whoſe Majeſty ſhould you behold.
your ſhames would breed your woe;
And then (like Fooles) you will cry out,
Cuckolds all-a-Row.

Ther's ſome of you have *Biſhops Lands*,
do ſo much Clogg your Heels,
That now you cannot ſturr, where as
elſe, you would Run on Wheels:
But yet I hope a time will come,
when you ſhall be made know,
And told unto your Faces, that you are
Cuckolds all-a-Row.

But yet for one moſt Reverend Act,
you are to be Commended;
That through your Rams-head Zeal you have
your Brother *RUMP* befriended.
To ſet them in the Parliament Houſe,
Their Wiſdomes for to ſhow;
But they and you are all a like
Cuckolds all-a-Row.

Yet I adviſe you, ſet this *Rump*,
in Salt, for fear of ſtinking?
'Twill fall unto the DIVELS ſhare,
becauſe 'tis his by drinking:
In ſpight of all their *ACTS*, and *LAWS*,
Hee'l carry them down below
Then *HELL*, and *CITY* like to like,
Cuckolds all-a-Row.

I doubt, your *LAMBERT* is undone,
and now he may goe Preach:
For 'tis the *Engliſh all-a-moade*,
For every Rogue to Teach:
Hee'l Noſe it bravely in a Tub,
to let the *CITY* know
That they'l be Damn'd unleſs they Dip,
Cuckolds all-a-Row.

But where's your mighty *Fleetwood* now,
His Honour's worn to the Stump;
Hee'l ſerve Ambaſſador to *HELL*,
to make way for the *RUMP*.
And thus *KING-killers* one by one
will to the Devil goe,
Upon the CITY Aſſes backs, like
Cuckolds all-a-Row.

And now now Cow-hearts, look to your Shops,
the *RED-COATS* will you Fright,
And Plunder you, becauſe they know
your HORNS hang in your Light:
No matter, for YOU have been the cauſe
of all the Kingdomes Wo,
And do deſerve ſtill to be call'd
Cuckolds all-a-Row.

But if that you will Honeſt grow,
and doe a glorious thing;
Which is, to Rowſe and take your ARMS
and Fight for *CHARLS* your KING:
Which ACT your Credits will regain,
and all the World ſhall know
That you no more ſhall, then be call'd
Cuckolds all-a-Row.

LONDON, Printed for *L. M.*

C20f2
285

A NEW-YEARS-GIFT FOR Mercurius Politicus.

THe Seaſon of the year require's
Both gratitudē and *grate-ful* fires,
To warme the Body and the mind
Of friends, both *debonary* and kind.
Each man conſult's for him what's beſt,
And now recount's his *Intereſt*.
The *Nobles* to their *Kings* preſent
Some precious *Gemm*, or Ornament;
The Peaſants of their *Lords* addreſs
Their rural Chriſt-mas *Charites*;
The Clients to their *Lawyers* give
Such thanks, whereby their Cauſes thrive;
Who, to their Perſons will be nigh,
Approve, their *Intereſt* will not *Lie*;
For if you will a Saint appear,
Your offring muſt renew the year;
Sir John! he cannot hold forth right,
Unleſs cramm'd *Capons* him invite.
Is't poſſible a *Julice* can
At New-years-tide turn *Pellican*?
Or that the *Clerks* revenew be
Kiſſes from *Bawdes* without a fee?
No, no! their rents are better paid,
Elſe *Peace* might for *Poor-John* go trade.
Will any think, *Will Lilly* write's
For *Sweden*, (though the King now bite's
His fingers ends, and would have feign
His Chain at *Golden-burg* again,)
But that the old years Starrs portend,
The King at *Dooms-day* will him ſend
A *Medal*, for a *Xenium*,
Made of the *Danes* old *Kettle-Drum*.
No man (that's wiſe,) but will review
His *Intereſt*, whether falſe, or true,
Either in *State* affaires, or leſſe,
(But *Fooles*, *you know*, they cannot gueſs.)
Then ſince that *Maxim* is ſo clear,
Adieu to the old *Julian* year.
My *Int'reſt* leads me to preferre
The *New-year* in thy *Character*.

POLITICUS INTELLIGENCER;
(As famous as old *Megg Spencer*,)
Pragmaticus; *The Spy*; what not?
Britanicus; *The Counter-plott*
Of Hell; the *Hawkers* various *Legion*;
The *Mercury* o'th' infern Region;
One that's *new come* from *New-gate* for
To be the *Scots* Compurgator;
To Sate the *Caſe of England* right,
And clear the *Presbyterians* fight;
To make the *Royalliſts* confeſs
King *Charles* to be *Eteocles*;
And the rude *Levellers* convince
That *Lucifers* their lawful Prince;
No Regiment like a *Free-State*,
Valour and Arts to propagate.
None but the King's long *Parliament*
To be our *Supream Government*!
All this and more, in Forty nine,
Is vouch'd from *Francis Guicciardine*
By *Thee*, thou many-headed *Beaſt*,
Thou *Pimp* for ev'ry *Intereſt*!
No ſooner yet old *Noll* compaſs'd
To wing his *Phaeton* deſires,
And to Uſurp the *Supreme Power*,
But then *Le Voſtre Servitour*!
The *Caſe* is alter'd then (*My Lord*!)
A Parliament! the moſt abhorr'd,
Contemptible, prodigious *Rout*.
The Mockery, reproach, and flout
Of our new *Turn-coat Pamphlettor*,
In praiſe of his *Lord Proditor*.
But when God's providence depos'd
Our ſhort-reign'd *Lords*, and (unſuppos'd,)
Reſtor'd the noble *Parliament*,
Come let me ſpeak! Mar. Nedham, *Gent.*
Retract's his curſed perfidie,
And ſay's, that *Intereſt will not lie*:
And who but he! (for old *John Cann*
No more can do, than can a man!
He write's againſt the *Cavalliers*,
And pull's the *Presbyterians* eares:
He cures the wounds, which late he gave
To th' *Parliament's* repute: The brave
She General, my *Lady Doll*,
He brings to the *Tower*-without control.
But when ambition move's the *Sphær*,
And *Lambert* will have no *Com-peer*;
And that a ſecond violence
(Acted with traytr'ous inſolence,)
Is offer'd to the *Parliament*,
(One day, we hope, which they 'l reſent!)
Who but *POLITICUS* again!
Sir *Arthur*, and *Hab. Morley's* ſlain!
Monck, *Lawſon*, Land, and Sea's ſubdu'd!
The Cittizens (like *Buzzards*) mewed!
The *Devil* and his *Damm* to-boot
Have brought the *Lunars* under foot!
Our Newes do's more in Print, than we
From *Ports-mouth*, or elſe where can ſee!
We call *Free-Parliaments*, and then
Send them as *free* to th' *Moon* agen,
Or to the Grand *Abyſs*; for yet
At *Wallingford* they have not ſet.
Thou Jugaling damn'd Impoſter! pray,
Thou yet mayſt live one *New-years* day;
And not like Doctor *Lamb* be palted,
Till *Tiburne* ha's thy *Creſt* exalted.
Expect no mercy, or reprieve!
It's better than thou ſhouldſt deceive
The world again, the world ſhould be
Annihilate: What Need have we
Of ſuch an *Arch-Ardelio*, when
There are ſo many honeſt men?
Who friends are to the good *Old Cauſe*,
Our native Liberties, and Lawes;
And are not mercenary *Sophs*,
No *Robinſons*, nor *Deanes*, nor *Goſſs*.
If thou ſurvive, th'art ſuch a Peſt,
As will all Nature's frame infeſt,
That's habitable; Begg we then,
Thou mayſt be quickly Truſt. *Amen*.
It's time ill ſpent to treat on Thee,
'Till th'aſt been at the Triple-tree:
And then thy Life we-'l deſcant on,
After thy laſt Confeſſion:
And all the Ballad-mongers, (Slaves
To thee, and ſuch a Pack of Knaves,)
In doleful Tone thy *Dirge* ſhall ſing,
Of *Pagan Fiſher's* own making!
For he 'l *Pentameters* (moſt ſure,)
As good as *Ovid* ha's, procure.

Impunitas peccati præbet anſam peccandi.

W. KILBURNE.

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Milbourn* in *Jewen*-Street, near *Jacobs*-Well.

H. 231 225. b. 9 (3) C 20 (2) 286 (7) 2

A NEW POEM

ON THE

DREADFUL DEATH

OF THE

EARL of ESSEX,

WHO

Cut his own Throat in the TOWER.

By the *Embroyan-Fancy* of Anti-*Jack Preſbyter*.

COme, with a nimble thruſt of *Rapier'd* wit,
(My Muſe) now *Stab* all *Traitors, point at, hit*
The *Throat* of a *Self-murtherer*, whoſe fall
Doth manifeſt his *Crimſon Guilt* to all.
Led by the *Halter* to the *Stygian Lake*.
Many there be, he to prevent the *Stake*,
Or *Hemp* or *Hatchet*, took a ſhorter *Cut*,
(As if to *die* were but to *crack a nut*,)
To let his *Soul* fly from its *Priſon, Body*,
To ſtept to—ask his Chronies, *How d'ye* ?
O pity 'tis that ſuch a *Branch* as he,
Should thus deſerve ſo ſad an *Elegy*.
Whoſe Loyal *Father* pawn'd his life to thoſe,
Who were the grand Promoters of the *Cauſe*.
So *excellent* his *Father*, that t' expreſs
His *Excellencies*, ſeemes to make them *leſs*.
" Should I preſume to tell his worth, I fear
" (My Muſe) I ſhould ſubſcribe a *Murtherer*.
" To do't by halves were *fair*, but 'twould be ſe'd,
" 'Twere only then but *Drawn and Quartered*.
My Lord (like *Tully's Son*) *Degenerates*.
A Worm, within his breaſt moſt ſadly prates,
Conſcence (*The Kings Atturney*) ſtings his heart
So mortally, that now he *dares depart*.
" A *wounded ſoul* cloſe coupled with the ſence
" of *Sin*, payes home its *proper Recompence*.
" Could not your *active hands* had fairly ſtaid
" The leaſure of a *Pſalm* ? *Judas* has pray'd,
" But later *Crimes* cannot admit the *Pauſe*,
" They run upon *effects* more than the *Cauſe*.
Hangman will curſe your *Feates*, 'tis moſt *ſevere*
To be ones *proper Executioner*.
Some do affirm, that 'twixt ſuch *Acts* and *Death*,
One may *repent*, even at his *laſt breadth*.
I fear, there is, (after ſo *foul* a *Sin*,)
Too narow a *gap* to let *Repentance* in.

His Death to th' Saints this *Doctrine* will afford,
Impatient of being with the Lord
He was good man: *Dearly-Beloved, praiſe*
His Policy, in ſhorteining his Days.
" But if the *Saints* thus give's the *ſlip*, 'tis need
" We *look about us*, to preſerve the *Breed*.
" Hence ſweep the *Almanack*: *Lilly* make room,
" And *Blanks* enough, for the *New Saints* to com
" All in *Red Letters*: As their *Faults* have been
" *Scarlet*; ſo limb, their *Anniverſe* of ſin.
Jack Preſbyter, I tell the *Whorſon, Lyar*,
Encomiums that do amount much higher.
'Tis height of *Valour, Fortitude*, to *kill*
(Not our *ſtrong foes*, but) *a mans ſelf at will*.
Brave active *Roman Spirit* ! *Purgatory*
Shall be to thee, for a new *Inventory*.
Scylla, Charibdis, Python, Acheron,
Medea's Bull, the *Tails* of the *Dragon*,
Sea-monſters, Serpents, Gorgons, Centaurs all
Meduſa's, Bugbear-Harpies theſe I call
Mormos and *Bugs*, (as our ſtout Earl did ſee,)
To *fright* poor *Idiots* to *Morality*.
Cowards do dread the *grim pale face of Death*,
Who *foil'd* b' it, are but *ſqueezed* out of *Breath*.
Give me an Hector *greedy* of's *own blood*
Makes *Death to tremble*, bids *Damnation, ſtud*,
Fears not the *Gods*, 'tis *ſin*, if they be *good*,
If *bad*, why 'ere in *aw* of *them* men ſtood ?
Death, Hell, Damnation and if thou not *feareſt*,
Jack Presbyter, dy thou thus if thou *dareſt*.
Or elſe learn hence not to *aſpire* too *nigh*
The *high Perogatives* of *Majeſty*.
Vive le Roy, let *Rebells* meet the end,
If their *Repentance* may not it prevent.

FINIS.

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England's Petition, to her gratious King.
That he Arminius, would to ruine bring,
Who, by his Doctrine, priuie plotts, and hate
To Verity, doth ruine Church and State.

&c:

Great King protect vs with thy gratious hand,
Or else Arminius will ore spread this Land:
For if in England th'enemie doth appeare,
This is the Shape of him we need to feare.
He raiseth Factions, and that brings in iarres,
Which broacheth Errors, and vpholds the warr
The Netherlands ruine he sought to bring,
In England now he doth the selfe same thing.
To raile, to write, to publish bitter gall,
To change Religion and subuert vs all
His squint-ey'd looks and limsie-Wolsie gowne,
Shews how Religion he will soone throw downe.

His grinding pate with wether-cocks turnd brain
Seeketh the churches tenents for to staine:
The cry stall streames of truth he shuns most pure,
The tryall of Gods word he'le not endure:
But vnto Error cast his blinking eye,
Presuming Truth doth not the same espie.
Heresie vpon a stately Beast doth stand.
Arminius bids him welcome holds his hand,
Truth by her brightnesse, and her sincere hart,
Shewes that with Heresie she takes no part.
Treads on their Mountebanke and Coxingtrich
Blowne in his eares by Pelagius and Jesuites.

Which makes his wind-mill for promotions grace,
Publish his bookes abroad in euerie place:
And begs protection for his works of wonder,
Which against truth he bellowes forth like thunder.
Thus doth Arminius to preferment rise,
By Equiuocating and his Cheuerill lies:
And truth to all appeales to open view,
Bidding all heresies for ere adew.
Desiring our great CHARLES to take to hart,
And by the Parliament make Arminius smart
Which being done, England shall euer blesse
The King, the state, the Churches happinesse.
And if for telling truth I burne or frie,
What then deserueth he that tels a lie!

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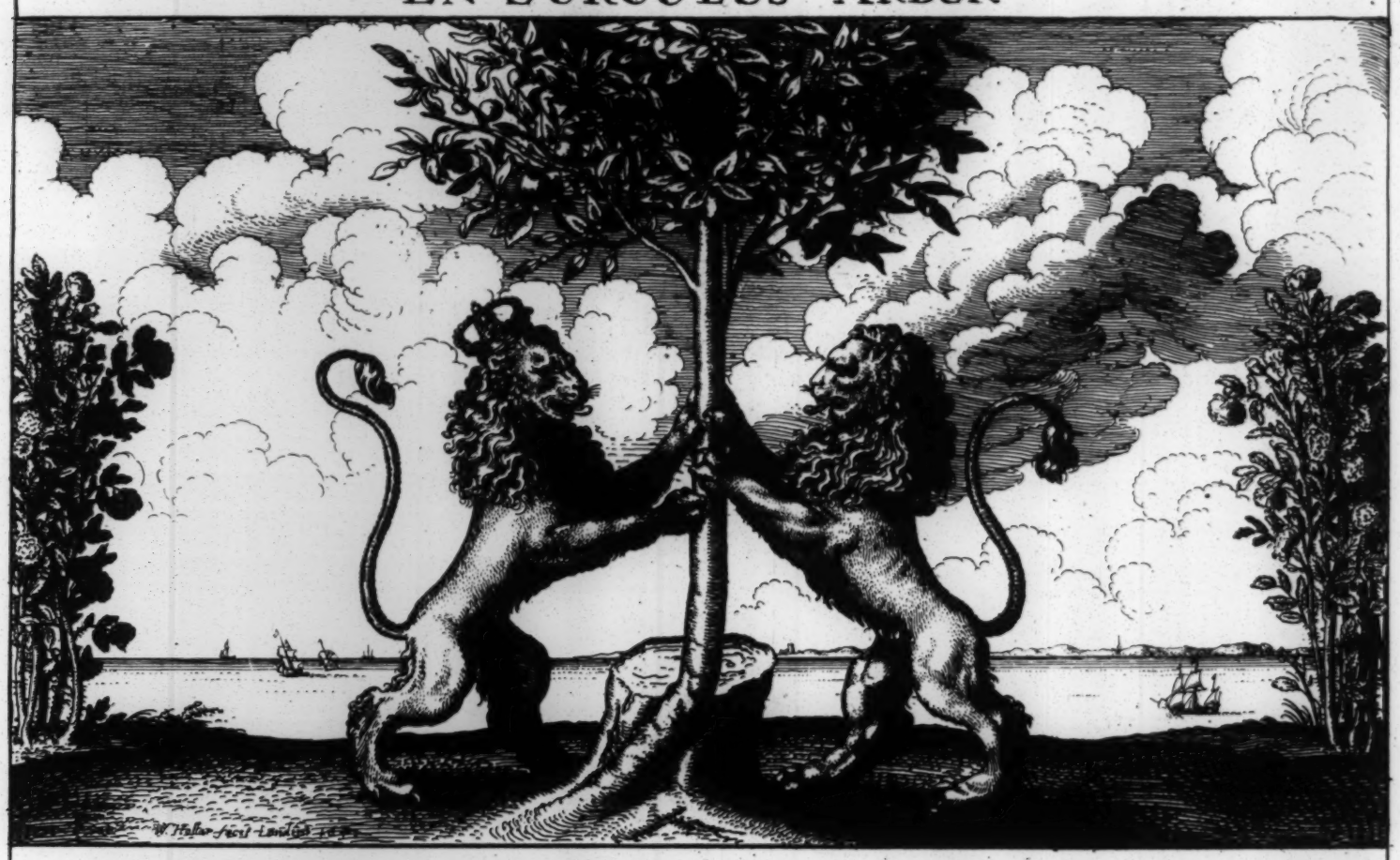
EN SURCULUS ARBOR



ANGLICVS et BATAVVS, *concordi pace Leones,*
Sustentant (Princeps) aurea Mala tua.
Hinc mala perpessa est, quæ BELGICA *terra tot* (annos)
Subsident Malis nec nocitura tuis,
Frendeat AVSTRIACVS *licèt, et malesidus* IBERVS
Regibus infesti ROMVLIDVMq; *greges*
Proferet ulterius ramos (modò SVRCVLVS) ARBOR
Tuta sub auspicys (CHRISTE *supreme*) *tuis,*
Tu vive interèa, donec virtutibus annos,
CÆSAREOS *titulis, et superâris avos,*

Twoo LIONS sterne one red the other gold
The HOLLAND and our ENGLISH heere you (see)
The ORANGE Tree do equallie uphold.
In perfect League and endles Amitie
So that the slip which late was lowlie (seene)
Is now aloft faire, fruitfull, ever greene.
No forrein Foe her Roote shall undermine,
Or hew her Trunke in sunder as before,
But aie protected by the Power Divine
Shee shall fill EVROPE with her fruitfull (store)

Long live brave PRINCE and for thy Virtues bee
A Mirror unto all Posteritie. ∾

Henricus Pechamus

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WILHELMO NASSAVIO, D: G: PRINCIPI ARAVSIO-
nensium; etc: humillime dedicat, consecratq; Wenceslaus Hollar, Bohem:
Londini, Anno D.ni 1641

A

NEW-YEARS-GIFT

FOR

Mercurius Politicus.

THe Seaſon of the year require's
Both gratitude and *grate-ful* fires,
To warme the Body and the mind
Of friends, both *debonary* and kind.
Each man conſult's for him what's beſt,
And now recount's his *Intereſt*.
The *Nobles* to their *Kings* preſent
Some precious *Gemm*, or Ornament;
The Peaſants of their *Lords* addreſs
Their rural Chriſt-mas *Charites*;
The Clients to their *Lawyers* give
Such thanks, whereby their Cauſes thrive;
Who, to their Perſons will be nigh,
Approve, their *Intereſt* will not *Lie*;
For if you will a Saint appear,
Your offring muſt renew the year;
Sir John! he cannot hold forth right,
Unleſs cramm'd *Capons* him invite.
Is't poſſible a *Judice* can
At New-years-tide turn *Pellican*?
Or that the *Clerks* revenew be
Kiſſes from *Bawdes* without a fee?
No, no! their rents are better paid,
Elſe *Peace* might for *Poor-John* go trade.
Will any think, *Will Lilly* write's
For *Sweden*, (though the King now bite's
His fingers ends, and would have feign
His Chain at *Golden-burg* again,)
But that the old years Starrs portend,
The King at *Doons-day* will him ſend
A *Medal*, for a *Xenium*,
Made of the *Danes* old *Kettle-Drum*.
No man (that's wiſe,) but will review
His *Intereſt*, whether falſe, or true,
Either in *State* affaires, or leſſe,
(But *Fooles*, *you know*, they cannot gueſs.)
Then ſince that *Maxim* is ſo clear,
Adieu to the old *Julian* year.
My *Int'reſt* leads me to preferre
The *New-year* in thy *Character*.

POLITICUS INTELLIGENCER;
s famous as old *Megg Spencer*,)
gmaticus; *The Spy*; what not?
tanicus; *The Counter-plott*
Of Hell; the *Hawkers* various *Legion*;
The *Mercury* o'th' infern Region;
One that's *new come* from *New-gate* for
To be the *Scots* Compurgator;
To Sate the *Caſe of England* right,
And clear the *Presbyterians* fight;
To make the *Royallists* confeſs
King *Charles* to be *Eteocles*;
And the rude *Levellers* convince
That *Lucifers* their lawful-Prince;
No Regiment like a *Free-State*,
Valour and Arts to propagate.
None but the King's long *Parliament*
To be our *Supream Government*!
All this and more, in Forty nine,
Is vouch'd from *Francis Guicciardine*
By *Thee*, thou many-headed *Beaſt*,
Thou *Pimp* for ev'ry *Intereſt*!
No ſooner yet old *Noll* conſpire's
To wing his *Phaeton* deſires,
And to Uſurp the *Supreme Power*,
But then *Le Voſtre Servitur*!
The *Caſe* is alter'd then (*My Lord*!)
A Parliament! the moſt abhorr'd,
Contemptible, prodigious *Rout*.
The Mockery, reproach, and flout
Of our new *Turn-coat Pamphletter*,
In praiſe of his *Lord Proditor*.
But when God's providence depos'd
Our ſhort-reign'd *Lords*, and (unſuppos'd,)
Reſtor'd the noble *Parliament*,
Come let me ſpeak! Mar. Nedham, *Gent.*
Retract's his curſed perfidie,
And ſay's, that *Intereſt will not lie*:
And who but he! (for old *John Cann*
No more can do, than can a man!
He write's againſt the *Cavalliers*,
And pull's the *Presbyterians* eares:
He cures the wounds, which late he gave
To th' *Parliament's* repute: The brave
She General, my *Lady Doll*,
He brings to the *Tower* without control.
But when ambition move's the *Sphar*,
And *Lambert* will have no *Com-peer*;
And that a ſecond violence
(Acted with traytr'ous inſolence,)
Is offer'd to the *Parliament*,
(One day, we hope, which they 'l reſent!)
Who but *POLITICUS* again!
Sir *Arthur*, and *Hab. Morley's* ſlain!
Monck, *Lawſon*, Land, and Sea's ſubdu'd!
The Cittizens (like *Buzzards*) mewed!
The *Devil* and his *Damm* to-boot
Have brought the *Lunars* under foot!
Our Newes do's more in Print, than we
From *Ports-mouth*, or elſe where can ſee!
We call *Free-Parliaments*, and then
Send them as *free* to th' *Moon* agen,
Or to the Grand *Abyſs*; for yet
At *Wallingford* they have not ſet.
Thou Juggling damn'd Impoſter! pray,
Thou yet mayſt live one *New-years* day;
And not like Doctor *Lamb* be palted,
Till *Tiburne* ha's thy *Creſt* exalted.
Expect no mercy, or reprieve!
It's better than thou ſhouldſt deceive
The world again, the world ſhould be
Annihilate: What Need have we
Of ſuch an *Arch-Ardelio*, when
There are ſo many honeſt men?
Who friends are to the good *Old Cauſe*,
Our native Liberties, and Lawes;
And are not mercenary *Sophs*,
No *Robinſons*, nor *Deanes*, nor *Goſſs*.
If thou ſurvive, th'art ſuch a Peſt,
As will all Nature's frame infeſt,
That's habitable; Begg we then,
Thou mayſt be quickly Truſt. *Amen*.
It's time ill ſpent to treat on Thee,
'Till th'aſt been at the Triple-tree:
And then thy Life we-'l deſcant on,
After thy laſt Confeſſion:
And all the Ballad-mongers, (Slaves
To thee, and ſuch a Pack of Knaves,)
In doleful Tone thy *Dirge* ſhall ſing,
Of *Pagan Fiſher's* own making!
For he 'l *Pentameters* (moſt ſure,)
As good as *Ovid* ha's, procure.

Impunitas peccati præbet anſam peccandi.

W. KILBURNE.

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Milbourn* in *Jewen*-Street, near *Jacobs*-Well.

THE
MUSES FIRE-WORKS
Upon the Fifth of November:
OR,
The Protestants Remembrancer
OF THE
Bloody Designs of the Papists in the Never-to-be-forgotten Powder-Plot, &c.

HAil happy hour, wherein that Hellish Plot
Was found, which, had it prosper'd, might have shot
At the Celestial Throne; at whose dread stroke
Atlas had reel'd, and both the Poles had shoke:
And *Tellus* (sympathizing in the woe)
Had felt an Ague and a Fever too:
Hell-gates had been set ope, to make men say,
S. *Peter*'s Vicar hath mistook his Key.
Methinks I see a dismal gloomy Cell,
The Lobby-Porch and Wicket unto Hell,
The Devil's Shop, where great had been his Prize,
Had he prevail'd to make his Wares to Rise.
Say, gentle Drawer, were they Casks of Beer?
Or was old *Bacchus* tunn'd and firkin'd there?
Nay, then the Pope's turn'd Vintner: Friends, behold
What mortal Liquour's at the Mitre sold!
Fire-spewing *Ætna* with good cause may fear
That her Distemper springs from too much Beer:
And old *Enceladus* may well confess
That all his Belching's caus'd by Drunkenness.
Had wretched *Dives* begg'd a Drop of this,
To allay his heat, the Fool had ask'd amiss:
His hapless Rhet'rick might have done him wrong,
'Twould have tormented, not have coold his Tongue.
Had *Heber*'s Wife but known this Trick of thine,
She'd spar'd her Milk, and given the Captain Wine.
Strange, sure, had been th' Effects; it would have sped
Our lawful King and left the Pope instead.
Right Drunkenness indeed, which, for a space,
Steals Man away and leaves a Beast in's place.
'T had caus'd a general intoxication,
The stag'ring, nay, the downfal of the Nation.
Oh murth'rous Plot! Posterity shall say,
His Holiness oreshoots *Caligula*.
The Pope by this and such Designs ('tis plain)
Out-Babels *Nimrod* and out-butchers *Cain*.
About this time the brave *Mounteagle*, whose
Firm love to his Religion rather chose
To break the Roman Yoke, than see the Reign
Of deceas'd *Mary* wheel about again,
Receiv'd a Letter in a dubious sence,
It seem'd a piece of Stygian Eloquence:
The Characters look'd just like conj'ring Spells;
For this bout Hell here spoke in Parables.
The Pope's and Devil's Signets were set to't,
The cloven Mitre and the cloven Foot.

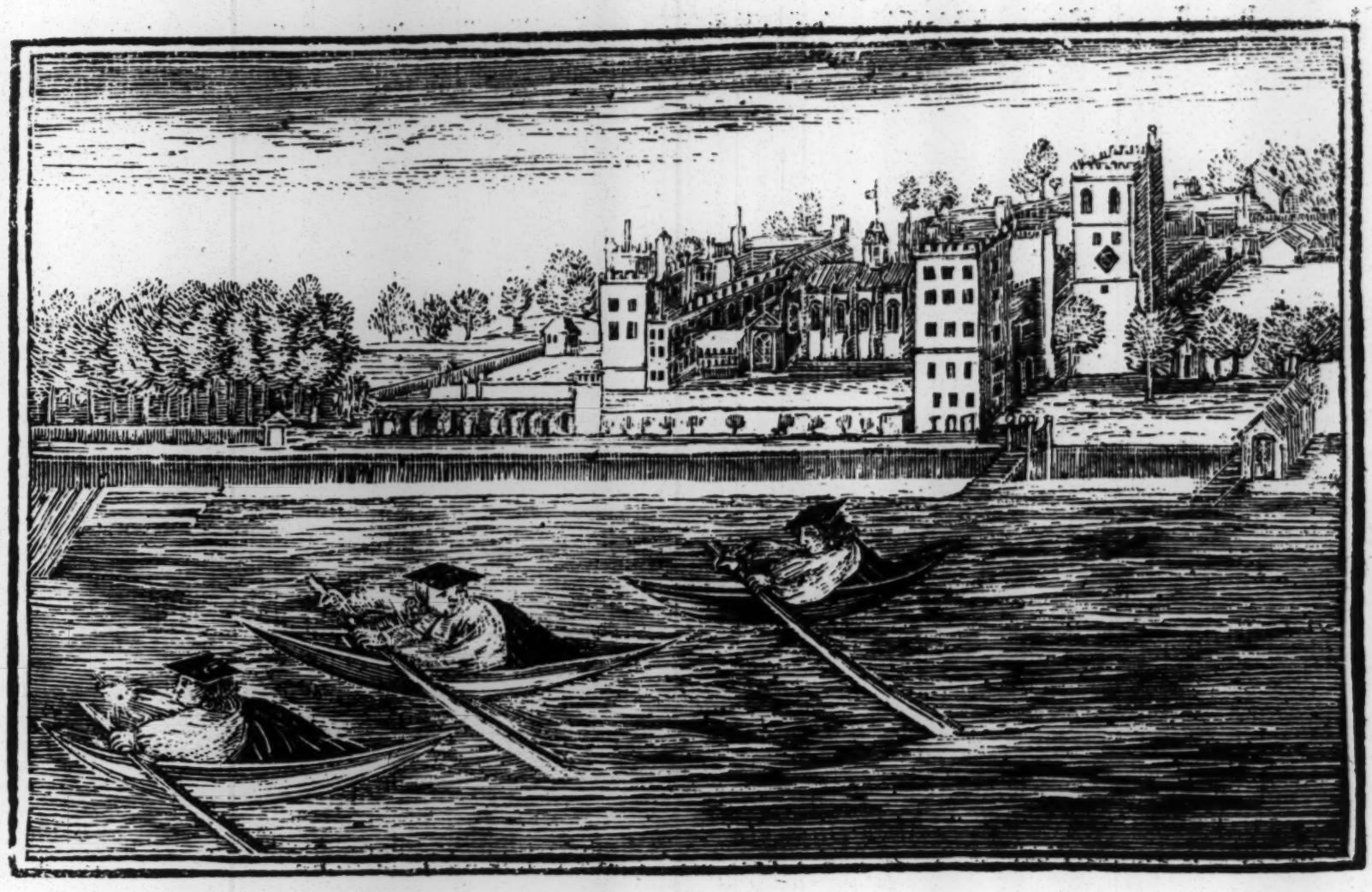
But shall our State by an unlook'd-for Blow
Receive a mortal Wound, and yet not know
The hand that smote her? shall she sigh and cry;
Like *Polyphemus*, Out is quench'd mine Eye?
Is *England* by the angry Fates sad Doom
Condemn'd to play at Hot-cockles with *Rome*:
No, Man of Myst'ries, no, we understand
Thy Gibb'rish, though thou art confounded, and
Have found thy meaning; Heav'n can read thy hand.
Thus were our Senate like to be betraid
By a strange Egg which *Peter*'s Cock had laid:
For had the Serpent hatch'd it, the Device
Had prov'd to us a baneful Cockatrice.
Now like proud *Haman* being stretch'd upon
The heightned Pegs of vain Ambition,
Above Pride's highest *Ela*, how he took
Poor *Mordechai*'s advancement, and could brook
Hanging in stead of Honouring; that Curse
Which made him set the Cart before the Horse:
Just such was *Faux*, his baffled hopes bequeath
No comforts now, but thoughts of sudden Death.
Like *Haman*'s fate, he only could aspire
To be advanced fifty Cubits higher.
What *Phœbus* said to th' Laurel, that sure he
Said to the Gallows, *Thou shalt be my Tree.*
But didst thou think, thou mitred Man of *Rome*,
Who belloweſt threatnings and thy dreadful Doom,
And like *Perillus* roarest in thy Bull
Curses and Blasphemies a Nation full,
At one sad stroke to massacree a Land,
And make them fall whom heav'n ordain'd to stand.
No, though thy head was fire and thou could turn
Thy ten branch'd Antler to a Powder horn;
Still we are safe, till our trangressions merit
A Reformation from such a Spirit
As comes from thence: our Nation need not fear
Dark Lanterns, whilst God's Candlestick is here.
The Purple Whore may lay her Mantle by,
Until our Sins are of a Scarlet-dye.
Those Horns alone can sound our overthrow,
And blow us up, which blew down *Jericho*,

Christ bless this Kingdom from intestine quarrels;
From Schism in Tubs, and Popery in Barrels.

LONDON, Printed for *William Miller* at the Gilded Acorn in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, near the little North Door.

At which Place you may be furnished with most sorts of bound or Stitched Books, as Acts of Parliament, Proclamations, Speeches, Declarations, Letters, Orders, Commmissions, Articles; as also Books of Divinity, Church-Government, Sermons, and most sorts of Histories, Poetry, Plays, and such like, &c. As also Tickets for Funerals ready fitted.

First Oars to *L--m--th*; or, who ſtrives for Preferment.



I.

AT *L—m—th* dwells as fame Reports,
A P—i—ſt of ſpotleſs Fame,
Some Annual Thouſands ſwell his Worth,
And ſpread abroad his Name.

II.

From Sacred Crops his Coffers riſe,
Yet who can Fate withſtand?
His rival Tribe with envious Eyes
Behold the promis'd Land;

III.

Whilſt Meagre Death at Diſtance waits,
Th' expecting Crc d attends,
Each ſtrives to Graſp the gilded Bait,
And each his Vows thus ſends:

IV.

Vouchſafe, great Jove! when Breath forſakes
This Maſs of Sattin'd L—w—n,
Let me poſſeſs the ſelf ſame Place,
The ſelf ſame T—p—le C—o—n.

V.

Three M——t—'d Brethren, big with hope,
More eager than the reſt,
Would fain be ſtil'd an *Engliſh P——p——e*,
And ſo commence high Prieſt.

VI.

Their various Conſults all prepare,
Each Summons each his Friend,
Some fly to Int'reſt, ſome to Pray'r,
T' attain their wiſh'd for End.

VII.

In this at length they all agree;
To Oars, my Friends to Oars,
Ambition calls, let's croſs the *Thames*,
And Steer for *Lambeth* Shore.

VIII.

Who knows how ſoon kind Heav'n will pleaſe
It's Favours to diſpoſe?
When Life's upon the Wing, 'tis time,
To know our Friends from Foes.

IX.

Their Meaſure's fix'd, the ſilent Night,
Betriends the cloſe Deſign,
The Sacerdotal Robe's prepar'd,
The L——w——n and Sattin ſhine.

X.

Three Boats attend; each Enters in,
Unweildly in his Seat,
The Scyphs move gently on, but ſhake,
Beneath the holy VVeight.

XI.

With awkard Strokes the Clumſy P—i—ſts
Divide the liquid Wave,
Now Stare before, now look behind,
And haſte the Prize to ſave.

XII.

H—d—y with headſtrong Zeal inſpir'd,
Vows he'll compleat the Work,
Whilſt G——*b*——*n* Tugs and Toils in vain
T' o'ertake the furious *T——r——k*.

XIII.

Thus at *New-Market* have I ſeen,
Three founder'd Jades ſet out,
With Clumſy Riders on their Backs,
To ſcour the Plain about.

XIV.

The royal Plate adorns the Goal,
And Tempts the rider's Eyes,
But Horſe and Man are ſo alike,
That neither gains the Prize.

LONDON: Printed for J. Thompſon in the Strand.

A Strange Banquet,

OR,

The Divels Entertainment by *Cook Laurell* at the *Peak* in Devonſhire, with a true Relation of the ſeveral diſhes.

The tune is, Cook Laurell.

COok Laurel would have the Divel his gueſt
And bid him whom to Peak to dinner,
Where Fiend had never ſuch a feaſt
Prepared at the charge of a ſinner.
With a hey down down a down down.

His ſtomack was queaſie he came thither coacht
The joggings had cauſed his cruets to riſe,
To help which he cal'd for a Puritan Poarcht
That uſed to turn up the white of his eyes.
With a hey, &c.

And ſo he recovered unto his wiſh,
He ſate him down and began to eat:
A Promoter in Plumb-broth was the firſt diſh,
His own privy Kitchen had no ſuch meat.
With a hey, &c.

Yet though with this he much was taken
Upon a ſudden he ſhifted his trencher,
Aſſoon as he ſpied the Bawd and Bacon,
By which you may know the Divels a wenther.
With a hey, &c.

Six pickled Taylors ſliced and cut,
With Semſters and tire-women fit for his pallet
With Feathermen and Perfumers put
Some twelve in a charger to make a grand ſallet
With a hey, &c.

A rich fat Uſurer ſtew'd in his marrow,
With him a Lawyers head and green ſawce,
All which his belly took like a barrel
As though till then he had never ſeen ſawce.
With a hey, &c.

Then carbonado'd and cook'd with pains
Was brought up a Cloven [illegible] face,
The ſawce was made of a [illegible]
That had been beaten out with his Mace.
With a hey, &c.

Two roaſted Sheriffs came whole to the board,
The feaſt had nothing been without them,
Both living and dead were ſtored and ſtor'd
And their chains like ſauſages hung about them.
With a hey, &c.

THe next dish was the Mayor of the town
With a pudding of maintenance put in his gown,
Like a Owle in her feathers in his gown, (belly
With a couple of Vinch-boyes boyl'd to a jelly.
With a hey, &c.

Next came the overworn Justice of Peace,
With Clerks like gizzards stuck under each arm
And warrants like Sippits lay in his own grease
Set over a Chafting-dish to be kept warm.
With a hey, &c.

A London Cuckold came hot from the spit
And when the Carver had broken him open,
The Divel chopt his head off at a bit
But the horns had almost like to choak him.
With a hey, &c.

A fat large Pasty of a Midwife hot,
And for cold bak'd meat in this story,
A forty year painted Lady was brought
Long Coffin'd in crust till now she's grown hoary
With a hey, &c.

The loins of a Letcher then was roasted
With a plumb Harlots head and Garlick
With a Panders Petitoes that had boasted
Himself for a Captain that never was warlick.
With a hey, &c.

Then boiled and stuck upon a prick
The Gizzard was brought of a holy sister,
That but made the Divel almost so sick
That the Doctor did think he had need of a glister
With a hey, &c.

The Jowl of a Taylor served for a Fish,
A Constable sowced pissed Vinegar by
Two Aldermen Lobsters laid in a dish
A deputy Tart and a Church-warden Pye.
With a hey, &c.

All which devoured, then for a close
He did for a draught of Derby tall,
He heaved the vessel up to his nose
And never left till he had drank up all.
With a hey, &c.

Then from the table he gave a stand
Where banquet and wine was nar to seek
All which he blew away with a fart
From whence it is cal'd y Divels
With a hey, &c.

Printed for W. Gil

Sh. (Jo.) K.
C20f2
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A FUNERAL ELEGY
ON THE
Right Honourable the Lady VISCOUNTESSE
CASTLETON.

FOR Birth and Beauty, height of modeſty,
For Wit and Parts ſweet ingenuity;
A Mother dear, and eke a nature ſweet,
A loving Siſter, and a Wife moſt meet;
For a free heart, and eke a bountcous hand,
She ſcarce hath left Superiour in the Land.
Able ſhe was with Learned men to reaſon,
Nimbly confuting Hereſy and Treaſon.
In Common Prayers *though delight ſhe took,*
Yet could ſhe pray full well without a Book;
Her ſecret Pray'rs too (without abuſe)
May be call'd Common *from their frequent uſe.*
She did not hate a Surplice, nor much love it,
But far prefer'd a pure life above it.
For Ceremonies *ſhe would ſpeak one word,*
But three for ſubſtance and fear of the Lord.
Her chiefeſt care ſtill was for Chriſtian walking,
She lov'd good practice, ſome love only talking.
She lik'd thoſe Clergy that now Preach and Pray,
If by good life, they practis'd what they ſay,
As if they were in earneſt, alſo ſome
She favour'd too, who late were ſtricken dumb.
A true Child of the Church ſhe was, yet kind
To ſuch as were not fully of her mind;
Courteous to all, of ſuch ſweet diſpoſition,
Each ſober man thought her of his Opinion.
Her dear Aunt Liſter *(whom ſhe lov'd) and ſhe,*
How well in Heav'n now do they agree?
Her Speech was quick, yet all her Language ſuch,
That none had cauſe to ſay it was too much;
Her habit modeſt, ſo that thereby no man
Need queſtion whether ſhe was man or woman.
Her neighbors found ſhe did the hungry feed,
And many wayes helpt ſuch as ſtood in need.
With her dear Lord ſhe up to London *went,*
Whence ſhe was call'd to Heav'ns Parliament;
While her Lord Sits i'th Lower Houſe; now ſhe
Sits in the Houſe of Kings where all agree.
(May never Law be made below, but thoſe
That with the Laws of Heav'n do juſtly cloſe;
That do as well agree with thoſe above,
As ſhe and her dear Lord did here in Love.)
Now for this Lord, and for her Children dear,
For their great loſs, I needs muſt ſhed a tear:
But none for her, who now hath gain'd a Crown;
Her God who lent her, call'd but for his own.
This Life's no Heritage, but a ſhort Leaſe,
And well 'tis ſo; ſooner our troubles ceaſe.
Yet for poor Yorkſhire-*ſake, lament I muſt*
That Lincolnſhire *hath th' honour of her duſt,*
And yet no matter; for I know i'th end,
Her Saviour will a Habeas Corpus *ſend,*
And joyn her body to her Soul above,
To ſit with Angels, Sing, and Praiſe, and Love;
And in the mean time, her Remaines *here may*
Sleep quiet till the Reſurrection day.
As for her quondam *Lord, in this ſhort life,*
He ne're can find (I think) a better Wife;
And for her Children; this I wiſh, they may
Be like to her; more then this none need ſay;
Only I fear, more will commend her dead,
Then will lead ſuch a life as ſhe here led.
In Yorkſhire *ſhe was born, in* London *dead,*
In Lincolnſhire *her duſt lyes buried:*
Thus North *and* South, *and middle Countries are*
Proud in this Lady, each to have a ſhare.
York *was, and* London *is,* Lincoln *ſhall be*
For her duſt ſake, call'd chief of all the three.

Her EPITAPH.

Here lies Wit, and Noble duſt,
Here lies honour cannot ruſt.
Here lies---(would you know whats next)
Worth that cannot be expreſt.
This is all I can acquaint,
She was a Lady, is a Saint:
But if ſtill more you would deſcry,
Let Angels tell it, and not I.
Labour to get where now ſhe is,
And there behold her Soul in bliſs;
A pleaſant ſight there to be ſeen,
A Lady turn'd into a Queen.
A *Bellaſſis*, and *Saunderſon*,
A *Caſtleton*, all three in one.
Here lies, no wonder if you ſee
In each mans face a weeping eye;
For in her life none could afford
'Gainſt this bleſt Lady one ill word;
Her Lord and ſhe they never ſtrove,
Save who could moſt each other love;
And now when faith and hope are ceaſt.
Her love is ſtill much more increaſt.

Jo. Sh.

AN ELEGY

On the Renowned Memory of the Right Reverend

Edward, late Bishop of Norwich.

WHat means our *Poets* silence! all struck dumb!
Where are our Troops of *riming Drolls* become!
A *Bishop* dead, and none to make a Verse,
Nor drop a Tear upon so grave an Herse!
Ah! 'tis no Subject for a Droll; too sad
A Theme for Poets, whom their Wit makes mad.
It is an Argument for graver Souls,
Than those whose Brains must first be steep'd in Bouls.
Add, That posterity alone must tell
The worth that in so great a Soul did dwell.
Some trifling goods are in th' Enjoyment known:
Greater, scarce understood till some time gone.
This *Bishop* who would know, must Sum up all,
That wiser Mortals, good, or lovely call;
The *Ornaments* of *Nature*, and of *Art*,
With what the *Holy Spirit* doth impart,
T' ennoble Souls. Out of a thousand minds
(And those the pith of Mankind, not the rinds);
Pick whatsoe're is good, leaving their dross;
Then he will something understand our loss.
God first in *Nature*, the Foundations laid,
Gave him a Soul that would not be betrai'd
To dirty Objects, but alone pursue
Things that were honest, noble, just, and true;
At brave things aiming, always pressing on
Unto the pitch of all perfection.
Yet so complexion'd, as not to despise
The least. (A lofty Soul, no lofty Eyes)
Adorn'd with *Natural humility*,
And most *Obliging affability*.
Sweetness of temper, gravity, what e're
Might make the World a mortal to revere.
The *Muses* see'ng this Object for their turn,
Each in an Emulation did burn,
Which should heap most upon his Head. One brings
Invention; others Wit; and other, Things
Which they fit Presents judg'd for him. Not one
But to this shrine brought her Oblation.
First *Madam Clio* brought him all her Books
Of story. *Erato* her lovely looks.
Terpsichore her *Cittern* brought: the kind
Euterpe with her *Pipe* staid not behind.
Then *Polyhymnia* tenders her sweet Art:
Not one but did her faculties impart,
At least an offer make: He thanks them all,
But did at last most for *Urania* call.
Calliope would leave him her sweet tone:
Clio, her treasures of Invention.
But to adorn him, a tenth *Muse* came forth
Which far excell'd the other Nine in worth;
Madam Sophronia, she poured on
His head great *Prudence* and *Discretion*.
After the *Muses*, came to him the *Graces*,
And sacrificed here their lovely Faces.
Plato and *Aristotle* hearing, come,
Would have him for their Scholar, took him home.
At *Stagyra*, he studied many years;
There *Plato* taught him th' Doctrine of the Spheres.
At length Diviner *Seneca* him got
('Twas there about the *Passions* he wrote).
Next, wiser *Solomon* shew'd him the features
of all the World, *The vanity of Creatures*,
He Comments on that Text, while God did show
Him th' emptiness of every thing below;
Sins sinfulness, and Christ's excellings, next,
Were taught him by his dearest Lord. (That Text
No Art expounds) He chose this as the best
Of Knowledg. Here his Soul came to its rest.
And after this, was careful nought to know
But a *Christ-crucifi'd*. All things below
He trod upon, counted them dung, and dross,
If measur'd with the Knowledg of the Cross.
Of all perfection he an End now saw,
Saving what was in the Diviner Law.
In closest studies on these Books he lay,
They were his meditation night and day,
Till he found out what e're God had reveal'd,
But pos'd at something which there lay conceal'd.
[The *vision of God face to face*, what 'tis
To *know as we are known*, or *as he is*].
Lingring after this Knowledg too, God threw
Two or three *Stones*, which to his *Kidneys* flew.
These fetcht out frequent Sighs, and many a Groan.
With many a Prayer, *Lord, forbear thy Rod,*
How can worms bear thy mighty hand, My God!
He had hard labours under this disease;
But as the thoughts of *Rachel* once did please
Jacob, so as he counted all as nought,
By which he might into her Arms be brought:
So did this Father often kiss the Rod,
He saw would end i' th' Vision of God:
Nor were his hopes in vain; His pains abated
That very hour, when he was translated.

You that think *Bishops* are but things of Honour,
Whom none can please but *Gardiner*, or *Bonner*:
That can controle *Gods wisdom*, who first chose
The meekest man on Earth, to govern those
That were his only people. You that can
Dress up a *Bishop* shall not be a Man!
Correct your Judgments. Say once to you came
One, who a *Bishop* was more than in Name.

An EPITAPH.

READER! *VVhy standst thou still to know*
Whose bones they are, which lie below
This stone: they are Remains of one
Who (in this Age) must lie alone.
Sexton, forbear thy Spade too near
The limits of this Sepulcher:
The measures of that soul first take,
For whose Case thou a Grave wouldst make:
If thou find'st it a Treasury
Of Learning, Virtue, Piety,
Possest of Abraham's *Faith*, Job's *Hope*
And Patience, a Telescope
Of use for th' heavens only. Cloath'd
With th' Sun, while th' Earth was by it loath'd.
If Moses meekness *thou can'st see*
In it, and grave Humility
It's garment; then, when it might glory
Of whatsoe're can fill the story
Of any Mortal: If the Case
Shin'd with reflections of Grace;
Thou may'st go on. If not, forbear;
The Holy Spirit's Temple's *here,*
Profaner flesh must not lie near.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

AN ELEGY

Upon the

DORCHESTER

And Epitaph of

KINGSTON, &c.

IF to some Silent Tomb we laid our Hate,
Fancy might such Oraculous Whispers hear?
Must Souls with Bodies dye? must Vertue rot?
And Honour perish in a bed of dust?
If of Nine Muses Eight were fain asleep,
One might stand Centry, and the Capitol keep;
'Tis I that One, weep o're a Learned Herse,
Some will my Duty praise, tho' not my Verse.
Farewel Great DORCHESTER born to Inherit
Thy Father's large Estate, but larger Spirit;
Who fatally by his Own Party slain,
Was by Your Loyalty reviv'd again.
'Twas You maintain'd his dying Cause and Breath,
Eluding all the Fallacies of Death;
Doubly possest his Merit and Estate,
By right of Primogeniture and Fate.
But now the Kingdom with strange Whirlwinds tost,
And fatal *Naseby* after Triumph lost;
The King (Saint-like) into Temptation led,
From profest Foes, to Friends less Faithful fled.
Oxford is close begirt, Stout hearts grow tender,
And Loyal Pulses beat for a Surrender.
Then did our Marquess, (to his High Renown)
Bravely advise still to defend the Town?
If Heaven pleas'd, for His Majesties future good,
Worthy the Ransom of more Lives and Blood.
You were its greatest Ornament and Grace;
Lov'd best, because best understood the Place.
You comprehended in Epitomy,
The Learning of that great Academy.
Alstedian thoughts are narrow and confin'd,
Compar'd to the Vast Circle of your mind;
Which, like that First Intelligence above,
Did all Inferiour Orbs contain and move.
Philosophy here, (both Moral and Divine)
Did with the Lustre of all Graces shine;
Here Law did in its Inner-Temple dwell,
With Mathematicks to a Miracle.
Here Opticks shin'd, here *Jacob*'s powerful Wand
Did all the Armies of the Stars Command:
Survey'd both Globes, and wisely took from thence
Just Measures for his High Magnificence.
Whereas some, (clog'd with Earth and Ignorance)
Can't all adjust their own Inheritance.
T' improve the barren Theory of these,
In steps great *Galen* and *Hippocrates*,
You judg'd (and Envy must its Poison dart)
[illegible]
[illegible]
Sent [illegible]
You [illegible]
Was [illegible]
Those [illegible]
(More [illegible]
But these [illegible]
May make us Famous [illegible]
Both Small and Great, [illegible]
Submit their Talents to be [illegible]
Now DORCHESTER, Great [illegible]
And all his Parts laid Level with his Fate.
But though his Years summ'd up the Age of man,
Largely extended to a Giant's Span;
It might some Circumstances interpose
(Like latter Frosts) and kill the Spring of Rose.
This Turtle mourn'd his [illegible]
As Good, as Great; and only for [illegible]
Divorc'd by Death from his best half,
His Palsy'd Soul allow'd [illegible]
Then you that wonder at his Marriage Date,
Acknowledge Love above the Power of Fate.

By JO. CROUCH, once his Domestick Servant.

LONDON Printed, and are to be Sold by *Walter Davis*.

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The Apprentices Lamentation;

TOGETHER,

VVith a dolefull *Elegie* upon the manner of the *Death* of that *Worthy*, and Valorous *Knight* Sr. *RICHARD WISEMAN.*

The *Apprentices* Lamentation for the death of Sir RICHARD WISEMAN.

THus died the *Mirrour* of the times; whoſe *Fate*
We dare not murmure at, to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with the *Deity*, t,were ſinne,
Nor dare we wiſh the act undone againe,
With browes contracted and with moiſtned (eyes)
'Tis lawfull to lament his *Obſequies.*
And not to praiſe his Worth were to detract
Here an omiſſion would be thought an *Act*
Of baſe Ingratitude; and yet who knowes
T'expreſſe his reall worth in Verſe or Proſe,
Rhethorique's too barren, and all words to few
To ſhadow forth thoſe *Prayſes* that are due
To his bleſt memory, ſince we cannot praiſe
Enough his matchleſſe Virtue; we will raiſe
Our meditations, let our thoughts aſpire,
And what we cannot praiſe enough, admire:
And leaſt wee ſeeme t'envie thy bleſſed State,
(Bleſt to eternity) by our too late
Laments. We'ele ſtop the floudgates of our eyes,
And ceaſe to weep for thy ſad *Obſequies.*
Stop our teares current, and forbeare to moane,
And turne our griefe to imitation.

ELEGIES on the Death of Sr. RICHARD WISEMAN.

AND ſhall the *Fates* thus uncontrould,
Rob us of that which we doe hold
Moſt ſacred, muſt pure *Virtue* bee
The Subject of their crueltie.
Will not their too impious hand
Be ſwai'd by *Wiſedomes* counter man'd:
Curſt be the worthleſſe man that threw
The fatall ſtone, ſure he well knew
His *Valour*, that he durſt not trie
A *Combat* for the Victory,
But had he knowne his *Wiſedome* too
He would not then have dar'd to doe,
An *Act* ſo horrid unto one,
Who came ſo neere *Perfection.*
But twas thy *Fate* (deceaſed Friend) to be
Th'untimely Subject of his cruelty;
What direfull *Fate* ſoever ſtops his breath,
Yet ſee the *Wiſeman* triumphs in his Death.

FINIS. *P. W.*

Printed for WILLIAM LARNAR.

ON THE

Universally Lamented

DEATH

Of the Incomparable

DR. SHORT.

A Pindarick Elegy.

Stanza I.

AH! What avails it to be *Wise* and *Good*!
Great *Merit* with it's own Weight falls:
Soon as Diffusive grown, and Understood,
It straight from *Hell* pale *Envy* calls.
Envy, whose squinting Eye
Sees Faults, when only' it self does look awry.
Yet it no *Mortal* was, nor could it be
Any on Earth, *Best* SHORT, could envy Thee.
Thou all th' *Attractives* hadst, which use t'affect
With dearest Love, and win profound Respect;
And, Friend to All, no Enemy could'st suspect.

A 'Twas

'Twas none but *Death*, and Mankind's Foe that envy'd Thee;
Death, from whoſe gaping Jaws thou hadſt redeem'd
Such Multitudes, that Thin his Empire ſeem'd.
Enrag'd at this, the Lean-chapt Monſter bent
His Courſe to *Hell*, whoſe gloomy Vales deſcent
Borders upon his Realm, the *Grave*;
Of the Black Tyrant Audience to crave.
Upon his Hairleſs Scalp a Wigg he wore
Of Worms, that gap't dead Bodies to devour.
A plaguy Vapour, grateful to the *Stygian* King,
(For Holy-day ſuit) about his Bones did cling;
And in his Hand a choſen Dart, as ſharp as *Adders* Sting.
Arriv'd; his rattling Grinders ſilence broke,
And, from his grinning Mouth, thus chattering ſpoke.

I.

'Twas half in vain your witty Art did cheat
Adam, the Death-deriving Fruit to Eat;
Unleſs your Victory you maintain,
Sly Mankind will at length his points regain.
Neer *Thameſis*'s rich Banks are pack't * a Crew,
Who ſtrive your noble Spite with *Art* t'out-do.
Our common Grievance, *Health*, they, at command,
Preſerve, reſtore, with ſeldom-miſſing Hand.
Diſeaſes, our beſt Servants, which we ſend
To bring curſt Mankind to his End,
They at their Pleaſure, as their Game, do kill;
And Torture them with Hell-affronting Skill.
Among the reſt, there's one; who, not content
With old Arts, ſtrange new Methods does invent
To Save the dwindling Slaves: Oft my wide Jaw
Has he left Tantaliz'd, Hungry my yearning Maw.
By ſuch large Steps his *Art* does climb,
And mingles *Natural Cauſes* ſo,
That in ſhort time

* The Colledge of Phyſicians.

His *Skill* to *Miracle* may grow.
E're long Hee'll cancel, at this rate,
The *Adamantine* Book of *Fate*.
The very *Sound* of SHORT to Us
Is ominous.
So many of that *Name*,
By croſſing Us, have won great Fame,
The *Ayr* that Ecchoes Him's Infectious.
Who knows but his contriving Mind,
Some Proxy to the *Tree of Life* may find?
Then Woe to *Death*, and Woe to *Hell*;
'Twere better Man had never fell.
Alone I dare not him attacque,
Unleſs Your ſelf my oft-foil'd Courage back.
Then ſpeak, Great *Pluto*, and your Counſel lend,
To bring our *Maſter-Foe* t'a ſudden End.

III.

Highly concern'd at this complaining Speech
Of *Death*, his eldeſt Son;
Whom, in Time's Non-age, he begot
Upon the firſt damn'd **Helliſh-Plot**;
Th'Infernal Tyrant did his Phang out-reach,
To ſhake him by his Hand of Bone;
And thus, in Breath of Brimſtone-Flame, begun:
It muſt, it muſt be done.
Dip thy keen *Arrow* in *Cocytus* Flood;
Dip't *deep*, and from the bottom ſtirr th' envenom'd Mudd;
Then (ſee thou miſs not) ſhoot juſt at his Heart
The trebly-poiſon'd Dart:
This will elude all Help of Art.
He dipt it, and the Iro'n ſtraight Ruſty grew;
Yet burnt with Fire that's Blew.
Then, from his Augur-holes, *Death* took unerring aym,
And ſtruck his Heart with the *Malignant Flame*.

SHORT felt the Stroke; and ſtraight fore-told his Friend,
The Wound was Mortal, and would cauſe his End.
Ah! too-true Prophet! Thy Prognoſtick Skill
That ſeldome fail'd, in thy own Death was Undeceived ſtill.

IV.

When of his dangerous Sickneſs the News ſpread,
Each Hearer lookt like one half-Dead.
As, when a *General*'s Mortal wound is told,
The Courage of the *Army* ſtraight grows cold;
So the dampt Hearts of all his *Patients* fell:
(And who was not, or would not be
Related to his ſtill-ſucceſsful Skill?)
And thought themſelves in Danger well as He.
Each one did know
How much to Him their Health and Life they owe.
His Brother-Sons-of-Art
In his Recovery ſtrove to have ſome part.
Above the reſt, Great BROWN (the double Heir
Of *Norwich*-Oracle; and Learned TERN)
No Watching, no Sollicitude did ſpare,
To do his Utmoſt in this *dear* Concern.
Had *Fate* been willing too,
His *Skill* things half-impoſſible could do.
He could all Rubbs, but Deſtiny, controwl:
No wonder; SHORT and *He* had but one *Soul*.
But *Art*, by *Friendſhip* heighten'd, was too weak
Of Cauſes the Firm-linked Chain to break.
The deeply-coucht *Malignant Ill*
From its cloſe *Ambuſh* mockt all *Skill*.
Valour it ſelf did never know
How to Subdue an *unſeen* Foe.
The venomous Taint ſoon Conquer'd every part,
By ſeizing firſt the vigorous *Nerves*, and, next, Life's Seat, the
(*Heart*.

AN ELEGY

On the Death of the Author of the Characters, &c. Of the Ladies Invention, who died on the 13th of this instant May at the Role Spunging-house in Woodstreet, *under an Arrest. Written by a Young Gentleman whom he had abus'd in his Characters.*

HE's Dead! Lament ye Mercuries and Pamkers;
And Mourn his timeless Fall ye Tavern Chalkers,
Death, cruel Death, who's merciful to no Man,
Has done more harm than Johnson and his Penman;
The Seizure of his Body *Their* Offence is,
But *she* (Curse on her) captivates his Senses,
And stops that Tongue, so hardened in her Conscience,
Which dar'd, what e'er came of't, to prattle Nonsense.
Who now shall set White-Friers Gate a Roaring?
And countenance the noble Art of Cursing?
O *P———s* to thy great Hand owing,
That many a Printing-Press is still a going;
That Bars are whit'ned by Poor Debtors,
And many a Name is Book'd in single Letters;
And should thy Vertues want to be recorded,
Or thy transcendent Worth be unrewarded,
How would this thankless Age be call'd ungrateful?
And Sots hereafter go without their Pattern?
Since therefore *B———r*, nor his Father *R———t*,
Will hire a Muse to praise their Hackny-Toper,
Ev'n I unknown to Verse, a Young Beginner
Will dare to sing our late departed Sinner.
First for his Courage, hear of what I'm treating,
He dar'd deserve, and sometimes stood a Beating;
Nor was our Rhiming Heroe e'er afraid,
Of Wife, or Widow, Spinster, or of Maid;
All were abus'd, as was his just intention,
And underwent the Lash of his Invention;
And though a Learned Legislator swore it,
That *Killing Horses* had no Sin before it,
And told a vile Offender as his Sentence,
Such Righteous Blood deserv'd a true Repentance;
He would not own the Doctrine which was taught here,
But Swore Horse Murder, could not be Man-slaughter.
Bold Youth! t' oppose a Man whose Learning reaches
As far as Post or Tatler bears his *Speeches*;
And who durst call his Majesty most Christian,
A Son of Mahomet, a mere Philistian,
And in a trice, a new Disguise to try on,
Give him Huge Whiskers, and pronounce him Lyon.
Next, for his Justice, it must be confess'd,
I want due weight of Words to have't express'd,
As He without exception ran in Debt
With all who'd trust Twelve Penny-worth of Wet,

To

So all alike impartially were paid,
No diffrence us'd, and no diſtinction made.
Witneſs both *Ale*, and *Wine*, how he could tick it,
And be his Advocates both *Tap*, and *Spicket*;
For ye beſt know the methods of his dealing,
If Knowledge chiefly does conſiſt in *Feeling*.
But, Grief prevails, and gains upon my Spirits,
And I muſt e'en paſs by his other Merits,
For who can ſing, and not be broken-hearted
So Learn'd a *Soul*, from ſuch a Corps departed:
Methinks I ſee him ſitting at the Bout,
His Wiſp untwiſted, and unlin'd his Coat,
His Eyes juſt dropping out, his Cheeks a glowing,
His *Head* a ſwimming and his *Tongue* a going;
One *Hand* the Pot is graſping by the Handle,
And t'other deals about his Stock of *Scandal*;
Whilſt Porters laugh, and many a *Trading Fool*
Wiſhes *his Friends had ſent him too to School*;
Whilſt *Lewis* ſhakes his ſides, and Men of *Wake*
Leave Toaſted Cheeſe to feed upon Cakes.
But, why alas! am I thus long deceiv'd?
And fancy Life in one of Life bereav'd?
Yonder He lies, and breathleſs is his Carkaſs,
Damn't, I could almoſt ſwear, 'tis ſuch a hard caſe.
O *Loury, what the Devil didſt thou mean
To let thy Face within his Room be ſeen?
Meduſa like thou haſt the *Bard* enchanted,
And ſtruck Him quite Stone-dead, it muſt be granted.
Henceforth, thou Squint-ey'd Man of Sin, may ne'er
A Debtor come beneath thy Key, and Care.
But what is Penny-leſs, and being truſted
Shall make's Eſcape, and leave it unadjuſted,
Whilſt naught in's ſtead, but *Lice* and *Itch* is left,
And that, for thy great care, ſhall be thy gift.
May *Compter Locuſts* after theſe thy Loſſes
Side with the *Lice*, and multiply thy Croſſes,
And both theſe Vermin lovingly agreed,
On *Thee*, as thou on *Men* are wont to feed,
Till thou into a Goal thy ſelf art hurried,
And *dyeſt*, art *damn'd*, and afterwards *Interred*.
But I too long my Tears, and Sighs have ſpent,
And fruitleſs Vows for P.—— upward ſent,
To Verſe in vain my Sorrows I've digeſted,
He'll ne'er return again to be *Arreſted*!
Yet, Heav'n (though he by it's Decrees is dead)
Has left a young *Aſcanous* in his ſtead.
Nonſenſe ſhall never fail, or *Scandal* falter,
Since, *Uno avulſo non deficit aureus Alter.*
Oh! how the Bard in his Succeſſor ſhines!
And *ſtinking* Thoughts adorn his *ſoiſten* Lines!
Strong is his Senſe, and *loathſome* e'vry word,
As he deſcribes a Temple, or a Turd:
Nor ſhall our Author's juſt reſemblance dye,
While *How* ſhall dare to print the *London* Spy.

* *A ſort of an Ill-favour'd Turnkey to the Spunging-houſe.*

The EPITAPH.

READER, beneath this Turf I lie,
And I am e'en content;
Piſs if you pleaſe, pray what care I?
Since now my life is ſpent.
A Marble Stone indeed might keep
My Body from the Weather,
And gather People as I ſleep
And call more Fools together!
But had'ſt thou been from whence I came,
Thou dſt never mince the matter,
But ſhow thy Sentiments the ſame,
And hate *Stone-doublets* after.

I'm dead, and that's enough t'acquaint
A Man of any Senſe,
That if he's looking for a Saint,
He muſt go farther hence.
Between two *Rafts* down I fell.
As [illegible] two *Stools* a Platter,
[illegible] me up exceeding well,
[illegible] did no ſuch matter.
The *Rafts* by *Temple-Bar* gave Wind
Exchang'd for *Chalk*, and fill'd me,
But being [illegible] Corn,
The *Rafts* in [illegible] ſell'd me.

FINIS.

THE MERCHANT A-la-mode.

To the Tune of

Which no Body can deny.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. Read* in *White-Fryers*, near *Fleet-Street.*

Price One Penny.

THE

MERCHANT

THE MERCHANT A-la-mode, &c.

A Trend and prepare for a Cargo from *Dover*,
The Preludes of Peace with Duke *d' Aumont's* come over,
Which will the true Hearts of each Subject diſcover,
Which no Body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

A noble brave Troop rode on Horſeback before him,
The People Huzza'd and with Shouts did adore him,
Whilſt the *VVhigs* were confounded to ſee ſuch *honorem*,
VVhich, &c.

Their Hopes and Deſigns of a War is all blaſt;
Their Times of Inſulting Anthority's paſt,
Since depriv'd of all Places of Honour and Truſt;
VVhich, &c.

A Dance by the Allies hand in hand was begun,
Till *England* was tir'd, and wiſh'd to ſit down,
The reſt being inrag'd, ſwore the'd Jigg it alone;
VVhich,

The Muſick ſtruck up to the Tune as before,
Yet each ſaid they ne'er had ſuch Partner's before,
For the *Dutch* figur'd in, whilſt the *Germains* croſt o'er,
VVhich,

Then ſtrait a Confuſion and Uproar was made,
All *Quondam* Alliance and Friendſhip was void;
For the *Germans* a Farthing to Muſick ne'rt paid;
Which, &c.

Thus

Thus, thus we have carry'd the Jeſt on too far,
Have paid all the Charge and Expence of the War,
Yet Ingratitude find for our Loſſes and Care;
Which, &c.
The *German's* Diſpleaſure we've mourn'd by a Peace,
And loſt that great Title of *Almoſt Allies*,
Yet, thanks be to God, we've open'd our Eyes:
Which, &c.
We thought that the *Dutch* would keep Touch to our Sc[illegible]
But they play'd on the *Low Party's* Viol ſo long,
The Strings proving falſe, all true Conſort was wrong,
Which, &c.
Thro' mighty Intreatance at laſt they ſqueez'd in,
And t' enjoy a Peace their Alliance did joyn,
Whilſt the *Emperor's* threſht on the *Danube* and *Rhine*,
Which, &c.
This greatly diſtrub'd all the Factious Train,
Since all other Projects and Counſels were vaine,
And *John* their *Protector* croſt over the Main.
Which, &c.
They ſtill had a Proſpect, if War had gon on,
To Turn all the State and Prefer honeſt *John*,
But their *Miniſtry* chang'd, and their *Captains* forlorn.
Which, &c.
Thus, aſham'd of their Guilt, with Envy and Hate
They burn in Revenge of their Downfal and Fate,
But their Malice, and Int'reſt, and Power's too late;
Which, &c.
Their Secret Deſigns we have valu'd at nought,
For PEACE to a general *Finis* is brought,
And *Lewis* no more is our Enemy thought;
Which, &c.
With *France* open Trade and Commerce declare,
Forgetting all Quarrels, and Chances of War,
Since Glory in Peace we ſhall equally ſhare;
Which, &c.
Thus long we've endanger'd our Fortune and Blood,
Yet where's the Ally which to their Text e're ſtood?
Which, &c.
Then Health, laſting Peace, and long Life to our QUEEN,
The happy Succeſſion of the Proteſtant Line,
And all our Alliance in Union remain;
Which, &c.
Let Civil and Foreign Diſſentions now ceaſe,
Great Britain in Glory and Riches encreaſe,
Still enjoying the Fruits of a Glorious PEACE;
Which no Body can deny, &c.

FINIS.

As Bob as a *ROBIN*: Or, *All's well that Ends well.*

A *Robin Red-Breaſt* that had long
Been much admir'd for tunetul Song,
And with harmonious Notes reveal'd
How well he was in Muſick skill'd;
As to the Manſion's Miſtreſs dear
He pleas'd her Sight, and charm'd her Ear;
Was by a *Sparrow's* Art and Fraud
Forc'd from his Home to live Abroad;
Only becauſe his Innocence
Had againſt Rapine been a Fence.
Thenceforth the Birds, whoſe very Natures
Made them of courſe *Depeculators*,
Liv'd at her Coſt at Bed and Board,
And *Pillag'd* on to ſwell their Hoard.
While they, Invaſive of her Rights,
Turn'd *Plunder* into *Perquiſites*.
At this the *Swallows*, who had Senſe
Of Duty, and of Providence,
And with obſequious Hearts and Eyes
Mourn'd the Dame's empty *Granaries*,
Beſought her to inſpect her Stores,
And turn the *Plunderers* out of Doors.
Madam, who knew that all her Wealth
Would come to nothing through their ſtealth,
E'en did as her Addreſſers pray'd,
Diſmiſs'd the *Thieves*, and ſpoil'd the Trade,
And was well ſerv'd and well obey'd.
Affairs a better Aſpect wore,
And *Robin* was in Favour as before.
But as that Bird was well appriz'd
Of Miſchiefs that his Foes devis'd,
So he took care thoſe Birds of Prey
Should never come again in Play:
Wherefore he ſo brought things about
That they ſhould not be only out,
But the **Cock-Sparrow**, who had ſtole
With avaritious Hands and Soul,
Half what ſhe had, and would the whole,
Was by his Management accus'd
Of *Clemency* and *Truſt* abus'd.
The **Thief** was heard, and at the laſt,
In a full Houſe, moſt juſtly caſt.
Now Things are as they ſhould be, cry'd
A *Dove*, that took the *Robin's* ſide;
Matters upon our Hands will mend,
That muſt go well that well does end:
And ſince theſe Wounds of *Theft* are probing
My Friend's as Red as any *Robin*.

C20f29
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THE

ENGLISH PADLOCK

Unlock'd.

THE *Spaniſh* Dons, as Authors tell us,
They are ſo damn'd confounded Jealous;
As not to Truſt their Lawful Spouſes,
But in the compaſs of their Houſes;
And daily Watch 'em with ſuch Caution,
The leaſt of Glances, or of Motion
Is deem'd a Luſtful wicked Notion;
For if a Man but look upon her,
He conſequently wounds her Honour;
And runs the hazard of his Life,
By viewing of a *Spaniard's* Wife:
For ten to one they'l do his jobb,
With private Poiſon or a Stabb;
Nay, ſtill their Malice reaches further,
For 'tis not ended with the Murther;
The harmleſs Wife muſt be Tormented,
Or elſe the Husband's not contented:
For fear his Spouſe ſhould ſteal a Gallant,
And make uſe of her hidden Tallent;
Contrives (as I have been inform'd)
To hinder it from being Storm'd;
Dear Wife (quoth he) *to make all ſure,*
You muſt this little Lock endure;
It keeps that ſafe, which I ſuſpect
May chance be loſt by your neglect,
Therefore 'tis vain to ſay me nay,
I'll Lock it up and keep the Key:
The trembling Wife (tho Innocent)
Is forced now to ſeem content;
'Twixt Smiles and Bluſhes ſhe conceals,
The Anger which her Eyes reveals;
The *Padlock* being faſt put on,
The Key took out, and Husband gone;
She then reſolves to be a Whore,
Becauſe ſhe was thought one before;
The Female Pick-lock then begins,
To Hatch a Multitude of Sins:
A private Friend prepares a Key,
And opens all without delay;
He Locks and Unlocks all at Pleaſure,
And riffles her forbidden Treaſure:
Thus Jealous Coxcombs, make their Wives,
Not only lead uneaſie Lives;
But many times (againſt their wills)
Are forc'd into a thouſand Ills;

For

A POEM,

Shewing a Plain and Short Way to be HAPPY.

Being ſome Remarks on a Paper lately publiſh'd, call'd, *The True Intelligence.*

Written on the occaſion of a Dream, and Dedicated to Her Majeſty, and to the Lords and Commons, and to all their Ladies.

Done by a Venerable Perſon to Recommend the ſaid Paper for the general good of all.

1 WE are of New falſe Prophets warn'd,
Chriſt us'd no Squire, nor Knight,
With Trance, nor Spirits Voice concern'd;
Nor t' make Sir *Crooked* ſtraight.

2 Their Call's the *Quaker*'s Call, the ſame,
The Spawn of Jeſuits,
Read *Francis Bugg*, you'll know their Game,
And underſtand their Fits.

3 But Chriſt did call the Fiſhermen,
For ſimilie between,
Fiſhing for Fiſh, and t' Fiſh for Men,
Such Fiſhers ſerve the Queen.

4 Here's Wiſdom True, I muſt confeſs,
Which will God's Church increaſe,
Let this be th' Cry in th' Wilderneſs,
And let the falſe one Ceaſe.

5 I will not here the Author Praiſe,
I know not who he is,
Let's wiſh him here a Crown of Bays,
And everlaſting Bliſs.

6 If I could Imitate his Stile,
Or his Experience ſhow,
I think one Age is but a while,
So much, ſo right, to know.

7 Some Angel did his Pen direct,
To compaſs in one Sheet,
What would from Error us Protect,
And ſhew ſo plain what's Meet.

8 I heard of it in th' Upper-Houſe,
My Brothers had it ſeen,
And it was ſaid, Sir *William Daws*
Had Read it to the Queen.

9 Her Majeſty, the Author knew,
By his Fiſhing Eſſay,
She ſaid, ſhe thought the Papers true,
And both of right Allay.

10 That we the (Clergy were) out-done,
By that *Intelligence*;
And that in it true Luſture ſhone,
And was of Conſequence.

11 That ſhe would in her Cloſet fix,
Some Papers of the ſame,
And had already given Six
To Ladies of great Fame.

12 She wiſhed that her Subjects all,
Would well upon it look;
But ſaid the Letters were too ſmall,
'Twere better in a Book.

13 To which a Lord, in Anſwer ſaid,
The Price was much the leſs,
And would five times the ſooner ſpread,
And far more People Bleſs.

14 It may to Lords, and Commons come,
And to each doubtful Peer,
To ſpeak againſt it, there's no room,
Its all made out ſo clear.

15 Where the Diſeaſe is deſperate,
It needs the greateſt Skill,
To give the Patients that to Take,
Which muſt them Cure, or Kill,

16 That Paper is the Call of God,
To each that wears a Head,
It is his Mercy, or his Rod,
To all, Alive, or Dead.

17 It is a Call out of the Deep,
And from the brinck of Hell,
And to all thoſe who there do ſleep,
It is a Larrum Bell.

18 Awake thou then, and buy it up,
For thee, and for thy Friend,
Drink of thy ſelf, this healing Cup,
And to him it Commend.

19 Mark well the Steps, as thou doſt go,
A little at a time,
And Read the Proofs which plainly ſhow,
It's Councel that's Divine.

20 Compel thy ſelf to Read or hear.
When thou canſt beſt ſpare time.
Deſire of God, and do not fear,
He will thy Heart Incline.

21 Would'ſt thou be Happy, Rich, or Wiſe?
And Proſper here Below. (prize?
Would'ſt thou have Death not thee ſur-
Would'ſt thou to Heaven go?

22 There's all the Knowledge of a Man,
In th' Duties of a Chriſtian,
There's plain Directions all thy Span,
There is no broken Ceſtern.

23 From all the Dangers that do flock,
It teaches to ſecure,
It ſhews a Caſtle in a Rock,
Yea one more ſafe and ſure.

24 Let this be cry'd in every Street,
And at each City Gate,
To lead each Chriſtian to that Sheet
Before it be too late.

Sold by *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*; where alſo may be had, and at moſt Bookſellers, *The True Intelligence*, Price 2 *d.*

For what can vex a Woman more,
When undeſerv'd, be call'd a Whore?
When Chaſte and Innocent in Thought,
A Husband then to count her Naught;
Is ſuch a torment to her Mind,
Perhaps may make her ill Inclin'd:
And truely 'tis not much amiſs,
To make him what he thinks he is.

What has been ſaid of *Spaniſh* Dons,
May be apply'd to *Engliſh* ones:
For to be plain the *Britiſh* Dame,
Is often under cauſeleſs Blame;
For tho they Wear no *Spaniſh* Locks,
Nor Iron Bolts beneath their Smocks;
Their Jealous Spouſes are as Surley,
And make as great a Hurley Burley.
As any *Spaniard* in his Jacket,
Relating to the Crimes o'th Placket:
About their Wives (ſuppos'd) Offences,
Out of the bounds of recompences.
If Youth and Beauty meets together,
Strange whimſies leads them G--d knows whether;
They think all Men that looks upon 'em,
Muſt conſequently over run 'em:
The failings of that Sex repeat,
And alwayes Cuckolds in Conceit;
And whether in the Right or Wrong,
This is the Burden of their Song:
She's watch'd and Guarded with his Spies,
And *Padlock's* ſet upon her Eyes,
As bad as one between her Thighs;
She muſt not look on Man, or Smile;
But is an arrand Whore the while:
Thus are the *Engliſh* Wives Confind,
To Wear the *Padlock* in the Mind;
Which is as bad or worſe diſgrace,
As Wear it in another Place:
But yet alas when all is done,
There's not an Art beneath the *Sun*,
Can hinder or debar the Fair,
What Fleſh and Blood claims for her ſhare;
For all the Art that has been Try'd,
When what ſhe want's has been deny'd;
Inſtead of keeping her from Crimes,
It makes her worſe ten thouſand times;
Then he that would avoid the Name,
Of Cuckoldom; and open ſhame,
The only Padlock, in this Life,
Is Love and Kindneſs to a Wife.

FINIS.

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THE

Country Parſon's Honeſt Advice

TO THAT

Judicious Lawyer,

AND

Worthy Miniſter of State,

My Lord Keeper.

BE Wiſe as *Somerſet*, as *Somer*'s Brave,
As *Pembroke* Airy, and as *Richmond* Grave;
Humble as *Orford* be; and *Wharton*'s Zeal,
For Church and Loyalty, wou'd fit thee well;
Like *Sarum*, I wou'd have thee love the Church,
He ſcorns to leave his Mother in the Lurch.
For the well governing your Family,
Let pious *Haverſham* thy Pattern be:

And

And if it be thy Fate again to Marry,
And *S---y---r*'s Daughter will thy Year out tarry,
May'ſt thou uſe her as *Mohun* his tender Wife,
And may ſhe lead his virtuous Lady's Life.
To ſum up all; *Devonſhire*'s Chaſtity,
Bolton's Merit, *Godolphin*'s Probity,
Halifax his Modeſty, *Eſſex*'s Senſe,
Mountague's Managment, *Culpepper*'s Pence,
Teniſon's Learning, and *Southampton*'s Wit,
Will make thee for an able States-man fit.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.

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A PARALLEL BETWIXT POPERY and PHANATICISM, IN A LETTER to T. S.

SIR,

I'M inform'd, your Royal Jurat
In 'lection was to be your Curate:
I'm likewise told y'are disappointed,
By Mandate from the *Lord's Anointed.*
Your Congregation sure is Righteous
That's worth the care of *Charles* and *Titus.*
Titus and *Charles* had had more fitness,
For *Charles* is second with a Witness.

But since he fail'd, let fancy help it,
And we'll suppose him in your Pulpit,
Which would have look'd, when he was got in't,
Like an Oat-*Meal-Tub*, with a *PLOT* in't:
(To say who made the *Plot*, would rub,
But sure some Cooper made the *Tub*)
There might you hear him talk at once Sir,
Geneva, *London*, *Rome*, and *Munster*;
For all Religions in the Town
Are cloak'd in his *Camelion* Gown.
For as the Ancients us'd to scan
Nine Taylors to one *single* Man;
And others learnedly have writ,
That thrice *three Spinsters* make one *Wit:*
So he, though h' left them all in lurches,
Is Product of as many Churches.
Tho some affirm, when there's but Nine,
That neither's due to this Divine:
However, he's esteem'd by some
The *mighty* Bulwark against *Rome*;
Yet others say with cause enough,
His Girdle only's *Cannon-Proof:*
Yet that's Defence enough for us,
For he's all over *Blunderbus.*

But Sir, since *Arbitrary* Power
Hath useless made your Glass of hour,
And laid *Embargo* upon *O*——
By luck we have retriev'd his Notes;
Which since he was deny'd to preach,
Took pet, and dwindled to a Speech.

" Behold the double Saviour of your Nation,
" Who daily preach and swear for your Salvation!
" Behold the wicked *Priest*, and *Jesuit*-taker!
" Behold the King's most excellent Oath-maker,
" Who now comes down out of his endless Bounty,
" To raise new *Vicegerents* for your County!
" I have try'd all Religions once, some twice,
" Div'd like an *Indian* for the Pearl of Price;
" Walk'd like a Glow-worm by my *Light within*,
" Have learnt to *eat* my God, and *stab* my King:
" Only I never lov'd the *Quakers* bauling,
" For fear indeed they should have spoil'd my Calling.
" I wish my stay at *Omers* had been shorter,
" For they e'ne us'd me like a very Porter,
" To drink, and carry Letters; yet their steering
" Mended my hand a little in my swearing.
" At length in *England*'s Church I cast my Anchor,
" And there discover'd all the *Jesuits* Rancor,
" Ript up the *Plot*, prevented the King's fall,
" Sav'd the ingrateful *Lawn-sleeves* (Rascals all);
" Sprung up some dozen of *Ignatius* Race,
" Sent *Stafford* to his own uncertain place:
" And when as one man they departed hence
" With all the Oaths and Vows of *Innocence*,
" I shew'd the World their Mental Reservations,
" The Juggles of their Oaths and Protestations:
" In short, I pent men's Faith to that degree,
" They hardly would believe or them or me.
" That Church hath bin so train'd with sense and reason,
" They hate implicite Faith as bad as Treason:
" Not that they doubt the *Plot* (for all their jeering,)
" But 'tis for better Reasons than my swearing.
" This mads my Soul; and I shall find a time
" To make them fall, unless they help me climb:
" With *Oxford* too I'm at no less defiance,
" Who dirtily refus'd me her Alliance,
" 'Till I could prove that Swearing was a Science;
" Whereas the very posture of the Actor
" Shews 'tis no Science, but a Manufacture.
" There's ne're a Gown-man but my self, I tell ye,
" Without a Legion of Popes in's Belly:
" Nay, in *your* godly Country 're some Betrayers,
" For there I'd like t' have been trapan'd to Prayers,
" As if I'd nought to do but sing or say;
" 'Twas but upon last *Commination* day,
" The silly Rat had baited Hooks with Hooks,
" Thinking to decoy me into Pray'rs with Books.
" Besides, amongst all People but the Blades,
" Swearing and Cursing are two several Trades.
" But such an Insect in Divinity
" Cannot deserve an angry Thought from me,
" Who dare to grapple the whole Hierarchy.
" Mind they their Trade, and canvas *Paul* and *Luke*,
" I am above their Censure and Rebuke,
" Nor do I fear their friend your Loyal Duke.
" One single godly Speech of mine defi'd
" Your Princes Favourite, and your Country's Pride.
" When I came ratling with a Coach and six,
" King *Coel*'s supream Burgesses to fix,
" I stum'd the *Mobile*, and chang'd their Choices,
" And stalking with their Ears obtain'd their Voices:
" By which he sees (if Heav'n do not forb...)
" That I can undo all his Father did.

But after all my most industrious searches,
Sir *Francis Draking*, as it were the Churches,
I find my subtle Masters told me true,
They have no toppers of a *Plot* like you.
At that, enrag'd, up starts a Loyal Youth,
Quoth he, *Sans swearing, thou hast once spoke truth:*
Th' Religion (if thou hast it) is profound,
And thou art turn'd from *Rome* exactly round;
Rome and *Geneva* are a sort of Twins,
Sworn Sisters, and sworn Enemies to Kings:
And for all you look so *Protestantly* big,
You're still a *Papist* Masquerade in *Whig.*
Phanaticism is *Popery* improv'd.
Their bold *Ignatius* strikes to your *Buchanan*,
Their *Irish* to your *English* Forty and One;
Their *Plots* are bubbles to your late Intrigue,
Your Cov'nant hath out-kill'd their *holy* League.
A strange harmonious Discord there appears,
Betwixt your darling *Shibboleth*, and theirs;
Touch but their Strings, and all your *Octaves* shake,
And tho some ceremonious Jars you make,
The *Tybur* disembogues into your *Lake.*
So two false Gamesters quarrel when they meet
A true, to blind and reinforce the Cheat.
Ye both agree your Monarch to betray,
Depose and Murder, tho a different way:
Both level your Church-Censures at the Crown,
Ye both pursue the King; but this I'le own,
They pitch your Game, you fairly hunt it down.
So have I seen a Royal Stag e'rewhile
Fall by your Hounds that hath escap'd their toyl;
Nor must your Subjects fairer Quarter hope,
Or from your single or the cluster'd Pope;
They must be Slaves to which soe're prevails,
And either roast, or stink to death in Gaols.
No Age nor Sex but must his Censures share;
They dart *Anathema's*, yet more severe,
From their accumulative Porphry Chair:
He, modest Man, but censures for your Faults;
They damn for Cloths and Gestures, yea even Thoughts;
And all the Choice ye have, unless ye turn,
Must be a Halter to avoid an Urn,
As if 'twere better to hang than burn.
Not only th' *Ague*, but all other Ills
Are cur'd by th' *Jesuit's* Powder, and your Pills,
By which ye purg'd the Church, and scour'd the Nation,
In order to a thorough Reformation.
Ye both assert with Apostolic Buff,
Convince with Back-sword, and with Pistol-proof,
And ominous Sulphur make your Reasons tough:
Their Faith in *Absolution* makes them sin,
Yours in *Election* hath as fruitful been.
For where's the difference, bating the Priests Fee,
That God forgives, or that he will not see;
Not that your Friends will Damn for six Pence less,
Ye spend in Capons what ye save in Cash:
Your Basons, Tankards, Caudle-Cups, and Spoons,
Turn to as good account as *Duckatoons.*
The service of their Church, and of your Cause,
Blanches the breach of all the sacred Laws:
Ye deal with Oaths as *Potters* with their Clay,
Ye take them by the lump, and then essay
To mould them for your turn; if that wo'nt do,
Ye break 'm strait, and fall to work with new.
The only two that ever seem'd to sham ye,
Were theirs of *Secrecy*, and your Solemn *Dam--me*;
Ye abhor Repentance both, even when ye dye,
And your last Breath is spent in Perjury:
For who with more Astonishment can look
On their St. *Coleman*, than on your St. *Cook?*
The Saints are much alike for all their din,
For theirs forswear the Fact, and yours the Sin.
Ye're like a bad half Crown with one fair side,
Whose loyal Stamp doth the base Metal hide;
Th' other will own the Brass, and justifie't,
But by your edges ye may both be try'd.
Hence *Tories* say, whether you rule the Isle,
Or th' *Jesuits*, is only Cross and Pile;
But *CHARLES* they say hath bin too wisely brave,
To venture them with's Cross, or you with's Head.

Printed for ...

A CONGRATULATORY POEM

On the Right Honourable

Sr. ORLANDO BRIDGMAN Kt.

Lord Keeper of the great Seal of *England*.

My Lord,

TO You, as faſt as verſes feet can move
A Country Muſe conveighs the Countrys love,
And though her Laureats Courtly ſiſters bring
From their rich Stones a noble offering,
Yet (ſith the minde moſt makes the Sacrifice)
Your goodneſs will not meaner gifts deſpiſe.
She joyes the *Keeper*, but more joyes the Seale
Lodg'd to th'advantage of the publiques Weale,
And the diſpoſer too, whoſe prudent Choice
Is herein echo'd by the vulgar voice;
You are the happy Center, that unite
In one the Patriot, and the Favourite.
Rare Harmony! the muſick of the Spheeres
Too ſeldome thus accords with vulgar Ears.
T'were eaſy to reflect, but that ſuch wayes,
Are the low Topicks of a narrow praiſe,
Whence let your predeceſſors reſt for me
His Libell here would your detraction be,
True Diamonds are by their own ſparks declar'd,
And t' [illegible] ones which ſhine not but compar'd,
Nor do you ſeek or need it, ſingle Merit
Worne you the Honour, Let that ſingly wear it.
Mean while, we muſt our ſelves twice happy rate
Since peace and you, together bleſt the State;
Our fears i'th Wane, our joyes are in the Increaſe
Whiles we have ſuch a Keeper to our peace,
And (but that Faction did the Terme deviſe)
Wee'd adde too *Keeper*, of our *Liberties*.
Were all your own Rolles ſearch't, ſcarce ſhould we finde,
That noble Seat filld with ſo fit a minde.
So brave a Minde, as baſeneſſe ne'r allayes,
So great a Minde, as greatneſſe cannot raiſe,
So juſt a Minde, as intereſt can't ſeduce,
So wiſe a Minde, as colours can't abuſe
So large a Minde, as largeſt Truſts do crave.
So calme a Minde, as Equity ſhould have.
High Courtſhips conſtrued in the preſent tenſe
Lawes Oracle without perplexed ſence.
A ſober piety in a Virtuoſo
And an *Orlando* without Furioſo.
Whoſe judgement doth with legall meaſures ſide
Yet moderate, where men differ, not divide.
That temper now muſt bleſs us, we're undone
T'wixt two extreams, all Liberty and none.
You have the happy mean, neither propenſe
To ſcalding Zeal, nor cold Indifference.
The Churches patronage, you do inherit,
Both by a Claim of Birth-right, and of merit
The Reverend prelate long ſince gone to reſt
In after Annals ſhall be daily bleſt,
As Biſhop firſt, and next as parent too
A Father both unto the Church and you.
Yea twice the Churches Father, whiles his care
Thereof deſcends on you, though not his Chayre.
Rome ſlander not our marryed Clergy, none
Of thy Popes Nephews matcht a Biſhops ſonne:
Muſter up all the Tribe, and we'el outvy'em:
Although we have forgot how they came by'em.
Yea thoſe who cryd down Prelates branch and root
May now repent each moyetie of their Vote
Sith howſoe'er the root diſpleasd they ſee
A Biſhops branch may make a noble Tree.
And if ſuch bloſſomes *Aarons* rod will bare
T'would reconcile the Claſſis to the Chaire.
Nor is the law leſs honor'd, whiles it ſees
Its Rigours ſoftned, by your decrees:
For whiles no point thereof eſcapes your Eye
Its Guordian knots you cut not, but untye.
So doth the learned Churchman, in perplext
Scriptures, unravell, not tear up the Text:
Our laws the higheſt reaſon, 'tis confeſt,
Sith now tis lodged in your learned Breaſt.
Your Court a Court of conſcience truly *new*,
You ſetting Judge in it, Conſcience in you,
Advanced by you to their auncient fame
Chancery ſuites ſhall looſe their Evill name.
Nor ſhall the Client drain'd by Bills and Motions,
With a new (Libera) charge his devotions.
Nor ſhall the title burth'nd with decrees,
Undoe the Heir, and ſpend his Fee in fees:
Or force him whiles he find's a ſuit in Taile,
To ſell to his Lawyer, to make good his Sale.
But hold! me thinks I hear with what content,
Your learned lips harangue the Parliament,
So that whil's you Careſs the learned throng,
Never King ſpake, by a more welcome tongue:
Spare us good Sir, with moderation crave,
Or w're undone, t'will be but aſk and have.
Yea ſpare your worthyes Sir, leſt Sans debate.
They give aſſent, and votes precipitate.
Whiles ſtormed by your Rhetorick, they diſpenſe
With their own orders, and Enact the ſence:
Enough my muſe, pack up now and away,
To wait on's Lordſhip on next ſealing day.
If askt thy buſineſs, tell, but e're he know it,
Get him to ſeal a pardon for his poet.
Then beg a grant, that though his name be Latent,
He may have leave to make his Letters Patent.

Licenſed according to Order.

Printed for *William Cadman* at the *Popes-head* in the lower Walk in the New-Exchange near *Durham-gate* in the *Strand*.

THE CABAL.

NOw the Reformer of the Court and Stage,
The common Beadle of this wilful Age,
Has with impartial hand whipt Sov'raign Sin,
In me it is but manners to begin.
To correct Vice keen Satyr may prevail,
Beyond the Law, when preaching Block-heads fail;
For Law and Satyr from one Fountain flow,
Were not men vicious there would be no Law:
And to cry up this saucy Cant a Rule
For lawful Satyr, proves a Wit a Fool;
To rail at State, and Monarchs ill intreat,
They cry, 'tis good, because the Subject's great;
As Man was only plac'd in Paradise,
To nibble on the Fruit for which he dies.
Can Owls and Woodcocks with the Eagle play,
And not in danger to become a prey?
What is't to lash a King, and Council-Table,
When I my self am kick'd by the Town-rabble?
Nor do I covet, matters for my Rhimes,
The greatest Persons; but the greatest Crimes.
What is't to me who keeps a Miss, who's Wed,
Or who got costly *Carwell*'s Maidenhead?
Who got the better on't, the Peer or Knight?
What Lord was drunk, or Lady sw— last night?
These are the crying Crimes; yet one may do
All these, and be an honest Subject too:
But to supplant the Government, and cry
Allegiance down, and rail at Monarchy;
To make Cabals, and by a bold Petition
Imbroil the Nation in a new Sedition;
To sowse Rebellion, lay up Plots in pickle,
And make each Tavern-bar a Conventicle:
This would become a Muse's excellence,
To whip the Club into Allegiance.
Who would not be affected as Sir *Car*,
As proud as *Mulgrave*, dull as *de la Ware*;
As poor as *Fish*, who lost himself and Prince
In one Debauch, and ne're was sober since:
Rather than that insatiate Beast of prey
Worries the Flock to make himself away?
Those harmless men find a more safe aboad,
Who quit unlawful paths to keep the Road.
'Tis strange, that Humane wisdom ever shou'd
Err most, under pretence of doing good:
And those wise men that would prescribe us Rules
For Government, prove either Knaves or Fools.
Witness the *Catiline* that left *Whitehall*
To be made President of the Cabal:
So he's in play, (provided there's no blows)
It matters not, the New, or the Old Cause:
Has through all points of Government run his rounds,
As *Gore* the Compass did, with Bloud and Hounds:
But sooner may you fix the Northern wind,
Than hope this Weathercock will be confin'd.
Nature made him a perverse wight, whose Nose
Extracts the Essence of his Gouty Toes;
Double with Head to Tail he crawls apart:
His Body's th' Emblem of his double Heart.
In the Court-Sun he wriggles like a Snail;
Touch but his Horns, he shrinks into his Shell.
Roul'd like a Hedg-hog up, he shews his Snout,
And at the Council-Table makes a rout,
'Gainst *Charles* and the Succession domineers;
If ought oppose him, he has Forks and Spears:
Like a vile Scullar, he abjures the Realm,
And sinks the Bark, 'cause he's not chief at Helm;
Then cries, All hands to pump a Leakish Keel,
And stops it up with *Julian*'s Conger-eel,
That when a Ball pierc'd the Broad-side, ev'n then
Clapt in the hole, and sav'd Sir *Edward*'s men.
The way's to keep him there; if he get through
Secure himself, he drowns the Ship and Crew.
If to the Ocean back again he's bent,
The Rabble, he's in his own Element.
There let him Plot, and ne're behold the Sun,
Till he has through all Seas of Folly run,
Under pretext of Wit to be undone.
Like the late Duke, who, from a glorious Bully,
Retir'd from Court, to be the City's Cully;
The City's Minion; now, their scorn and sport,
There more despis'd, than once ador'd at Court:
Who did his Fall so wittily contrive,
In quaint disguise to Riot, Rant, and Sw —;
And when h' has lost himself in Infamy,
Revile the State, and rail at Monarchy;
The only means true Glory to pursue,
And must be the best way, because 'tis new.
Would any *Hewson* from the Court retreat
To th' Stall, under disguise of being Great,
And only for to merit Vulgar praise;
Rather than not be popular, be base?
So once an Emperor, as Stories say,
Exchang'd his Scepter for a Ferula,
And, only proud to prove himself a Fool,
Did quit the Throne, to keep a petty School;
Yet this was great, while only for the noise
Of Sov'raign power, he Lords it o'er the Boys:
Look to it, *York*; the Nation first shall bleed,
E're the two Kings of *Brainford* shall succeed.
Put him aside, — as he has done, I'll lay;
For should I more upon this Subject say,
It were, like his Estate, but thrown away.
Shall *Perkin* 'scape, whose early offering
Invok'd the Club, e're he atton'd the King? (plead
What though he's Banish'd? yet the Rump may
Old *Magna Charta*, though the House be fled.
And though you will not make him King; yet he
May justly claim a Subject's liberty:
But this secures him from our sharpest shot,
He was not *Oates* enough to make a Plot;
And Satyr upon him is ev'n almost,
As well as preaching unto *Armstrong*, lost.
Hallif— for Empire has as great an Itch,
As ever Dog had for his salt swoln Bitch;
His plumes impt with Ambition, up he flies,
And to be something melts ev'n in the Skies:
While th' humble wretch at home lies prostrate
To all the barking Beagles of the Town. (down
Young *Devon* too does in the Club intrude,
To be applauded by the Multitude:
With zeal to King and Country he abounds;
Keep with the Hare, and open with the Hounds:
Now of the Court, now of the City free;
Mistakes Prerogative for Liberty.
How well a Regiment would him become,
If the loud Commons did but beat the Drum?
My Masters, Vote it, Sirs; a Prohibition:
I can't in Conscience brook the new Commissions:
To levy Forces, and assign Commanders,
Is Treason in the King 'gainst *France* or *Flanders*;
But if the House command me, though I starve,
I'll quit Wine, Whores, Allegiance, to serve.
Gray better far might slight his Soveraign's
He had a Regiment within his County, (bounty,
And power enough besides to back his Cause,
Would *Rowley* venture but a broken Nose.
Appease this mouthing *Cerberus* with a Bone,
Honour's a dainty Crust to pick upon:
While his dear Doxy makes a shift to rub
The business out with *Monmouth*; he the Club:
And *Rowlstone* leads the Van, while they combine,
And humbly beg their Soveraign to resign.
How Faction, and the quenchless thirst of Rule,
Hurries to ruine the Ambitious Fool;
Whose busie Soul, puft up with popular sway,
Will scarce be ever humbled to obey!
The Earl whose Spouse had such a spacious Poop,
As swallow'd up *Ned Brab'zon*, and his Troop,
Who was lately Lord Lieutenant of the Realm,
Seem'd a good Pilot while he sate at Helm;
But when he was depos'd, he overthrew
His Master's Cause, and sided with the Crew.
Now *Bedford* found he had the worst o'th' lay,
Having more wit or honesty than they,
Sneak'd off, and left the Club his Game to play;
When he had also led 'em to the Perch,
Like *Buckingham*, he left 'em in the lurch,
At such a juncture of a time, and odly,
As *Peyton* for his Highness left the Godly;
Or *Escrick Howard*, to become a bawler,
Withdrew from Court to cry up busie *Waller*.
These are the men that all the Bustle make,
And Empire check meerly for Empire's sake:
They lay their Stamp on the Revolting Darling,
And in that Club make Treason pass for Sterling.
There are some other Beagles of the Pack,
That make a noise the Royal Chase to back:
As when a Mastiff opens in the dark,
The little Dogs will shake their tails and bark;
And though the foremost Hound but start the Hare,
The rest will mouth it as they claim'd a share,
Who follow by the scent, and scarce have sense
To judge 'twixt Treason and Allegience.
As Fops meet in the Pit, to damn a Play,
Not what they know, but by what others say:
Unmeaning — Fools, who, something to be at,
Follow the leading Cucko, like the Bat,
And justly merit, as they are despis'd,
Rather to be rejected than chastis'd.
So bawling *Huntingdon*, and *Kent* the mute,
With noise and nonsence fill up the dispute:
And while the Club proclaims the lawless strife,
One is the Drum, and th' other is the Fife.
What shall we say of *Falconbridge*, *Bridgwater*?
Or *Cherbury*, or dull *Denbigh* shall I flatter?
Who in the Synod drudge like Gally-slaves,
And buy the Stock, to make a Gleek of Knaves:
Like Beasts, insensible of wrong, they stray,
And find a Pound, quitting the King's High way.
And last, behold in Triumph to their Follies,
In *Nol*'s own Coach of State, comes Loyal *Hollis*,
Who sold the Father by an old Commission,
And purchases the Son with a Petition.
Now whether has the better on't; the Club,
Or the Five Members did the Royal job?
This is the Baker's dozen makes the Rump,
And little *Waller*'s Leaven to the lump.
When *Bedford* civilly had made his Leg,
The Club engender'd, and brought forth an Egg;
Which, like *Grand Cairo*, for a quick dispatch
Hot Monsieur *Parliament* must sit and hatch.
Rowley began to puff, and shake his Noddle,
And told 'em in plain terms their Brood was addle;
That to a Rump he never more would give
Away his Birthright, or Prerogative:
Then, like a God which from his voice did leap,
Dissolv'd that Chaos and confused heap.
Bravely he spake, and wisely he perform'd,
While still the Club against the Council storm'd:
Who, rather than from Faction would be free,
Or touch no more of the forbidden Tree,
Would damn themselves, and their Posterity.

FINIS.

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The Genius of True English-men.

Tacitus de vit. *Jul. Agr. cap.* 13. Britanni delectum ac Tributa & Injuncta Imperij Munera impigrè obeunt, ſi Injuriæ adſint, has ægrè tolerant; Jam domiti ut *pareant nondum* ut Serviant.
The Britains *are a ſort of People that pay very freely all manner of* Tributes *and* Taxes *to the Empire* Legally Impoſed, *but cannot endure* Injuries; *and had rather* Periſh *than live as* Slaves.

THe Free-born *Engliſh* Generous and Wiſe,
Hate Chains, but do not Government deſpiſe.

Rights of the CROWN, Tributes and Taxes they,
(When Lawfully demanded) freely pay:

Force they abhor, and Wrongs they ſcorn to bear,
More guided by their Judgement than their Fear,
JUSTICE with them is never call'd Severe.

Here Power by Tyranny was never got,
LAWS may (perhaps) Enſlave, but FORCE cannot.

Raſh Councels here have ſtill the worſt Effect,
The ſureſt way to Reign, is to Protect.

KINGS are leaſt ſafe in their Unbounded Will,
Joyn'd with the wretched Power of doing ill;

Forſaken moſt when they're moſt Abſolute,
LAWS guard the MAN, and only bind the Brute.

To Force that Guard with the worſt ſo to joyn,
Can never be a Prudent KING's Deſign,
What KING would change to be a *Catiline*?

Break his own Laws, ſhake an *unqueſtion'd Throne*,
Conſpire with Vaſſals to Uſurp his own.

'Tis rather ſome baſe Fav'rites Vile Pretence,
To Tyrannize at the wrong'd KING's Expence.

Let *France* grow Proud beneath the Tyrants Luſt,
Whilſt the *Rackt People* crawl and lick the Duſt.

The Mighty *Genius* of this Iſle diſdains
Ambition, Slavery, and Golden Chains:

ENGLAND to *Servile Yokes* did never bow,
What *Conqu'rors* ne'r preſum'd who dare do now?

ROMAN nor NORMAN never could pretend
To have Enſlav'd, but made this Iſle their Friend.

London, Printed for *Francis Smith* at the *Elephant and Caſtle* in *Cornhil*.

306. 30.

AN

EXCLAMATION

Againſt JULIAN, K.

Secretary to the Muſes;

With the Character of a

LIBELLER.

By a Perſon of Quality.

THou Common Shore of this Poetick Town,
Where all our Excrements of Wit are thrown;
For Sonnet, Satyr, Bawdry, Blaſphemy,
Are empty'd and disburthen'd all on thee:
The Cholerick wight, untruſſing in a rage,
Finds thee, and leaves his load upon thy page.
Thou, *Julian*, (Oh, thou wiſe *Veſpaſian* rather!)
Doſt from this Dung thy well-pick'd Guineys gather.
All miſchief's thine: Tranſcribing thou wilt ſtoop
From lofty *Middleſex*, to lowly *Scroop*.
What times are theſe, when, in that *Hero*'s room
Bow-bending *Cupid* doth with Ballads come,
And little *Aſhton* offers to the Bum?
Can two ſuch *Pigmies* ſuch a wight ſupport?
Two ſuch *Tom Thumbs* of *Satyr* in a Court!
Poor *George* grows old; his Muſe worn out of faſhion;
Hoarſly ſhe ſung *Euphelia*'s Lamentation:
Leſs art thou helpt by *Dryden*'s Bed-rid Age;
That Drone has left his Sting upon the Stage.

Reſolve

Reſolve me, poor Apoſtate, this main Doubt;
What hope haſt thou to rub this Summer out?
Know, and be thankful then; for Providence,
By me, has ſent thee this Intelligence:
A Knight there is, if thou canſt gain his Grace,
Known by the Name of the *Hard-favour'd Face*;
For Proweſs of the Pen renown'd is he;
From *Don Quixot* deſcended lineally:
And though, like him, unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in Attempts of Wit and Love.
Of his unfiniſh'd Face, what ſhall I ſay,
But that 'twas made of *Adam*'s own Red Clay,
That much, much Oker was on it beſtow'd?
God's Image 'tis not, but ſome *Indian* God:
Our Chriſtian Earth can no reſemblance bring.
But Ware of *Portugal* for ſuch a thing.
Such Carbuncles his fiery Face confeſs,
As no *Hungarian* Water can redreſs.
A Face which ſhould be ſee-But Heav'n was kind,
And, to indulge his Self-love, made him blind.
He dares not ſtir abroad, for fear to meet
Curles of teeming Women in the ſtreet:
The leaſt could happen from that hidious ſight,
Is, that they ſhould miſcarry with the fright;
Heav'n guard 'em from the likeneſs of the Knight!
Such is our charming *Strephon*'s outward man:
His inward parts, Let thoſe deſcribe who can;
But, by the monthly flow'rs diſcharg'd abroad,
'Tis full, brim full of Paſtoral and Ode.
Erewhile he honour'd *Bertha* with his flame;
And now, he courts no leſs *Louviſa's* Name:
For, when his Paſſion has been boiling long,
The ſcum at laſt boils up into a Song:

And

And ſure no mortal creature, at one time,
Was e're ſo far o'regone with *Love* and Rhyme.
To his dear ſelf of Poetry he talks;
His hands and feet are ſcanning as he walks:
His ſquinting look his pangs of Wit accuſe:
The very ſymptoms of a breeding Muſe:
And all to gain the great *Louviſa*'s grace;
But never Pen did pimp for ſuch a Face.
There's not a Nymph, in City, Town, or Court,
But *Strephon*'s *Billet Doux*'s have made ſport:
Still he Loves on; yet ſtill as ſure to miſs
As they who waſh an *Æthiop*'s face, or his.
What fate unhappy *Strephon* does attend,
Never to get a Miſtreſs, or a Friend?
Strephon alike both Wits and Fools deteſt;
Becauſe, like *Æſop*'s Bat, half Bird, half Beaſt:
For Fools, to Poetry have no pretence;
And common Wit ſuppoſes common Senſe:
Not quite ſo low as Fools, nor quite o'top;
But hangs between 'em both, and is a Fop.
His Morals, like his Wit, are motly too:
He keeps from arrant Knave, with much ado;
But Vanity and Lying ſo prevail, (ſcale.
That one grain more of each would turn the
He would be more a Villain, had he time;
But he's ſo wholly taken up with Rhyme,
That he miſtakes his Talent: all his care
Is to be thought a Poet, fine, and fair.
Small Beer and Gruel, are his meat and drink;
The Diet he preſcribes himſelf, to think.
Rhyme next his heart he takes at morning peep;
Some Love-Epiſtles at his hour of ſleep:

So,

So, between Elegy and Ode, we ſee
Strephon is in a courſe of Poetry.
This is the Man ordain'd to do thee good;
The Pelican, to feed thee with his Blood:
Thy Wit, thy Poet; nay, thy Friend; for he
Is fit to be a Friend to none, but Thee.
Make ſure of him, and of his Muſe, betimes;
For all his Study is hung round with Rhymes:
Laugh at him, juſtle him, yet ſtill he writes;
In Rhyme he Challenges, in Rhyme he Fights:
Charg'd with the laſt, and baſeſt Infamy,
His buſineſs is to think what Rhymes to Lye;
Which found, in fury he retorts again.
Strephon's a very Dragon at his Pen:
His Brother murdred, and his Mother whor'd,
his Miſtreſs loſt; yet ſtill his Pen's his Sword.

FINIS.

C 20 f 2
309.

Italy K.. 232 - 4 27 27 f 4

A Perſon of very Great Quality having brought over from **Italy** *the great Secret in the World: A Powder that in* 10 *or* 12 *days time perfects Cures the* **Pox, Evil,** *or* **Scurvey,** *with only one Doſe taking; not only* **Shankers, Nodes,** *and Inveterate* **Ulcers,** *but alſo to the working out of* **Rotten Bones,** *whether from the* **Pox** *or* **Evil,** *caſting off all that is Corrupted of any kind, Sweetning the whole Maſs of* **Blood,** *and reſtoring the Body to Perfect Health, free from any Relapſe: The Truth of which is already in* **London** *ſo ſufficiently Try'd, that to any Perſon that hath occaſion, and cannot be brought into a Belief from the Teſtimony of Perſons of Great Worth and Integrity, who are ready at all times to affirm it; ſhall then ſee ſeveral Patients of the worſt kind that have been Cured: And if they Doubt of this, I ſolemnly invite them to bring out of the* **Hoſpitals** *or elſewhere, any ſo highly Diſtempered, that the moſt unbelieving Perſons can Produce. I will Adminiſter the Doſe to them from my own Hand before them, and in the preſence of three or four Perſons of Quality that they and I ſhall agree upon, that are Curious to inſpect ſo Wonderful a Cure. And though ſome Gain-ſayers, through Ignorance or Intereſt, may Report this ſingle Doſe to be dangerous in its Operation, I do declare the contrary, that it is Pleaſant to the Pallat and eaſie in its Operation, performing its Work in 6 or 8 hours, and its Cure as above-ſaid, only obſerving an Order and Regiment of Diet for the prefixt time.*

WElcome Great Secret to our *Engliſh* Shore,
Thou truly Greateſt in all Natures Store,
Never more Welcome, never wanted more:
You that with Ulcers, Shankers, Nodes do lye,
Long cannot Live, nor yet can eaſily Dye,
With thy one Doſe ſhall lay their Crutches by.
Such wond'rous Vertue I have here in Store,
That none before me ever could do more
To Blind, to Lame, to Deaf, to Rich and Poor.
You that through Ignorance or Intereſt be
Incredulous to give Belief to me,
Ranſack the Hoſpitals, where you may find,
Diſeaſes of all ſorts in Humane kind,
That to your Eyes moſt apparent be,
With Ulcers, rotten Bones, (thoſe) bring to me,
In Twelve days time their Cure ſhall perfect ſee.
Gain-ſayers Mouths (then) ſtop your Rage to ſpill,
Or fear to ſpeak one word of me that's ill,
When Demonſtrations clear theſe Truths fulfil.

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The Perſon is to be Spoken with, at the Two *Blew-Balls* in *Leiceſter-Square*.

309 A

Tauronomachia:

OR A

DESCRIPTION

OF A

Bloody and Terrible Fight

Between two Champions,

TAURUS *and* ONOS,

AT

GRESHAM-COLLEGE.

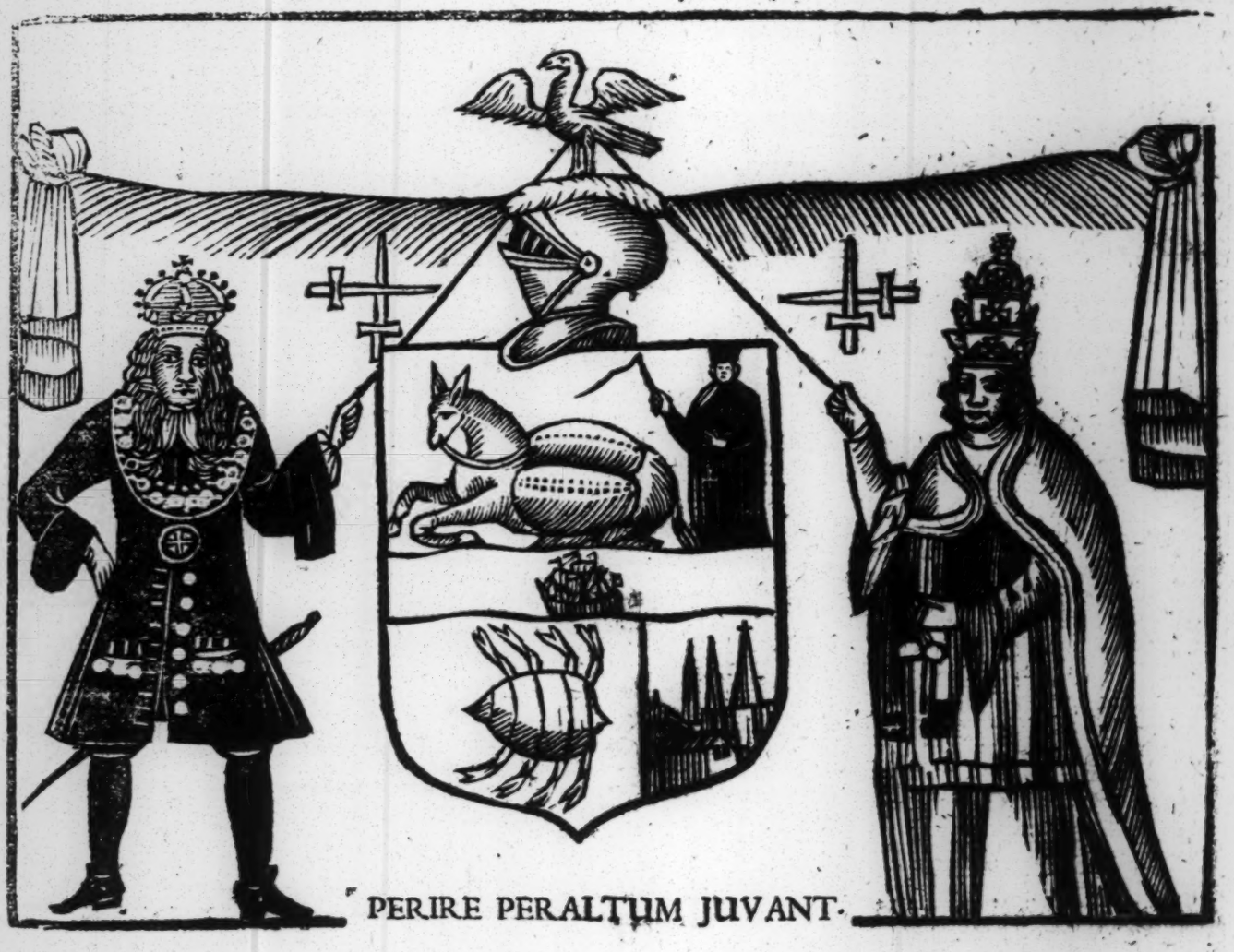
O Quam terribiles exarſit pronus in iras!
Quantus erat Cornu! --- Mart. lib. ſpect.

LONDON:
Printed for *Tho. Bickerton*, at the *Crown* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. 1719.

Price three Pence.

THE

Jacobites Coat of Arms.



The Coat Emblazen'd and Explain'd.

PER *Feſs Sable* and *Gules* in chief he Bears;
An *Aſs* Couchant, hard laden in her Gears,
With the Dead weight of Hampers 2, the one
With *Obedience Paſſive*, and *Reſiſtance non:*
In the Other Wooden Shooes and Tooles of cruelty;
To carry on Tyrrannick Rule and *Popery.*
On the Side Siniſter a *Priſt* to Slaſh,
Stand's briskly whipping the poor Slaviſh *Aſs.*
The Pious Tribe do force her on the way,
What crafty Knaves Command, Dull Fools obey.
Thro' *Feſs* wav'd, plac'd in Vertues Station,
Gluides the River *Or* of Moderation.
Which do's the Lands proſperity Explain,
Where ſafe from Stormes doth Sail the Royal *Ann.*

In *Baſe*, a *Sea-Crab* that doth backward craul
To his Perdition, certain ſo do All.
The *Flyers high*, and *Jacobites* to *Rome*,
And Slavery precipitate their Doom.
The *French King* and the *Pope* Supporters are.
There Darling Offspring to promote with Care;
They Hawl the Lines to poize the *Buzard Kite.*
Theſe are his Pray, but they direct his Flight.

Under a *Sable Mantle* hidden lyes,
The *Popes* Conſecrated *Armelery*
The Courſe he takes t, Exterpate Hereſy.
His *Kites* and *Jacks* muſt like ſuch *Aſſes* fall,
And ſilly *Crab's* to their Deſtruction crawl.

London, Printed and Sold by [illegible] *Hills* in *Blackfryars.*

TAURONOMACHIA.

THO' the fam'd † errant Bard of old
In Epic ſtrain *Troy's* downfall told;
Where †† *Peleus'* Warlike Son does ſhine,
And gild the * Blinkard's lofty Line:
And tho' this noble Genius ſings
In mighty Numbers mighty Things;
Yet, to divert his lazy Time,
And keep his Lyre in tune to chime;
He did not (we are told) deſpiſe
The humble Tale of || Frogs and Mice.
Therefore I beg, Oh darling Muſe!
But *once* thy kindly Warmth infuſe;
Whilſt I deſcribe a bloody Fight
Betwixt an *Aſs* and *Bull* of Might:
Aſſiſt with thy Poetic Vein
This *Once:* And hang me if I write again.
But e're I tell this diſmal War,
'Tis neceſſary firſt we hear
Who the tremendous Heroes be
Of this fell *Tauronomachy.*
Firſt ** *Onos* then, of great Renown,
A fam'd *Empirick* of the Town,
Noted for skill in occult Arts
And Sciences: whoſe prying Parts
Have ſearch'd thro' all the Frame of Nature;
Nicely deſcry'd the naked Matter
From which TO ΠΑΝ had Form and Faſhion,
To this time from it's firſt Creation.
He tells how all things had their birth,
As if Man-Midwife to the Earth;
How they are fram'd, and Why, does know,
As well as I that Two and Two
Make Four: Of Atoms what, can tell,
Echinite's made and *Cackle-Shell*;
And has a Scent ſo quick and docile,
Apply'd to's Noſe he tells a *Foſſile:*
He, by Deduction long and ſage,
Teaches, How with impetuous Rage
Th' Abyſs, deſerting dark Abode,
From ſubterraneous Caverns flow'd,
And, † diſſipating all the World
Into a *Hodg-podge Deluge* hurl'd:

† *Homer.*
†† *Achilles,* his Heroe.
* *Homer* ſaid to the Blind. || Βαλεχομυομαχια.
** An *Empirick,* who ſets a great *Value* on himſelf, for being a *Curious* Coll *Cackle-Shells.*
† *Diſſipare,* Vid. Nat. Hiſt. of the Earth.

But, when the Water's daring Pride
(Tir'd with it's Ocean heavenly wide)
Ceas'd to exert unbounded Power,
And ſunk it's boiſt'rous Billows lower,
Then, might you in this *Fluid* ſee,
How, by *Specifick Gravity*,
Atoms of * Gold with poſting Speed,
Scorning to be out-run by Lead,
Haſte Neck or Nothing, at a venture,
And nimbly tend to *Native Center*:
Then Silver, Tin, and Iron-Ore
At jobber-nolls to get before;
Each thought himſelf as good as other,
And with confounded Stir and Pother,
Strove to accelerate his Pace,
And ſhove ſome other out of's Place.
But croſs-grain'd *Levity* combin'd
With fate to make ſome lag behind;
For ſome, tho' immenſely large and huge,
Were *Naturally Centrifuge*;
Whilſt others, Atoms, yet their Weight
Inclin'd them to be *Centripete*.
Oh! had you heard what dreadful Moans
Were made by Marle, and Coals and Stones,
And Seeds of Trees, that had not Power
To ſink themſelves two Inches lower;
How Chalk and Soil did curſe and ſwear,
That they muſt lye in open Air;
You'd been amaz'd, to find this Worldly
Frame in ſo damn'd a Hurly-burly.
Thus I've obſerved, *pro re natâ*
A Kitchin-Wench of Bread lay *Strata*,
Eggs, Suet and Plums in plenteous ſtore;
But, in a Moment of an Hour,
Milk in a *Deluge* vaſt comes flowing,
And *diſſipates* all ſhe'd been doing:
But when the Streams began t' aſſwage,
And quiet grow, and free from Rage;
Then, to my Sorrow have I ſpy'd
Whole Troops of Plums with ſpeed *ſubſide*.
Fanſy'd Succeſs of theſe *Odd* Notions,
In *Ones* caus'd ſuch wild Emotions,
He now ſets up for Grave *Phyſician*,
And thinks *None* elſe, beſides him, is *One*;
A perfect *Æſculapius* grown,
Conns o'er Receits, to make *his own*,
Screws up his Jaws, and looks demure,
And writes as if 'twas with a *Scure*;
Dares boldly to reform eſſay
The whole *Materia Medica*;
Dreams of *Cathartics* and *Emetics*,
And argues learnedly on *Statics*;
Tho ſtill retains *Peculiar Grace*
Of Female ſquawl, and Pocket-Glaſs.
But leſt you think it Superero--
Gation, to ſing all of this Heroe,
When there's another in the fight;
We'll now come to that doubty Wight,
† *Taurus* by Name, a Son of *Mars*,
Practis'd in *Death*, and train'd to Wars;

* Vid. Nat. Hiſt. of the Earth.

† *A Renowned and Learned Phyſician, well known by two Ingenious Treatiſes, the one,* de Solis & Lunæ imperio in Corpora Humana; *the other, of* Poiſons.

The

The boldeſt Warriour's Might he ſcorns,
Being guarded well with *rouzing* H——s.
And thus deſcrib'd, our Champions meet
At time appointed, for to treat
On ſundry Matters of great Moment
In Phyſic: On the *learned Comment*
On fam'd *Hippoc'*, but *One*, that Elf,
Vainly elated with himſelf;
Began with haughty Air to ſurvey
All the whole Method of *Caterva*
Medicinalis; and came at laſt
To prove for many Cent'ries paſt,
They had proceeded in *Wrong Practice*:
" This I aver *undoubted* Fact is;
" And if * *that* Wight dares here diſpute
" The Truth of what's ſo plain made out;
" Then *vi & armis* I'll defend
" M' irrefragable Argument".
Quoth *Taurus*, " Spurious Son of *Chiron*,
" Never *deſign'd* to handle Iron;
" Thy Female ſquawl and mimic Face is
" Only cut-out to tend on A——s;
" To ſqueeze a Cliſter-bag, or ſo,
" Or hold the Pot when Patients ſp——w."
Quoth *One*, " Art thou, miſtaken Creature,
" * Fr——d's great *Egregius qui tuetur*,
" The Noble Art, *Ingenio*
" Of killing Mankind, *proprio*?
" Behold I will convince you ſtrait
" That there's no Armour againſt Fate."
Then, with extended Warlike Arm,
For Combat ſounds the dire Allarm,
By ſtriking Table made of Wood
Of *Ararat*, before the Flood;
And, like a bold and great Commander,
In's right Hand graſps a Salamander,
And with impetuous Force it threw
Directly at his Martial Foe.
Then, with a Foot returning back,
He ſtood t' receive the fierce Attack
Of ſturdy *Taurus*; but *He* lay
Moſtly on the Defenſive play;
Knowing his Horns were of tough Metal
That when he pleas'd cou'd win the Battle.
Onos obſerving this, he flung
A ſcaly Crocodile that hung
T' adorn the place of Combat dire,
Among ſome Inſects, by the Fire:
Taurus, unable now to bear
Such dreadful Force, with bellic air
Advances to the furious Wight
Willing to come to cloſer fight:
But *Onos*, ſwift as Air, or Wind,
Retir'd a little more behind,
Where in vaſt ranges num'rous lay
Whate'er is found in Earth or Sea:
Here heaps of frightful Quadrupeds,
There Birds, and Fiſhes Teeth and Heads;
Eſcalops, † *Cackles*, *Selenites*,
With *Marchaſits* and *Belemnites*;
And Shells with Stone and Chalk combin'd,
Both *Cruſta-* and *Teſta-ceous* kind.

* *Taurus.*

* *Vid.* Fr——d's *Comment. in Hippoc.*

† *By a Figure in Speech peculiar to* Onos.

Fraught

Fraught with ſuch ſtore of Ammunition,
He thought himſelf in a Condition,
Not only to maintain, but carry
The Battle o'er his Adverſary:
In Clouds he darts his Thunder-Balls,
And *damnably* poor *Taurus* mawls:
(Oh! with what pity might one ſee
Vaſt heaps of Snakes *Exuviæ*;
And Legs of curious Spiders round
About lie mangled on the Ground!
But *Onos*, finding that his horn'd
Antag'niſt this Artillery ſcorn'd;
Thinking to uſe a ſharper Weapon,
Run to a Cloſet where he kep' one:
This Inſtrument he knew full well
Was made of * *Anted'luvian* Steel;
Well-temper'd, ſharp, and fit t'engage:
(Not like the *Trowels* of this Age:)
And with redoubled force made at
The thickeſt part of *Taurus'* Pate:
Taurus, convinc'd it was not right
To make of pitch'd, a *Parthian* fight;
And wiſely judging he might undo
Himſelf *diutius cunctando*;
Reſum'd the force which long he needed,
And without dallying *Cornu petit*.
Onos ſurpriz'd, and unprepar'd
For ſhock ſo ſudden; frighted, ſtar'd
Like a *ſtuck Pig*: Bold *Taurus* knew well
This was the time to ſeize his *Trowel*;
And in he ruſhes with a force
Equal to Lyon, or mad Horſe:
Poor *Onos*, ſtunn'd upon the Floor,
Wounded, and ſadly ſmear'd with Gore;
His Courage gone; cou'd not withſtand
His Steel's being raviſh'd from his Hand.
But *Taurus* generous, as bold
His vanquiſh'd Adverſary told,
" Tho' I, by Rules of Martial Law,
" May take your Life; yet I'll forego
" That *poor* Revenge: But cry *Peccavi*,
" Your *Trowel* and your *Life* I'll giv' ye:"
Quoth *Onos*, " *Death* I'll undergo
" Rather than *beg* my Life of *You*."
Taurus to this reply'd, with ſmile,
" Nay, *Onos*, If *Your Life's* ſo vile,
" As worthy not *One* word to ſave it,
" No Honour's gain'd, if I ſhou'd have it.

Thus have I ſeen, near Country-Town
Two Cocks contending on the down-
Y graſs (by many a horrid Stroke)
To gain an unmoleſted Walk;
But, after furious ſparring Blows,
When they began to mouthe and cloſe,
The *Daſtard* * Dunghill in an inſtant yield,
And to the *True-bred* Champion quit the field.

* *An Antediluvian* Trowel.

* *Cock.*

FINIS.

A HYMN,

To the Victory in SCOTLAND.

I ſing the Praiſe of Heros brave
Whoſe Warlike Merit conqueſt gave,
And ſcorn'd to trample on a Foe,
But beat them firſt, then let them go:
After a Battle ſharp and bloody,
Beyond the reach of Humane Study,
Obtain'd between ſtrong *Rocks* & *Trenches*,
By dint of Sword, and vaſt expences.
'Gainſt ſturdy *Scots*, and *Spaniards* proud,
A Victory moſt Men allow'd.
Where all their *Foes* were quite confounded
While *Cannons* roard and *Trumpets* ſounded.
Beat hear & there & God knows whither,
Loſt in a Fog, in Sun-ſhine Weather:
Confuſion every where proclaim'd
Such wonders which can ne'er be nam'd.
Abundance ſlain, which ſome call dead,
Who in the fright roſe up and fled:
More ſtranger yet if News be right,
The fray did laſt from five till Night,
And thoſe who brought the *Tidings* hither,
Say Dead and Living fled together.
Nay perfect Miracles abounded,
The dead Men riſe and kill'd the wounded
Yet when the Battle it was done,
There was not found ſo much as one
Nor none can tell which way *they'r gone*.
No Antient Hiſtory can declare,
Such Actions in the Feats of War,
Great *Wills*, and *Carpenter* at *Preſton*,
Might here have learnt a milder Leſſon:
For tho' the Victory was compleat,
Both Dead and Living ſafe retreat.
Here was no tricking feigned Pardon,
Which Conſequences ſeldom heard on:
Deluding Men and when that's done;
Hang, Goal, and Baniſh every one.
When in this fierce and bloody Fray,
Our Foes had leave to march away:
Without the loſs of Man or Gun,
Such generous Favours ſeldom done,
Such Mercy in this Fight was ſhown,
We ſav'd Men's Lives and loſt our own.
A Victory which no Age can ſhow,
To let both Dead and Living go:
Yet notwithſtanding Highland Clans,
Theſe mighty Favours ſtill withſtands,
Reflecting with their bold Bravadoes,
Our Men ſhot only at their Shadows.
And give us Reaſons very pat,
Becauſe they ſav'd their Lives by that:
Yet if Reports has not bely'd 'em,
As Bullets came, they skip'd beſide 'em,
which is a Riddle hard and dark.
When not one Gunner hits a Mark;
I doubt they've learn'd the Magick Art,
And value not our Guns a Fart,
Or elſe the Skins of *Highland Scots*,
Are Proof againſt both Swords and Shots.
Tho' this is ſtrange, it ſeems too true,
Becauſe none of their Men were ſlew,
And which our Reaſon moſt has ſhaken,
Not one poor ſingle Rebel taken:
Three Hours beaten and none die,
Yet no Man knows the Reaſon why,
'Tis very ſtrange 'tween You and I.

LONDON *Printed by R. Thomas behind the Royal Exchange.*

2:287
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THE LITANY OF The D. of B.

From a Senſual, Proud, Atheiſtical Life,
From Arming our Lacqueys with Piſtol and Knife,
From Murthering the Husband and Whoring the Wife:

Libera nos.

From going Ambaſſadors only as Panders,
From Re-killing dead Kings with Monſtrous Slanders,
From Betraying the Living in *Scotland* and *Flanders*:

Libera nos.

From a Wild Rambling no-where Abode,
Without Day or Night, nor at Home nor Abroad,
From a Prince to Unhorſe us on *Dover* Road:

Libera nos.

From Crowning the Herſe of our Babe of Adultery,
Interred among Kings by a Lord of the Prelacy,
Whom we got Caſhier'd for [illegible]rſery:

From Selling Land twice, ten thouſand a year
All Spent, no Mortal can tell how, or where,
And then Reform Kingdoms as a Sanctifi'd Peer:

Libera nos.

From Monſtrous Sucking, till both Tongues have Bliſters,
From making our Boaſts of giving three Gliſters,
By giving our Claps to three cheated Siſters:

Libera nos.

From Tranſpoſing Nature upon our *Bon*—*Gers*,
On *Keniſton* Acting both *Venus* and *Mars*,
From owning twenty other mens Farce:

Libera nos.

From Wretched Paſquills againſt *Shadwel* and *Dryden*,
From Caſting Nativities with Learned *Heyden*,
And Caſting of Dollars at *Antwerp* and *Leyden*:

Libera nos.

From Trembling at Sea, when not a Gun Roar'd,
And then Steal Aſhore by Breaking our Word.
With Dam me if e're you Catch me Aboard:

Libera nos.

From being ſtill Cheated by the ſame Undertakers,
By Levellers, Bawds, Saints, Chymiſts and Quakers,
Who make us Gold-Finders, and themſelves Gold Makers:

Libera nos.

From Dam me, whatever we don't Underſtand,
From Purchaſing at *Dowgate*, and Selling i'th *Strand*,
Calling Streets by our Name, when we have Sold the Land

Libera nos.

From Borrowing our own Houſe to Treat Scholars Ill,
And then be Unchancellor'd againſt our Will,
Nought left of a Colledge but our own *Colledge-hill*:

Libera nos.

From Judging the Judges in a Senſeleſs Speech,
From Following *S*——, that Riggling Leech,
Becauſe by Twins both Suckt the ſame Bitch:

Libera nos.

From Mortally Hating all thoſe that Love us,
From Mimical Acting all thoſe Above us,
Till our Maſter at laſt is forc'd to Remove us:

Libera nos.

From Cringing to thoſe we Scorn to Condemn,
In hopes to be made the Citizens Gem,
Who now Scorn us more than e're we did them:

Libera nos.

From Sneaking 'twixt *Caſtle-yard* and *Vandepnt*,
From Telling Tales when we have been at Rutt,
And Ramming three Candles into one Ladies Scut:

Libera nos.

From beginning an Execrable Traitarous Health,
To Deſtroy this Parliament, King and Himſelf,
To be made *Ducall* Peer of a New Commonwealth:

Libera nos.

From Changing Old Friends for Raſcally New ones,
From taking *Wildman* and *Marvil* for True Ones,
From Wearing Green Ribbons 'gainſt him gave Blew ones:

Libera nos.

From Lodging at Court before we are Sent for, *Sion-hill.*
From Selling ſix Pallaces for leſs than they Rent-for, *Colledge-hill*
And Buying three Hillocks for the three Kings of *Branford*: *Cliptdon-hill*

Libera nos.

From Learning new Morals from *Bedlam*, Sir *Peyton*,
Or Truth and Modeſty from *Ellis Leyton*,
From making our Heirs to be *Morris* and *Clayton*:

Libera nos.

Partridge's Advice

To the *PROTESTANTS* of *ENGLAND*.

NOW, to your coſt, you ſee with grief and tears,
The tricking Shams of the proceeding Years:
You that now ſee, ſcorn'd to believe it then
Impos'd upon, even by the worſt of Men.
Now hang your Freedom on each Villains Sword;
Cheated your ſelves, taking your Princes Word.
Thus folly ſtill helps to compeeat your fate:
And all that can be ſaid, You Repent to late.
But, come, chear up, Heaven will relieve your need;
'Tis from that Throne, your happy Fates decreed.
He had his orders then to ſpare you too:
A little Whipping is the Scholars due.
The troops of Gods are brought you to carreſs:
The dextrous Arts of Prieſts and Idleneſs.
Religions ſcandal, to encreaſe Rome's *ſtore;*
Which Fools believe, and mad Men do adore.
Tricks made by Prieſts, the Ignorant to ſurpriſe.
Who Sacred Writ and Reaſon do deſpiſe:
But you know better, and have oft been told
Of thoſe damn'd Cheats, you know they want your Gold.
Preſerve your Faith, your Anceſtors have won:
You know the Truth, the Miſtick Three in One.
Stoop not to Idols, nor lay Reaſon by.
Give not your Faith up, nor yet tamely die.
The Sun will riſe, the Actors fill the Stage;
And One and Twenty Months is not an Age.
Therefore be Wiſe, attend the Hand Divine,
Till the ſtill Voice gives you the Sacred Sign.

I.

TOuch't with a teeming ſtrain of *Engliſh* growth,
My burning Muſe into a flame breaks forth
In Sacred Paſſions, ſcorns to be afraid
Of thoſe vaſt Murders pious *Rome* hath made.
A gracious Mother, merciful and good,
Her Thoughts are murder, and her Boſom's blood.

II.

The *Prieſts* of *Rome* are like their Mother true,
Lazy and Letcherous, yet Obedient too;
Furniſh'd with all the Vice that Nature gives:
They are the only *Epicures* that lives.
Yet they converſe with God, diſperſe their Powers,
Confeſs your Wives, and alſo get you Heirs.

III.

Of all the Arts the Devil yet made choice,
This thing of *Popery* was his Maſter-piece.
For in revenge with Heaven, being at ods,
He taught the *Papiſts* how to *Eat* their Gods.
Then 'twould not be amiſs, ſince thus they do,
To make clear work, and *Eat* the Devil too.

IV.

Can you forſwear your Faith, give God the lye,
Cant with a *Prieſt*, and lay your Reaſon by:
Lay down your Wealth to ſerve the Church & they
That ſuck your Blood, when they pretend to Pray?
Can ye be *Prieſt-rid*, and be aw'd by Threats?
Can ye believe a Crew of Pious Cheats?

V.

Can ye believe a little Dow-bak'd God,
A Conjuring Bell, and a *Good-Friday* Rod,
A Lying Legend, and a Prieſtly Curſe,
A Diſh of Holy-water, and a Croſs?
When *Rome* grows Rampant, Hell it ſelf contrives.
When *Satan* Preacheth, *Belzebub* believes.

VI.

What Man can think the *Inquiſition* good,
When *Church-men* waſh their Hands in *Lay-mens* (Blood?
Can ye adore a Croſs, be damn'd in Jeſt,
Cheat all your Senſes, and believe a *Prieſt*?
Heretick can't believe, ye're only fit.
True ſlaves to *Rome* will never queſtion it.

VII.

Should but a *Prieſt* ſay to his Zealot, Go
Murder that *Heretick*: it muſt be ſo;
He dares not ask the Reaſon: goes his ways,
The Father ſays it; and the Fool obeys.
What Man of Senſe, but muſt amazed ſtand,
To ſee Fools act, what Bloody Rogues command?

VIII.

Conſider *France* and *Spain*, ſee what's there done;
Under what Plagues thoſe *Neighbouring Nations* (groan.
And all this done by *Holy Churches* care:
For where *Prieſts* ſway, be ſure oppreſſions there.
Prieſt! P— on the name, I loath the very ſmell:
They'r wretched things, ſcarce good enough for (Hell.

IX.

The Flux of Fate, that gives us hopes and fears,
Sets *Rome* in Triumph; *London* all in Tears.
That Brood, by Flames, that made your City rue,
Will, if they can, next burn your Bodies too.
Rome's Bloody Bigots, *Londons* Fate once chang'd;
Yet of a Crew of Rogues, but one Fool hang'd.

X.

Apoſtate Church; a Faith built up in Blood.
A lazy *Prieſt*, a little ſenſleſs God.
All their Religions Lyes: its proofs a ſin.
When Scriptnre fails, then Miracles come in.
Yet nee'r forget, nor it forgive them Knaves,
While Martyr'd *Godfrey*'s Blood for Vengeance (craves.

XI.

Creation, What is that? What Noyſe ye make?
The Thing's not ſtrange that Prieſts do undertake;
Nay, aud do more, the Church hath here the odds,
God made but Man, but now the *Prieſts* make Gods.
Never be bubled by a *Popiſh Lye*,
Rather than that, reſolve Revenge, and dye.

XII.

Let not *Rom*'s Court, *Hozo* proud, e're expect
On *Engliſh* Men her lawleſs Laws t' erect;
Nor let the *Popiſh-brood* think to controul
One ſingle Attom of a true *Engliſh* Soul:
God loaths their Worſhip, they hate Holy Writ,
We hate their Faith, Hell waits to puniſh it.

ROC FOR CUCKOLDS:

OR, MY

LORD *LAMBERTS* [illegible] Kn.

ENTRANCE

INTO

SODOME and *GOMORAH.*

To the Tune of, Is there no more Cuckolds but I.

YOu Cow-hearted *Citizens*,
what is your Damn'd pretence,
To keep your selves within your Beds,
and not Fight for your Prince;
Whose [illegible]
your Trayners would [illegible] your wives
And then (like Fools) you will cry out,
Cuckolds all-a-row.

I doubt; your *Lambert* is undone,
and now he may goe Preach;
For To the *English all a-mazed*,
For every Rogue to Teach
[illegible]
to let the City know
That they'l be Damn'd, unless they Dip,
Cuckolds all a-Row.

Ther's some of you, whose *Bishops Lands*
do so much clogg your heels,
That now you cannot sturr, where as
else, you would Run on Wheels:
But yet I hope a time will come,
when you shall be made know,
And told unto your faces, that you are
Cuckolds all-a-row.

But where's your mighty *Fleetwood* now
his Honour's worn to the Stump;
Hee'l serve Ambassador to *Hell*,
to make way for the *Rump*.
And thus *King-killers* one by one
will to the Devill go,
Upon the City Asses backs, like
Cuckolds all-a-row.

But yet for one most reverend Act,
you are to be commended;
That through your Rams-head zeal you
your brother *Rump* befriended. (have
To set them in the *Parliament* house,
their Wisdomes for to show;
But they (and you) are all a like
Cuckolds all-a-row.

And now Cow-hearts, look to yo[illegible]
the *Red-coats* will you fright,
And Plunder you, because they know
your Horns hang in your light:
No matter, for You have been the cause
of all the Kingdoms Wo,
And do deserve still to be call'd
Cuckolds all-a-row.

Yet I advise you, set this *Rump*.
in Salt, for fear of Stinking;
'Twill fall unto the Divels share,
because 'tis his by drinking:
In spight of all their *Acts*, and *Laws*,
Hee'l carry them down below
Then *Hell*, and *City*, like to like,
Cuckolds all-a-row.

But if that you would honest grow,
and doe a glorious thing;
Which is, to Rowse and take your Armes
and Fight for *Charles* your KING:
Which Act your Credits will regain,
and all the World shall know
That you no more shall, thus be call'd
Cuckolds all-a-Row.

Pr[illegible]

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune of, *To you fair Ladies now at Land.*

1.

LET *P——y* ſpeak, or *Caleb* write,
Invincible *Platoon*;
Or exil'd *Harry* call, in Spite,
Both *H.* and *L.* Buffoon:
I'll honour *H——ce*, praiſe *L——p*,
In Hopes to hear from * Mr. *Scroop*.
With a fa la la.

2.

Alike in Parts, alike to Sight,
I view each witty Brother;
Both Modeſt, Silent, and Polite,
Juſt tally'd to each other:
For, ſeen apart, or in a Group,
Who hates not *H——ce*, likes *L——p*.

3.

'Tis true, that *France*, coquet and vain,
Beheld with ſtrange Caprice,
Deſcended from a Taylor's Strain,
Madam L' Ambaſſadrice;
Nay, liken'd *H——ce*, with a Smile,
To *Sancho Pancho* in his Iſle.

4.

In ſuch a free licentious State,
What Merit can hope Praiſe?
Where Men Reform'd Religion hate,
And Women wear no *Stays:*
Where they thought *H——ce* loud and rude,
And call'd his Wife a *Strait-lac'd Prude.*

5.

Why ſhould *L——p* Retirement chuſe?
Why dread the *Craftman*'s Sting?
Who when he did the Prince abuſe,
Did repreſent the King:
His Blunder's ſmall, the Caſe is plain,
He only did miſtake the Reign.

6.

He ſure may think, without Offence,
His Honour from *Ratiſbon*,
Excell'd by t'other Excellence,
That's lately come from *Liſbon:*
Dame Nature could no farther go,
To make This *Third* ſhe join'd Theſe *Two.*

7.

With ſuch Allies you can't deſpair,
Or, tho' put to a Stand,
You'll Succour find from Dr. *H--re*,
And Wit from Dr. *Bl——d:*
Their eaſy Turn, their courtly Style,
Their † *Heathen Gods* will make you ſmile.

8.

Theſe Elders twain, Right Rev'rend One,
As t'other ſoon ſhall be,
May end the Work ſo well begun,
Inſcrib'd to Mr. *P.*
Or let his Lady be abus'd,
By Elders not the firſt accus'd.

9.

But tho' your chief Affection lyes
To bright-reflecting Braſs;
Yet don't be arch, I would adviſe,
On Mirrors made of Glaſs:
It may provoke him to produce
One Mirror for the Nation's Uſe.

10.

What righteous *Caleb* ſays deny,
He'd have it underſtood,
You ne'er a Sixpence would put by,
T'advance the publick Good:
Aloud your *Tow'r* Expence declare,
You for the Publick Good was there.

11.

And now, Friend *Robin*, e'er we part,
I'll tell you what they mean
By a Word ſo often got by Heart,
That famous Word, a *SKREEN*,
Invented firſt, as we are told,
To keep us either warm or cold.

12.

For, firſt we place it next the Fire,
Or, when that Uſe is o'er;
When Flames decreaſe, or Winds grow high'r,
We place it next the Door:
This Office laſt is worſt, no doubt,
Who's at the Door, is neareſt *Out.*

13.

Now Heav'n increaſe the Subjects Love
To th' King that will diſplace
The Man, whoſe *Going Out* may prove
A *Gen'ral Act of Grace:*
Speak loudly, *Brittons*, what you mean,
God ſave the King, *Fold up the SKREEN.*

---

* Secretary to the Treaſury.

† Anſwer to *The Occaſional Writer.*

THE EXPLANATION.

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To the Tune of, *Hey Boys up go we.*

I.

OUr Prieſts in holy Pilgrimage,
Quite through the Land have gon,
Surveying each Religious Houſe
Of Abbot, Fryer, and Nun:
The yearly Rent,
And full Extent
Of every one they know;
And in whoſe hands
Are all our Lands
As ancient Writers ſhow.

II.

Thoſe Places all ſhall be reſtor'd,
As in ſhort time you'll hear;
I know the Man has paſt his Word,
Of which you need not fear:
He did ne'er evade
One Promiſe made,
Nor fail'd a Friend in Woe;
But when 'twill be,
Nor I, nor he,
Nor the Devil himſelf does know.

III.

Religious Men ſhall hither haſte,
Their Zeal ſhall make 'em run;
The Jeſui'ts ſhall your Wives keep Chaſte,
Each Fryer Confeſs his Nun:
The Men ſhall Shrive,
The Women Sw——ve
So all ſhall be forgiven;
Your Daughters Whore,
Then quit their Score,
And make 'em fit for Heaven.

IV.

For Lady Abbeſs ſhall appear
An old Flux'd Bawd or Punk,
Has F—k'd and B—gger'd Threeſcore years,
Talk'd Bawdy, and been Drunk,
Religious Puns
To teach the Nuns
Committed to her Charge;
And mortifie
Their Lechery,
As Nature does enlarge.

V.

The Veſtals all ſhall Virgins be
That never went aſtray,
Have been train'd up Religiouſly
The clean contrary way:
In *Julian*'s Song
For Whoring long,
Tho' oft they've noted bin;
Nature of Force
Will have its Courſe,
'Twas all but Venial Sin.

VI.

Your Colleges ſhall be our own,
As Vacancy does fall;
We'll ſtrip each Doctor of his Gown,
The Parſons turn out all:
Ther Revenues great,
With pleaſant Seat,
The Church to us has given,
To ſing you Maſs,
Confeſs each Aſs,
And make you fit for Heaven.

VII.

Nor will we any longer wait,
After ſuch Notice given;
Nor ſhall they in the Pulpits prate,
Or teach the way to Heaven:
'Tis our Province
You to convince;
Our Arguments ſhall be,
Without diſpute
To make you mute,
Then, Hey Boys, up go we.

VII.

Now, Hereticks, conſider well
The Game you have to play;
You yet may keep on this ſide Hell,
If warn'd by what we ſay:
But e'er your Lands
Shall 'ſcape our Hands,
Which have been long our due;
We'll Stab, we'll Shoot,
And Damn to boot,
Then, Hey Boys, up go you.

FINIS.

A New BALLAD,

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To the Tune of, *Good People give ear, while a Story I tell,*
Of Twenty black Tradeſmen were brought up in Hell, &c.
Or, *Packington's Pound.*

TO our once Loyal Town, is lately come down,
Such an *Hodge-podge* of *Benchers*, as never wore Gown:
Saints, fit for the Legend of *Romes* Pſeudo-Martyrs,
Who have Pawn'd th' *Old Religion*, to Purchaſe *New Charters*;
To promote *Publick Faith*, they are zealouſly bent,
And Bugger *Geneva*, to Fructifie *Trent*.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh, and long'd for a Dainty,*
The Pope *Fricaſſeed him this new* Four-and-twenty.

(2)

The firſt a *State-Jocky*, bred up of a Groom,
'Twixt a *Colcheſter*-Mare, and a *Stallion* of *Rome*:
He Cants when at *Hollet's*, on *Hopkins* his Metre,
And drops *Pater-Noſters* with *Lowick* and *Petre*:
Thus he Banters *Non-Cons* with Prophane *Maſquerade*,
And Quacks on the *Goſpel* to force a loſt Trade.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh*, &c.

(3)

The next *Cacafugo*, once a *Captain* of Peace,
At the ſight of cold Iron he melts in his greaſe;
Yet he looks Indignation, and huffs like an Hector;
He Whores like an Abbot, and Drinks like a Rector.
St. The third *Nicodemus*, a Seeker by Night;
The fourth Father *Whitebread*, who Halts for new Light.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh*, &c.

(4)

B. & A. The fifth and the ſixth, two preciſe *Renegades*;
The one *Jack* of *Diamonds*, and the other of *Spades*:
For Orphans and Widows, they beautifie *Cloyſters*,
And ſwallow their Houſes, as a Barnacle Oyſters;
But no Diſh ſo fit, when his *Holineſs* treats,
As an * *Oleopodrido* of Zealots and Cheats.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh*, &c.

* great Italian Diſh.

(5)

M. Next formal Sir *Foplin*, who often has ſlunk,
With a Teſter at *Roſe's* to Purchaſe a Punk;
But if Porter or Carman be poſſeſt of his Doxie,
He adopts his kind Hoſteſs her Spiritual Proxie.
Thus a *Puritan* Lecher (though with a lewd Slut)
May ſolace the Spirit, while the Fleſh goes to Rut.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh*, &c.

(6)

* Fat *St.* Lean *Jeff.* Lo here * *Gog* and *Magog* at once repreſent
The Prophane *Carnaval*, and Idolatrous *Lent*;
† *Oats* and *Comins* in the Plot. Both *Teckelites* true, as were † *Titus* and *Euſtace*;
The Guts of good Manners, and Garbage of Juſtice:
But nothing more proper to vacuate *Laws*,
Than the *Mouth* of *Rebellion*, and *Rump* of the *Cauſe*.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh*, &c.

(7)

C. Advance Ruffling *Dick* to ſupply the next place,
Who on a bad Matter oft ſhams a worſe Face:
When the *Algerine* Caper has boarded his Frigat,
He can fawn like a *Floater*, and cringe like a *Bigot*.
Well the Good-natur'd *Wittal* may wink at his Fate,
Since he that Cornutes him has Bugger'd the *State*.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh*, &c.

(8)

Wee'll refer young *Tertullus* t' a Bill of Review,
Leſt he ſhou'd Repeal what he never yet knew:
His Worſhip wee'll leave to his new *Breviaries*,
'Till One *Miſerere's* worth Ten *Avemaries*;
For a *Janus*-like Convert, who in Faith interlopes,
Like a *Cordelier*-Fryar, muſt be ſav'd by his Ropes.
When Satan *was ſqueamiſh, and long'd for a Dainty,*
The Pope *Fricaſſeed him this new* Four-and-twenty.

A

Congratulatory

POEM

upon the Noble

FEAST

YE happy *Muſes*, who like *Banckers* ſit
Diſtributing that precious Sterling, *Wit*,
Credit your Poet now with ſuch a Store,
That his plum'd thoughts to that vaſt heighth
Which all his Brethren ne're could reach before. (may ſoar
A more then common Stock ought to Proclaim
The Honours due to *Smith*'s Immortal Name,
A Name whoſe early glorys were ſo hurl'd
About ev'n in the Non-age of the World,
That other Families were hardly known
When this had waded far in bright Renown,
And by a Chain of Noble Actions bought
That envy'd Fame which others vainly ſought.
Virtue and Valour, which at firſt alone
Could draw from dark Obſcurity Renown,
In Ancient *Smiths* ſo pregnant did appear,
As if not Art but Nature plac'd it there;
As if ſhe'd ta'ne a care to mould them ſo,
They muſt be famous if they would or no.

In *Germany* their Grandeur did appear
Long before *William*, *Britains* Conqueror,
And when that glorious *Norman*'s Lucky Sword
Had giv'n him all our Nation could afford,
A noble Gratitude his Soul did preſs
To thank one *Smith* for part of his Succeſs,
Whom that great Duke was often heard to own
Mongſt all his Captains, worthy great'ſt renown,
And in his private counſels held more dear
Then any other Martial Officer.

From thence if we proceed to that great Fight
Caus'd by the Invaſion made in Eighty Eight,
Of none we read, excepting Mighty *Drake*,
Than Famous *Smith* that made more fierce attaque;
He made the haughty *Spaniards* feel his pow'r,
Giving them ruin on their Native Shore.

But why on Worthies paſt doſt thou proceed?
Fond *Muſe*, thou liv'ſt too long amongſt the dead,
Since, ſhouldſt thou name them half, the ſum would ſwell
My Pigmy ſheet into a Chronicle;
And make the wondring ſtranger, when he came
To ſee ſo many Pages thatch'd with Fame,
Conclude, I write of Nations, not a Name:
'Twould be for thee more fit, for them more juſt,
To let them ſlumber in their Sacred Duſt,
And (with a reverend leave) thy Theam purſue
To give the Living, well as Dead, their due.

Liſt up thy long dejected head a while,
And thou ſhalt ſee within this narrow Iſle
Thouſands of their Succeſſors who lay claim
To their Fore-fathers Virtues, well as Name:
Some thou wilt find whom their deſerving Fate
Has juſtly rais'd to ſit at Helm of State:
Others whoſe Loyalty did bright appear
At *Hogans* Coaſt in the late *Holland* War:
Some there are likewiſe whoſe preſaging worth,
Wanting occaſion to be called forth,
Dos yet in ſilent Characters Proclaim
What Seas of bloud they'd make to wade for Fame,
Could they but face an Army which withſtood
Their Monarchs welfare, or their Countries good;
And by Heroick Actions fain would tie
To their more Ancient, Modern Heraldry.

For 'tis not the leaſt Trumpet dos proclaim
Immortal honour to this deathleſs name,
That they like other lazie Families
Scorn on their Fathers Stocks alone to riſe,

Each branch of *Smith*'s great Stem looks ſharp about
As ſoon as Sprung, to find new honours out,
Which like the Eagle viewing of his Prey
They fly full ſwoop at, and ſweep clear away.

Hundreds of ancient Arms at this day Crown
This mighty Name for acts of high Renown,
Which at the firſt from Foreign Toyls did riſe,
Blazond with ruine of their enemies.

But hold hot *Muſe*, let's hear no more of War,
Since all the ſigns of joy and peace are here,
The Sermons juſt now done, the Brethren wou'd
Not feaſt themſelves, before they ſerv'd their God,
When Heaven with ſo much Plenty men do's bleſs,
They ought to have a Sermon for their grace.

See how in friendly pairs the *Stewards Men*
To the grave Stewards give their due eſteem:
See how the Stewards grandeurs do diſpence,
Bearing white Rods, the ſigns of Innocence,
Which do not only their white thoughts imply,
But have reſpect to all the Company.

Bleſs me! whoſe he comes here? A Mighty Lord;
Can he from all his pleaſures time afford
To waſt his minutes at a City Feaſt?
But he's a *Smith*, and ſo the wonder's ceas'd.

See how in goodly order next do come
Whole ranks of *Knights*, the *Champions* of the Town,
Such heretofore in *Romes* warm Senate ſate,
When *Carthaginians* thundred at her Gate.

A glittering train of Eſquires next ariſe,
Like Sun-Beams, and ſet bounds unto my eyes,
Such who have often plow'd the Liquid Main,
And rang'd through Lands unknown for honeſt gain;
But theſe being paſt, the next my ſight invades
Are worthy perſons of Domeſtick Trades,
Hundreds of Wealthy Citizens, who buy
Their modeſt grandure with their Induſtry;
Men who in their narrow Shops can ſtand
And call for all the good things in the Land,
And have 'em brought them; they can Till and Sow,
And Reap, without the help of Land or Plow,
Receive their Quarter, nay their dayly Rents,
Although they own no Farms or Tenements,
And yet behold how glorious they appear
In modeſt Garments bringing up the Rear.

Made by the

Ancient and Renouned

FAMILIES

of the

SMITHS.

HAving in ſhort commented on them all
My Phancy too ſhall dine at *Drapers*-Hall,
Where it would feaſt a King methinks to ſee
Splendor it ſelf begilt with Decencie.
Seav'n ſeveral ſorts of Muſick firſt advance,
And put my trembling *Muſe* into a trance.
She well might fear that ſo much Art-full skill
Would drown the ſofter Cantos of my Quill:
But when ſhe throws her laviſh eye abroad,
And ſees that plenty almoſt Cracks each Board,
Sees flaming Goblets by each Trencher ſet
As convoy unto every bit they eat,
Ready, if any dainty chance to ſtray,
To run down after and direct its way,
She recollects her ſelf and fears no more
But ſings much lowder then ſhe did before.

Feaſt on, Renowned *Smiths*, methinks I ſpy
Contentment dancing in each members eye,
Nature and Appetite have now their due,
They are contented both, and ſo are you;
There's not a man but do's this truth aſſure
By his ſo free donation to the Poor.

The Widows thanks, and Orphans prayers diſcry
In quainteſt Rhetorick your Charity,
Your needy names-ſakes you do ſo prefer,
They become richer then their fathers were:
And when Maturity with age ſhall crown
Their greener heads, and they to Tradeſ-men grown,
Why may not they gain Riches and Eſteem,
And do for others as you did for them:
Thus by ſucceſſive Charity you'll bleſs
Each other with a laſting happineſs;
Ah! that this graceful Amity may prove
The little Embleme of great *Englands* love.

And you, grave Stewards who this day fulfil
A Mighty Emperors Edict and Will,
Bearing in glittering Flags thoſe Turkiſh-heads
Purchas'd by *Smith* of *Crudwells* famous deeds,
When 'twixt two Potent Armies he made fall
The ſtrong *Turbaſhaw*, Turkys General,
And in the ſelf ſame day, to cruſh the Pride
Of all his followers, vanquiſh'd two beſide,
And brought their gaſping heads beſmear'd with gore
To mighty *Sigiſmund* the Emperor,
Who thinking nought enough for that brave man
Who fought ſo ſtoutly for the Chriſtian fame,
To make his royal gratitude appear,
Order'd three hundred Duckats ev'ry year
To be allow'd this noble Captain, and
Charg'd him by all the pow'r of his Command
Never again to enter Martial Field
Without three Turks-heads graven in his ſhield,
And ſign'd a patten that the ſame ſhould be
A Coat of Arms to his Poſterity.

But I have been too tedious,---- yet permit
Me to declare my wiſhes well as wit,
May evry action of each member here
To your ſucceſſors bright as his appear,
May this great feaſt continue ſtill, and may
Each year increaſe your Number, Wealth, and Joy,
Long may you live, and when inſatiate Death
Shall call your bodies to perfume the Earth,
May your Examples your young Children move
To Rival you in Charity and Love.

LONDON, Printed for *Francis Smith* at the Elephant and Caſtle near the Royal *Exchange* in *Cornhil*.

Father Peter's Policy Discovered; Or, the P---- of *Wales* Prov'd a P---- *Perkin.*

IN *Rome* there is a most fearful Rant,
And what do you think it is about
Because the Birth of the Babe's co[illegible]
Sing Lulla by Babee, By, by, b[illegible]

The Jesuits Swear the Mid-wife told tales,
And ruin'd his Highness the Prince of *Wales*,
She's a Jade for her pains, Cutsplutter-anails.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Popish Crew did all protest,
That twenty great Men would Swear at least
They see his Welch Highness creep out of his Nest.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Goggle-Ey'd Monster in the *Tower*,
He peep'd at his Birth for above an hour,
And 'twas a true Prince of *Wales* he Swore.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Another great Lord, both Grave and Wise,
Stood peeping between Her M-----s T---s;
He look'd through a Glass for to save his Eyes.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Both were so well satisfy'd,
They knew the sweet Babe from a thousand they cry'd,
'Twas born with the Print of a Tile on his side.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Some say 'tis a Prince of *Wales* by Right,
And those that deny it, tis out of Spight;
But God send the Mother came honestly by't.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Some Priest they say crept nigh her Honour,
And sprinkled some good Holy Water upon Her,
Which made her conceive of what has undone Her.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Papists thought themselves greatly blest,
Before the Young Babe was brought to the Test;
But now they call *Peters* a Fool of a Priest.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Priests in order to flye to the Pope,
Are gotten on Board of the Foreign Hope,
For all that stay here will be sure of a Rope.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

London, Printed for *R. M.*

The Converts.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick
To write of Converts Apoſtolick,
Deſcribe their perſons and their ſhames,
And leave the World to gueſs their Names:
But ſoon I thought the ſcoundrel Theme
Was for Heroick Song too mean;
Their Characters we'll then rehearſe
In Burleſque, or in Dogrel Verſe;
Of Earls, of Lords, of Knights I'll ſing,
That chang'd their Faith to pleaſe their King.
The firſt an Antiquated Lord,
A walking Mummy in a word,
Moves cloath'd in Plaiſters Aromatick,
And Flannel, by the help of a Stick,
And like a grave and noble Peer,
Outlives his Senſe by Sixty year;
And what an honeſt Man would anger,
Outlives the Fort he built at *Tanger*;
By Pox, and Whores long ſince undone,
Yet loves it ſtill, and fumbles on:
Why he's a Favourite few can gueſs,
Some ſay it's for his Uglineſs;
For often Monſters (being rare)
Are valued equal to the Fair:
For in his Miſtriſſes, kind *James*
Loves Uglineſs in its extreams;
But others ſay 'tis plainly ſeen,
'Tis for the Choice he made o'th' Queen;
When he the King and Nation bleſt
With Off-Spring of the Houſe of *Eſt*;
A Dame whoſe Affability
Equals her Generoſity:
Oh! Well match'd Pair, who frugally are bent
To live without the aids of Parliament.
All this and more the Peer perform'd,
Then to compleat his Virtues, turn'd;
But 'twas not Conſcience, or Devotion,
The hopes of Riches or Promotion
That made his Lordſhip firſt to vary,
But 'twas to pleaſe his Daughter *Mary*;
And ſhe to make retaliation,
Is full as lewd in her Vocation.
The next a Caravanniſh Thief,
A lazy Maſs of damn'd Rump Beef;
Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,
But very Rhynocerical,
Was Married ere the Cub was lickt,
And now not worthy to be kickt,
By Jockeys bubbled, forc'd to fly,
To ſave his Coat, to *Italy*,
Where *Haynes* and he, that virtuous Youth,
Equal in Honor, Senſe, and Truth;
By Reaſon and pure Conſcience urged,
Paſt Sins by Abjuration purged:
But 'tis believed both Rogue and Peer,
More worldly Motives had to veer;
The Scoundrel Plebeians ſwerving
Was, to ſecure himſelf from ſtarving;
And that which made the Peer a Starter,
Was hope of a long wiſh'd for Garter.
Next comes a Peer who ſits at Helm,
And long has ſteer'd the giddy Realm
With Taylors motion, mein, and grace,
But a right Stateſman in Grimace;
The Sneer, the Cringe, and then by turns,
The dully grave, the Frowns, and Scorns,
Promiſes all, but nought performs:
But how e'er great he's in Promotion,
He's very humble in Devotion;
With Taper light, and Feet all bare,
He to the Temple did repair,
And knocking ſoftly at the Portal,
Cry'd, Pity (Fathers) a poor Mortal,
And for a Sinner make ſome room,
A Prodigal returned home.
Some ſay that in that very hour,
Convert *Mall Megs* arriv'd at door;
So both with penitent Grimace,
Statesman and Bawd with humble pace
Entered and were received to grace.
The next a Knight of high Command
'Twixt *London-Bridge* and *Dover-Sand*;
A Man of ſtrict and holy Life,
Taking example from his Wife;
He to a Nunnery ſent her packing,
Leſt they ſhould take each other napping.
Some ſay *L'Eſtrange* did him beget,
But that he wants his Chin and Wit;
Good natur'd, as you may obſerve,
Letting his Titular Father ſtarve;
A Man of Senſe and Parts we know it,
But dares as well be damn'd as ſhow it;
Brib'd by himſelf, his truſty Servant
At Kings-Bench-Bar appear'd moſt fervent
Againſt his Honor for the Teſt,
To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jeſt.
Blue-Bonnet Lords a numerous ſtore,
Whoſe beſt Example is they're Poor;
Merely drawn in in hopes of Gains,
And reap the Scandal for their pains;
Half ſtarv'd at Court with expectation,
Forc'd to return to their Scotch Station,
Deſpis'd and ſcorn'd by every Nation.
A paltry Knight not worth a mention,
Renounc'd his Faith for piteous Penſion;
After upon True Proteſtant Whore,
He had ſpent a large Eſtate before.
A thick ſhort Collonel next does come,
With ſtradling Legs and maſſy Bum:
With many more of ſhameful Note,
Whoſe Honor ne'er was worth a Groat.
If theſe be Pillars of the Church,
'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the lurch;
If abler Men do not ſupport her Weight,
All quickly will return to *Fourty Eight*.

FINIS.

The Laſt WILL and TESTAMENT OF FATHER PETRES.

I.

IN his Holyneſs Name,
With *Amen* I proclaim
My Laſt Will and Teſtament following:
Who in Body am well,
But in Mind monſtrous ill;
While in diſmal Diſpair I am wallowing.

II.

My Soul I bequeath,
To the Regions beneath;
It has long to the Devil been due:
To be tortur'd in pain,
More than I did ordain
To inflict on the Heretick Crew.

III.

My Body a pledge,
I give to the Sledge,
To ride on't to *Tyborn* in ſtate:
And there in a Cart,
Before I depart,
All my Villainous Actions relate.

IV.

When the Rout I've harang'd,
To ſubmit to be Hang'd;
And ere Dead to be cut down and Quarter'd:
While each Blockhead and Whore,
Dips a Clout in my Gore,
To proclaim to the World I am Martyr'd.

V.

My Politick Head
With my Quarters when Dead,
Each one to be perch'd on a Pole;
Thus by prophetick Spirit,
According to Merit,
I've diſpos'd of my Body and Soul.

VI.

And next I declare
Not to mention an Heir,
My Executors wholly and full,
To Cut of all other,
The Spark and his Mother,
Who Three Politick Nations wou'd Gull.

VII.

My Funeral Charge,
As it will not be large,
So 'twill take up leſs Room in my Will;
But were it much more,
Since I die on this Score,
They'll never be troubled with Bill.

VIII.

It may do 'em both good
For all their High Blood,
'Tis full Threeſcore thouſand Compleat:
As I got it by Fools,
So I leave it to Tools,
While the Church and Relations I Cheat.

IX.

My Books, tho' not many,
For I never lov'd any,
They may keep for their private Occaſions;
They're of Riddles and Dreams,
From whence I took Themes
To furniſh my ſelf with Orations.

X.

The reſt of my Stuff,
Since they have enough,
I Bequeath to a pretty young Sinner;
'Twill furniſh a Room
To practiſe at Home,
And Encourage a happy Beginner.

XI.

I'll not give 'em the Trouble
To pay the Prieſts double,
To fetch me from Purgatory:
For that like the reſt
Of our Creed, is a Jeſt;
And as true as the Song of *John Dory*.

XII.

For if there's a Hell,
I deſerve it ſo well
I need not Diſpair of the Place;
And none but an Aſs
Will believe that the Maſs,
Can ever reſtore him to Grace.

XIII.

I confeſs there are Fools,
Which our Church daily Gulls,
And particularly with this Notion:
Such as when they do Pray,
Know not one word they ſay,
'Tis their Ignorance helps their Devotion.

XIV.

But I am wide of my Text,
Being damnably vext
To ſee how the Jeſuits are Fool'd;
And your Proſpects of Peace
Do's my Torments increaſe,
More than looſing my Life and my Gold.

XV.

On our Brotherhood all
May my laſt Bleſſing fall,
And on every Monk, Friar and Prieſt;
May they ere 'tis too late
Partake of my Fate,
And become every Hereticks Jeſt.

XVI.

I wou'd have Enlarg'd,
But my Conſcience diſcharg'd,
I'll here make an End of my Sermon,
And wiſh all this Throng
May be damn'd, Old and Young,
And ſo drive away Honeſt Carman.

FINIS.

An Epiſtle to Mr. Dryden.

DRYDEN, thy Wit has catterwauld too long,
Now *Lero*, *Lero*, is the only Song.
What Singing, Dancing, Interludes of late
Stuff, and ſet off our goodly Farce of State?
Not *Abbevil* can turn a deep intrigue,
Till firſt well warm'd with Biſhop *Talgol*'s Jigg.
Wem cannot ſleep, or if a Nap he takes,
His Dream ſome old *Treſſilian* Ballad breaks.
But was e'er ſeen the like, in Proſe or Metre,
To this mad Play, or work of Father *P*?
At Court no longer Punchionello takes,
Each Scene, Part, Cue, miſhapen to the *Mac*'s.
Such Plot, and the Cataſtrophe is ſuch,
We muſt be either *Iriſh* all, or *Dutch*.
Our very Judges in *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
Like their old Roof, are *Iriſh* Timber all.
And (bleſs us!) *Iriſh* Wolves are brought to keep
The Nation, grown now all ſuch ſilly Sheep;
Such errant Aſſes, errant Cattle made,
Or to be yoak'd, or ſaddl'd, fleec'd, or flea'd.
O Martyrs Son! thy deſtiny is ſhown,
Such props are for a Scaffold, not a Throne:
So *Juno*, in her impotence of rage,
By Heaven deny'd, did Hell's black Powers engage;
Yet ſped the Heroe: *Jove* and Fate were ſtrong;
Religious care! He took his Gods along:
But heark, O heark, the *Belgick* Lion roars,
And ſhakes afar the *French* and *Britiſh* Shoars:
One Brandy drinks, one mad with Prophecies:
Lord! what they tell us of ſome Prince from *Frize*;
Arms, and the Man they ſing, no *French* fineſs,
But hearty Blows, and *Brandenburg* Addreſs.
Hence Vigor, and our Figure come agen,
We riſe, and walk, all true erected men.
The force of thoſe *Circæan* Cups ſubdu'd,
And the wild Charms our new *Armida* brew'd,
The Witchcraft he (our true *Rinaldo*) broke,
And grubs the baſe pretenders to his ſtock.
But oh, what Spirit of Deceit afar,
Poſſeſs'd our Pulpits, and bewitch'd the Bar?
What Bane, what Miſchief on poor Mortals ſhed
By Vermin, from the Laws corruption bred?
Tho to their *Iriſh* Roof no Cobwebs cleave,
Below what ſtrife and endleſs toyls they weave:
Wanting brave Strength to ſtrangle men to death;
What Frauds they hide! What Venom underneath!
And when ſome ſhorter courſe to Murder's ſhown,
Cry, O that (luſcious) Point! they gain'd the Crown.
Sons of the Pulpit the ſame meaſures keep,
And of that ſame ſtumm'd Cup have drunk as deep.
Agog for ſome odd tranſubſtantiate thing,
Chimera reign, and Metaphyſick King,
Sublim'd to School-Divinity texreams,
Their Brains would crow with Patriarchal Dreams.
So high from ſolid honeſt wiſdom blown,
They'd have ſome *Hippo-Centaur* on the Throne.
Not Law-ordain'd, but by ſome God appointed,
Not Lay-elected, but be Prieſt-anointed.
Away this Goblin Witchcraft, Prieſtcraft-Prince;
Give us a King, Divine, by Law and Senſe.
Now Bar and Pulpit to Dragoons a ſport,
Their Cauſe is carried to the laſt Refort.
Princes in more compendious method teach,
Force is their way; let old Apoſtles preach.
What's ſtabliſh'd Law, where ſtanding Armies come;
Or who'll talk Goſpel to a Kettle-Drum?
When God would hear, where Giants did oppreſs,
The ſeveral Nations had their *Hercules*.
So were the Horns of grizly violence broke,
So People freed from triple *Geryon*'s yoke.
The various Snake in *Lerna* Lough that bred,
That loll'd and hiſs'd to death, at every head,
Nemæan Lion, *Erymanthian* Boar,
In Bogs that wallow, and on Hills that roar:
All by his Godlike Proweſs done away,
Their lawleſs rule, and that Gigantick ſway.
In vain whilſt this high Virtue Nations ſought,
The *Naſſau*-Houſe were never yet without.
Nor is confin'd to *Provinces* their care,
Their generous *labour* neighboring *Kingdoms* ſhare.
Here the foul Herd flee from his lifted hand,
That long had made a *Stable* of the Land.
The Monſter of the Lough, new *Lerna*-Plague
(But ſcarce in head) the Bog-begotten *Teague*,
The ravenous kind, the Harpyes ſharp for prey,
With Birds obſcene, and uncouth to the day.
No Den, no Ditch, no rouſting for 'em more,
Now, now is come our *Hercules* aſhore.
Vile Fraud diſpell'd, and ſuperſtitious Miſts:
He from our Temple drives all knaviſh Prieſts.
Then warmer *Wallop*, in due Scarlet ſhown,
To Coffee-*Dick* bequeaths his ruſty Gown.
Oh *Dryden*, if this *Hercules* were thine,
How wou'd his Club, and *Atlas*-ſhoulders ſhine:
How wou'dſt thou all our Maids of Honor fright,
With naughty Tale, of *Fifty* in a night?
Howe'er, no more let *Xavier* mar thy Pen,
No Miracle to Forty-thouſand Men.
When Law, and bald Divinity begins,
Why then, the marvel that a Poet ſins?

Exeter, Nov. 5.
1688.

FINIS.

C20 f. 324 K.

Private Occurrences;

OR,

The Tranſactions of the four laſt Years, Written in Imitation of the Old Ballad of

Hey brave Oliver, *Ho brave* Oliver, *&c.*

1.

A Proteſtant Muſe, yet a Lover of Kings:
On th'Age, grown a little Satyrical; Sings,
Of *Papiſts*, their Councels, and other fine things.
Sing hey brave Popery, *ho rare* Popery, *oh fine* Popery,
Oh dainty Popery, *oh.*

2.

She hopes ſhe offends no *Engliſhman's* patience;
Thô Satyr's forbid on all ſuch occaſions,
She's too good a Subject to Read Declarations.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

3.

If the ſaying be good, of *Let him laugh that Wins*,
Sure a Loſer may ſmile without any offence:
My Muſe then is gameſom, and thus ſhe begins;
With hey brave Popery, *&c.*

4.

When C—— deceas'd, to His Kingdoms diſmay,
By an *Apoplex*, or elſe ſome other way;
Our *Brother* with Shouts was Proclaim'd the
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.* (ſame day.

5.

His firſt Royal Promiſe was never to touch
Our Rights, nor Religion, nor Priviledge grutch:
But Pet--- ſwore Dam him, he granted too much.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

6.

Then *Mon*—— came in with an Army of Fools:
Betray'd by his Cuckold, and other dull Tools
That Painted the Turfe of Gret n *Sedgmore* with *Gules*.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

7.

That Victory gotten, ſome think to our wrong:
The Prieſts braid out Joy in a Thankſgiving Song,
And *Teague* with the Bald-pates were at it ding dong.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

8.

Then ſtraight a ſtrong Army was levy'd in haſt,
To hinder Rebellion; a very good Jeſt;
For ſome Rogues will ſwear 'twas to Murder the *Teſt*.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

9.

A Politique Law which Recuſants did doom;
That into our Senate, they never might come;
But Equivalent ſince, was propos'd in its Room.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

10.

As if a True Friend ſhould in Kindneſs demand
A Tooth in my Head, which firmly doth ſtand,
To give for't another he had in his hand.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

11.

Then *Term* after *Term*, this great Matter was weigh'd,
Old Judges turn'd out, and new Block—ds made:
That *Cooke* or Wiſe *Littleton* never did read.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

12.

The good Church of *England* with ſpeed was run
Whoſe Loyalty ever ſtood faſt to the Crown, (down,
And Presbiter *John* was made Mayor of the Town.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

13.

The Biſhops Diſgrace made the Clergy to ſob
A Prey to Old *Pet*— and Prelident *Bob*;
And hurried to Priſon as if they did Rob.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

14.

Then into the World, a Dear P—— of *W*--- ſlipt.
'Twas plain, for we hear a great Miniſter peep'd.
The Bricklayer for prating had like t'a bin whip'd.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

15.

Thus *Englands* Diſtreſſes more fierce than the Plague,
That during three Years, of no Quiet could bragg.
The Prince *van Auraignia* has brought from the
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.* (*Hague.*

16.

A ſtrong Fleet and Army t'Invade us are bent;
We know not the Cauſe, thô there is ſomething in't;
But we doubt not, e'er long we ſhall ſee it in Print.
Sing hey brave Popery, *&c.*

17.

Ah *England*, that never couldſt value thy Peace:
Had matters been now as in *Eliſabeths* Days,
The *Dutch* had ne'r ventur'd to Fiſh in our Seas.
Then Curſe of Popery, *pox o'* Popery, *plague o'* Popery,
Oh Senceleſs Popery, *oh.*

FINIS.

The Advice.

WOuld you be Famous and Renown'd in Story,
And after having run a Stage of Glory,
Go ſtreight to Heaven, and not to Purgatory:
This is the time.

Would you ſurrender your Diſpenſing Power,
And ſend the *Weſtern* Hangman to the Tower,
From whence he'll find it difficult to ſcowre:
This, &c.

Would you ſend Father *Pen*, and Father *Lob*,
Aſſiſted by the Poet Laureat *Squab*,
To teach Obedience Paſſive to the Mobb:
This, &c.

Would you let Reverend Father *Peters* know
What Thanks the Church of *England* to him owe
For Favours paſt, he did on them beſtow:
This, &c.

Would you with expedition ſend away
Thoſe four dim Lights made Biſhops t'other day,
To Convert *Indians* in *America*:
This, &c.

Would you the reſt of that Bald-pated Train
No longer flatter with thin hopes of Gain,
But ſend them to St. *Omers* back again:
This, &c.

Would you (inſtead of holding Birchen Tool)
Send *Fulton* to be laſh'd at *Busby*'s School,
That he in Print no longer play the Fool:
This, &c.

Would you that *Jack of all Religions* ſcare,
Bid him for Hanging ſpeedily prepare,
That *Harry H---s* may viſit *Harry Care*;
This, &c.

Would you let *Ireland* no more fear *Macdonnel*,
And all the Rabble under *Philem O Neale*,
And *Clarendon* again ſucceed *Tyrconnel*;
This, &c.

Would you Court Ear-wiggs baniſh from your Ears,
Thoſe Carpet Knights, and Intereſted Peers,
And rid the Kingdoms from impending fears;
This, &c.

Would you at once make all the *Hogan Mogans* yield,
And be at once their Terrour and our Shield,
And not appear by Proxy in the Field;
This, &c.

Would you no more a Womans Counſel take,
But love your Kingdoms for your Kingdoms ſake,
Make Subjects love, and Enemies to quake;
This, &c.

FINIS.

THE
Drury-Lane MONSTER.

Humbly Inſcrib'd

To the Old Woman in *HAND-ALLEY.*

-------- *Geminentur Tigribus Agni.* Hor.

Yet no Man lards ſalt Pork with Orange-Peel,
Or garniſhes his Lamb with Spitſcock Eel.

NEAR the Hundreds of *Drury* a Monſter was ſhown
For five Days together, the Talk of the Town,
What Species it was, or what was its Frame,
Whether Human or Brute, or whence it firſt came,
It puzzl'd the Criticks of *Greſham* to tell,
'Till Doctor *W----dward* to diſſecting it, fell:
Three Mongrels, quoth he, who never were bred
To any School-Learning, but to Write and to Read,
In *Tripple-Alliance* united to Jeſt,
Concurr'd to the forming this three legged Beaſt;
And ſuch are the Marks of this wonderful Creature,
Each Parent is ſeen in each odd ſort of Feature.
By his Crump, and his Paunch, and his Belly reclining,
By Bawdy and Blaſphemy, Hand in Hand joining,
The firſt of them dealt in a Greek kind of Metre,
Tho' he ne'er ſaw the Language and knew not a Letter;
(For *Engliſh* tranſlated from *French* is much better.)
By his Airs, and his Folly, and Geſtures Fantaſtick,
By Conundrums, and Puns, and Quibbles Elaſtick,
The Second of Pattens and Fans is a Chimer,
And of Childiſh Play-things, a paultry ſad Rhimer.
But by the low Wit and the awkard Grimace,
By the falſe Terms of Art, and the clumſy dull Face,
The third and chief Parent 'tis eaſy to trace,
Who gang'd up to Toon without Muckle to eat,
With ſcarce Plaid to his Back, or Shoon to his Feet,
A famous Phyſician as ever was ſeen,
Who once had a Patient, and ſhe was a Queen.
Let the Crocodile weep and Pug make a Leg,
Sing *Johanninidian* and his Siſter *Peg.*

Printed for J. Roberts *in* Warwick-Lane. [Price Two-pence]

A View of the

Religion of the Town,

OR, A

Sunday-Morning's-Ramble.

I.

ON *Saturday* Night we ſat late at the *Roſe*,
Carouſing a Glaſs to our Wive's Repoſe,
After our uſual Mode;
Till we drank ſo long,
That Religion came on,
For we were full of the God.
At *Pro* and *Con*
We held till One,
And then we agreed in the Cloſe,
To let Wording alone,
And Ramble the Town,
To ſee how Religion grows.

II.

We began at the Church of Saint *Peter*,
Whoſe Prebends make many Mouths water,
Religion did here
Like Grave Matron appear,
Neat, but not Gawdy, like Courtezan *Rome*,
Plain, but no Slut like you *Geneva* Dame.
She hath on an old Stuff,
With a Primitive Ruff,
And round the Seam of her Veſt,
In Muſick-Notes ſcrawl'd all or'e
Loyalty expreſs'd ſhe bore,
By which at her Church we gueſs'd.

III.

At the Tombs we did peep,
Where the Kings were aſleep,
And the Quire melodiouſly Chanted,
Without any concern,
As we could diſcern
Of being *Be-Quo-warranted.*
And we fancy, at the laſt caſt (Sir)
When among the reſt
They come to the Teſt,
Saint *Peter* will deny his Maſter.

IV.

Then ſhifting our *Proteſtant*-Dreſs,
To the Royal Chappel we preſs,
Where Religion was fine indeed,
But with Facings and Fringins,
With Croſſings and Cringings,
Entirely run up to Seed.
Good God, what Diſtraction there reign'd,
Where Union in Worſhip was feign'd!
For I ſpy'd a poor Maid
Juſt come to the Trade
(For I fancy ſhe was but a Learner)
Who was but at moſt (Sir)
Half through *Pater-Noſter*,
When the Priſt was at *Amen-Corner*.

V.

Not an *Iriſh-man*'s Breeches has half the Petitions
We ſaw put up there for various Conditions,
Sent to the bleſs'd Maid
With Care and with Speed;
And ſhe ſoon had a Fellow-feeling
For ſhe was not far off,
But got up aloff,
Moſt curiouſly drawn on the Cieling
By the Royal Command;
Where *Verrio*'s great Hand
(Such to the Saints is his Love)
To the Virgin has given
As glorious a Heaven,
As that ſhe enjoys and reigns in above.
Whether like the Rogue drew her,
They can tell beſt that knew her,
Tho' moſt Men are apt to conjecture,
When he drew the bleſt Maid
(Moral Fancy to aid)
His Miſtreſs ſat for the Picture.

VI.

Then, bidding Farewel to their Goddeſs and them,
We put in at the *Savoy*, or *New Amſterdam*,
Not to find our Religion, but to ſee ſome odd Sights
To which Father *Corker*'s Chappel invites:
As in ours ſometimes we plac'd Saints and Martyrs,
So this Holy Room was ſurrounded with Traytors,
In Halters there hung,
Juſt ſo as they ſwung,
Saint *Coleman*, and moſt of the Gang (Boy)
And wa'nt it for ſomething
That's juſt next to nothing,
Perhaps there had hung our new *Envoy*.

FINIS.

The Life and Death of the Piper of Kilbarchan

OR,

The Epitaph of Habbie Simſon,
Who on his Drone bore bony Flags,
He made his Cheeks as red as Crimſon,
And babbed when he blew the Bags.

C 29.2
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Kilbarchan now may ſay, alace!
For ſhe hath loſt her Game and Grace,
Both Trixie and the Maiden Trace;
but what Remead?
For no Man can ſupply his Place,
Hab Simſon's dead.

Now wha ſhall play the Day it daws?
Or hunt up when the Cock he craws?
Or who can for our Kirk-town's Cauſe
ſtand us in ſtead?
On Bag-pipes [now] no Body blaws,
ſen *Habbie*'s dead.

Or wha ſhall cauſe our Shearers ſhear?
Who will Bend up the Brags of Weir?
Bring in the Bells or good Play Meir,
in Time of Need?
Hab Simſon cou'd what need you ſpeir
but now he's dead.

So kindly to his Neighbours neiſt,
At *Beltan* and St. *Barchan*'s Feaſt,
He blew, and then held up his Breaſt;
as he were Weid;
But now we need not him areaſt,
for *Habbie*'s Dead.

At Fairs he play'd before the Spear-men,
All gayly graithed in their Gear-men,
Steell Bonnets, Jacks and Swords ſo clear then
like any Bead.
Now wha ſhall play before ſuch Weirmen,
ſen *Habbie*'s Dead.

At *Clark*-plays, when he wont to come,
His Pipe play'd tratling to the Drum,
Like Bikes of Bees he gart it bum,
and un'd his Reed.
Now all our Pipers may ſing dumb,
ſen *Habbie*'s Dead,

And at Horſe-races many a Day,
before the Black, the Brown and Gray,
He gart his Pipe, when he did play,
both Skirl and Skreed.
Now all ſuch Paſtime's quite away,
ſen *Habbie*'s Dead.

He counted was a Weild Weight Man;
And fiercely at Foot-ball he ran:
At every Game the Gree he wan,
for Pith and Speed.
The like of *Habbie* was nae Man,
but now he's Dead.

And then beſides his valiant Acts,
At Bridals he wan many Placks:
He bobbed ay behind Folks Backs,
and ſhook his Head,
Now we want many merry Cracks,
ſen *Habbie*'s Dead.

He was convoyer of the Bride,
With Kittock hanging at his Side:
About the Kirk he thought a Pride,
the Ring to lead.
But now ſhe may go but a Guide,
for *Habbie*'s Dead.

So well he keeped his *decorum*,
And all the Stots of *Whip-meg-morum*,
He ſlew a Man and waes me for him,
and bure the Fead.
But yet the Man was Hame before him,
and was not Dead.

Ay when he play'd the Laſſes leugh,
To ſee him toothleſs ald and teugh,
He wan his Pipes beſide *Barcheugh*,
withoutten Dread,
Which after wan him Gear enough,
but now he's Dead.

Ay when he play'd the Geittlings gather'd
And when he ſpake the Carle bladder'd,
On Sabbath-days his Cap was feather'd
A Simly weid.
In the Kirk yeard his Meir he teather'd,
where he lyes Dead.

Alas for him my heart is ſair,
For of his Springs I got a ſhare
At every Play, Race, Feaſt and Fair
but Guile or Greed:
We need not look for Pyping mair
ſen *Habbie*'s Dead.

FINIS.

THE SNARE.

AS I along the *Mall* one Evening walk'd,
I heard two Voices, but ſaw none that talk'd;
It being duſk, I endeavour'd to draw near,
Being Curious in theſe times ſome News to hear:
When liſtening earneſtly I underſtood
That they were Perſons near Ally'd in Blood.
How their Diſcourſe began, I cann't declare,
But this that follows, is what I did hear.

Brother, When I your Name and Place did bear,
I ſought the Peoples Love before their Fear,
And by that Means both Fear and Love I got,
From the Rich Ermin to the Ruſſet Coat:
And now you find what I have oft declared,
The Vulgar muſt be Loved, or they'll be Fear'd:
They'll Suffer long, and much, but once Enraged,
Devouring Flames more eaſie are Aſſwag'd.
When urg'd paſt Reaſon, they'll no Reaſon hear,
Nor Credit ought, that you can ſay, or ſwear.
Your Word once broke, none values it at all,
Though Heav'n and Earth for Witneſſes you call:
Had you, like me, kept on the Vizor ſtill,
You with more Eaſe had wrought 'em to your Will;
But when the Game is by the Huntſman Scar'd,
'Twere a Folly, if they ſhould Neglect their Guard.
You know the *Iriſh* I at diſtance kept,
Who in an Inſtant to your Boſom crept.
I ſoon diſcern'd how 'gainſt the Hair it went
For *Iriſhmen* to ſit in Parliament.
They are obnoxious in their Converſation,
And ought to be Confin'd to their own Nation;
Their Honour is proportion'd to their Sence,
Their Language, Lying, Oaths and Impudence,
With which Accompliſhments they ſerve their Prince.
For if they are *Iriſh*, 't muſt be underſtood,
They're qualified for all that's Great and Good:
Which with much eaſe all ſober Men may gather,
By the Succeſs you've had ſince they came hither.
But if you'd clear the Miſts before your Eyes,
You'd ſee how you are made their Prey and Prize,
Swallowing with haſte thoſe poiſon'd Notions down,
Of Prieſts and *Mac*'s, and Sycophants o'th' Gown,
While your poor Flocks for ſafety from you fly,
And in your Boſom Woolves and Tygers lie.
When to defend their Liberty and Laws,
A needful Sword Unwillingly each draws;
And Neighbouring Princes to their Succors come,
Knowing too well the Cruelties of *Rome*:
Witneſs the fatal Engines they prepare
Againſt their yet intended Maſſacre,
Their Cauldrons, Gridirons, Bridles, Spits and Swords,
Envenom'd Shirts, and their Tormenting Cords,
Their Boots of Boyling Oyl, Tortures and Racks,
Their barbarous Prieſts, and the more barbarous *Mac*'s,
Their Half-Crown Cut-Throats kept three Years in pay
To help to bear the Burden of the Day.
Now to be baulk'd in ſuch an Expectation,
And your Deſigns made publick through the Nation;
To be Abandon'd by your Friends and Forces,
Who all Abominate ſuch Horrid Courſes.
Now to be Queſtion'd for the things you've Acted,
Wou'd make a much more Solid Man Diſtracted;
And after all for a continual Curſe,
To be by one damn'd Fury Tortur'd worſe.
Now thoſe who in your blindfold Counſels fate,
May take a Proſpect of their Future State,
But can no more reſiſt, than alter Fate.
Nay, they'd forſake you, and to t'ther run,
But that of all the World, 'tis him they'd ſhun:
They hang about you ſtill with fainting Hopes,
And Dream each Night of Axes and of Ropes;
Their Countenance is fall'n, and they declare,
Like *Cain*, Their Puniſhment they cannot bear.
Now, Sir, prepare againſt the Day of Trial,
You deal with ſuch as will have no Denial;
I know it ſuits not with your haughty Mind,
To ſtoop to any thing of Humane Kind:
But Patience upon Force has oft been known,
To be endur'd, though Coveted by none.
You ſee while others Ruin you prepare,
Your ſelf is Headlong fall'n into the Snare.

FINIS.

The WEASEL Uncas'd, or the In and Outside of a PRIEST drawn to the Life.

A Proteſtant Prieſt, a Man of great Fame,
To be Rich and Great was his only Aim,
It was Dr. *Weaſel*, the very ſame,
Which no body can deny.

This *Weaſel* at firſt to get him ſome Grub,
A little ſmall Girl, and a little good Bub,
Diogenes like, he Preached in a Tub,
Which, &c.

Yet in thoſe Days he was very Fickle,
And though he was Head of a great Conventicle,
Yet he had a Months mind to be higher a little,
Which, &c.

And finding Ambition to grow with his Pride,
And if he'd be great he muſt change his Side,
He left all his Flock, and his firſt Faith deny'd,
Which, &c.

By which they perceiv'd his Heart was grown Evil,
They put forth a Book, which he thought uncivil,
The Title was, *Weaſel's Diſpute with the Devil*,
Which, &c.

In which Learned Piece they there did diſcover,
That, like unto *Judas*, he was a falſe Brother,
And of a full Bag he is a great Lover,
Which, &c.

To which bloody Charge he anſwer'd in Seaſon,
And why he left them, told 'em his Reaſon,
And prov'd all their Tenets border'd on Treaſon,
Which, &c.

And then, like a Hero, he did lay about,
And ſwore he would Preach all their Tub-bottoms out,
And prove them to be a Phanatical Rout,
Which, &c.

And truly he was as good as his Word,
And writ a fine Book, though by them abhorr'd,
The Caſe of Reſiſtance, which ſtands on Record,
Which, &c.

In that Loyal Piece, againſt the Preciſe,
He prov'd by all the Grave, Learned and Wiſe,
Obedience is better than all Sacrifice,
Which, &c.

And then he proceeded by Scripture and Reaſon,
To prove Non-Reſiſtance always in Seaſon,
And its oppoſite Doctrine no leſs than Treaſon,
Which, &c.

And having obſerv'd the Laws o'th' Nation,
With thoſe of the Goſpel, had a Relation,
Said, thoſe that Reſiſt would receive juſt Damnation,
Which, &c.

To ſtrengthen this Point he quoted St. *Paul*,
St. *Peter*, St. *Jude*, our Saviour and all, [fall,
Proving none cou'd be Sav'd who from that Faith did
Which, &c.

But what will you ſay of this *Weaſel* ſtout,
If after all this he ſhou'd face about,
And in print tell the World in truth he was out,
Which, &c.

Yet Reaſon and Conſcience a War did begin,
And ſtruggled with Pride and Ambition within,
To take the new Oaths he long thought a Sin,
Which, &c.

His Spouſe, like *Job's* Wife, to eaſe his Heart-aching,
Did preſs him to ſwear that he was miſtaken,
Though ſome think it was for to ſave his Bacon,
Which, &c.

At firſt he did doubt, and therefore did pray,
That Heaven wou'd inſtruct him in the Right way,
Whether *Jimmy* or *William* he ought to obey,
Which, &c.

The Paſs at the *Boyne* determin'd that Caſe,
And Precept to Providence then did give place,
To change his Opinion he thought no diſgrace,
Which, &c.

For though he had done the ſame Thing before,
Yet now for his Comfort he need Change no more,
For his *Caſe of Allegiance* will ſerve for a ſcore,
Which, &c.

For there he has plainly made it appear,
That Strength gives a Right, therefore we may ſwear
To him in Poſſeſſion, though not the Right Heir,
Which, &c.

And ſhou'd a Fray happen 'twixt Father and Son,
If the Boy beat his Father, and ſo make him Run,
Providence had appointed that Thing to be done,
Which, &c.

Beſides, he has prov'd the mighty Conveniance
Of Subjects transferring their Faith and Allegiance,
To thoſe that can cruſh 'em all into Obedience,
Which, &c.

So let *O. P.* or *P. O.* be King,
Or any one elſe, it is the ſame Thing,
For only Heaven does that Bleſſing bring,
Which, &c.

But this with the Scripture can never agree,
As *Hoſea* the Eighth, and the Fourth you may ſee,
They have ſet up Kings, but yet *not by me*,
Which, &c.

Now what need the Prophet there to complain,
If the Peoples Anointed, and God's were the ſame?
If ſo, *David's* Friends they all were to blame,
Which, &c.

For though God permitted the People to bring
Good *David's* Son forth, and proclaim him King,
Yet all the World knows how he puniſh'd the Thing,
Which, &c.

And may all ſuch Sons enjoy the ſame Fate,
That dethrone their Father, and him Abdicate,
No doubt it will happen in time, ſoon or late,
Which, &c.

With one Remarck more I'le end this dull Song,
And his fulſom Republican Arguments ſtrong,
Which makes *Wrong* to be *Right*, and *Right* to be *Wrong*,
Which, &c.

That Famous old Prieſt, the Vicar of *Bray*,
Who in all Change of Times knew how to obey,
Was an Aſs to the *Weaſel*, if I may ſo ſay,
Which, &c.

And truly I think no more need be ſaid,
By a Penny we know how a Shilling's made,
For Prieſt and Prieſt-craft is all but a Trade,
Which, &c.

And thus I in little have drawn to the Life,
His Fleſh and his Spirit alway at Strife,
But the Fleſh did prevail by the help of his Wife,
Which no body can deny, deny,
which no body can deny.

F I N I S.

ON WINGS OF FEARE, Finch *Flies away.*

One paire of legges is worth two paire of hands: Whirre:

ALAS Poore Will, Hee's forc'd to ſtay.

Ide try the concluſion, were I out of theſe bands. Heigh-ho.

1.

READer, I know thou canſt not chooſe but ſmile,
To ſee a Biſhop tide thus to a ring?
Yea, ſuch a Princely prelate, that ere-while,
Could three at once in *Limbo patrum* fling;
Suſpend by hundreds where his worſhip pleaſ'd,
And them that preach'd too oft; by ſilence eaſ'd.

2.

Made Lawes and Canons, like a King (at leaſt)
Deviſ'd new oaths; forc'd men to ſweare to lies?
Advanc'd his Lordly power 'bove all the reſt;
And then our Lazie Prieſts began to riſe?
But painfull Miniſters, which plide their place
With diligence; went downe the wind apace.

3.

Our honeſt round-heads to, then went to racke,
The holy ſiſters into corners fled;
Coblers and Weavers preacht in Tubs; for lacke
Of better Pulpits; with a Sack inſtead
Of Pulpit-cloth, hung round in decent wiſe,
All which the ſpirit did for their good deviſe.

4.

Barnes, Cellers, Cole-holes, were their meeting-places,
So ſorely were theſe babes of Chriſt abus'd,
Where he that moſt Church-government diſgraces
Is moſt eſteem'd, and with moſt rev rence us'd.
It being their ſole intent religiouſly
To raile againſt the Biſhops dignity.

5.

Brother, ſaies one, what doe you thinke, I pray
Of theſe proud Prelates, which ſo lofty are?
Truly, ſaies he, meere Antichriſts are they.
Thus as they parle, before they be aware,
Perhaps a Purſivant ſlips in behind,
And makes 'em runne like hares before the wind,

6.

Downe tumbles parſon prick-eares, chaire and all,
Making a noiſe, which frightens all the reſt.
Here two or three ſtand quivering cloſe to th' wall.
There halfe a ſcore lie cram'd up in a cheſt,
And though the Candles all extinguiſh'd were,
A blind man eaſily might have ſmelt their feare,

7.

Thus ſtill the Biſhop kept the Browniſts ſhort,
And oftentimes was catcht beyond his bounds;
But if he were what man durſt tax him for't?
His very breath the ſilly wretch confounds:
He quel'd 'em all; to no man hee'd ſhew favour;
But now hee's bound (yee ſee) to's good behaviour.

8.

A yeere a gone 'tad beene a hanging matter;
T'ave writ (nay ſpoke) a word 'gainſt little WILL;
But now the times are chang'd, men ſcorne to flatter:
So much the worſe for CANTVRBVRY ſtill,
For if that truth once come to rule the roaſt,
No mar'le to ſee him tide up to a poſt.

9.

His high-Commiſſion kept us once in awe;
There men paid fees before they knew for what.
Honeſt *Lambe* and *Ducke* could make it good by law,
To ſqueeſe mens purſes, when they look't too fat.
But now your Maſter's catch't, run *Lamb* fly *Duck*;
See, ſee, his Court's pul'd down, and hee's chain'd up.

10.

By wicked counſels, faine he would have ſet
The Scots and us together by the eares;
A Patriarks place, the Levite long'd to get,
To ſit bith' Pope, in one of *Peters* chaires.
And having dranke ſo deepe of Babels cup,
Was it not time d'ee thinke to chaine him up?

11.

'Twas time, 'twas time; this is the generall cry;
And who alas can ſwim againſt the ſtreame?
His corner Cap, me thinkes ſtands all awry;
His ſleeves have loſt both whiteneſſe and eſteeme:
All's former honour's vaniſh'd, he diſplac'd,
Thus is his grace, for want of grace, diſgrac'd.

12.

But ſtay what Bird's that, flies away ſo faſt?
O, tis a Goldfinch; let him goe I pray,
Something has frighted him, he makes ſuch haſt,
Perhaps ſome ſnare was layd to take away
His life; if ſo, wiſely he did to flie
On wings of ſafety, danger being ſo nigh.

13.

'Tis thought he was a good Aſtronomer;
And did a ſtorme faſt comming on foreſee:
Which made him, when the clouds began to appeare
Into another place for ſhelter flee.
O ſubtill *Finch*, 'tis well he ſcaped is,
His finging elſe had beene quite ſpoild ere this.

14.

But here's the ſpight; one ſheep breaks thorow th' hedge
And makes a gap, to let out all the reſt:
Finch flowne, our other birds grew quickly fledge;
And all that could flie, thought that way the beſt.
The *Finch* indeed loſt more then all that fled,
But who'd not part with's purſe, to ſave his head.

15.

Oh, had the Biſhop beene as wiſe as he,
He might have found a way to cure his care.
Now ſure he vexes, frets, and fumes to ſee
How like a wretch he lies in ſorrowes ſnare.
And how his running friends eſchew'd the danger.
Whilſt he ſtands tide up like an Aſſe toth' manger.

16.

In this fine *Finch* my Lord tooke great delight,
Ere now they've ſung harmonious notes together.
But Sun ſhine daies are clouded oft ere night.
So theirs; and now none cares a pin for either;
Thus I conclude and pity 'tis I ſay,
Though one be tyed, that th' others flowne away.

No maſſ no maſſ will we allow.

To keepe it downe, w'ave ropes enow.

He that in England thus deſires to doe,
Muſt ſwing-am, ſwang-am, thus, a turne or two.
And if that cure not his ambitious hope,
Let me be next that capers in a rope.
Beware'd by him who thus hath crackt his credit,
Tis true,
Qui antea non caveat poſt dolebit.

I. C. V. B. poore CANTVRBVRY
in a tottering ſtate;
A. P. O. P. you ſought to be, now tis too late.
R. V. Y. Y. before their eyes
that are among yous
V. R. A. K. if that you ſay
that they will wrong you.
S. C. O. T. ſome ſay was he
which brought all this to light.
I. C. V. R. in ſome great feare
your Lord[illegible]
G. R. E. G. ſweares out[illegible]
that he ſhall ha[illegible]
H. E. A. D. and all for me,
but you will [illegible]

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Come, come all you that are with ROME offended,
Come now and heare from whence the Pope descended.

THE LINEAGE OF LOCUSTS

THE POPES PEDEGRE

Beginning with his prime ancestor the Divell, plainely set forth to be noted of all good Christians and true Catholicks, for the avoiding of those subtill snares continually layd for them by his insinuating Agents.

THE PEDEGREE.

1. THe Divell begat darknesse.
2. And darknesse begat ignorance.
3. And ignorance begat error and his brethren.
4. And error and his brethren begat free-will and selfe-love.
5. And selfe-love begat merits.
6. And merits begat forgetfulnes of Gods grace.
7. And forgetfulnes of Gods grace begat mistrust.
8. And mistrust begat satisfaction.
9. And satisfaction begat sacrifice of the Masse.
10. And sacrifice of the Masse begat Popish priest-hood.
11. And Popish priesthood begat prayer for the dead.
12. And prayer for the dead begat sacriledge of soules.
13. And sacriledge of soules begat superstition.
14. And superstition begat hypocrisie the king.

And these are foureteene Generations.

1. ANd hypocrisie the king begat lucre.
2. And lucre begat purgatory.
3. And purgatory begat foundation of irreligious houses.
4. And foundation of irreligious houses begat patrimonie of the Church.
5. And patrimonie of the Church begat mãmon of Iniquity.
6. And mammon of iniquitie begat abundance.
7. And abundance begat crueltie.
8. And cruelty begat domination.
9. And domination begat pompe.
10. And pompe begat ambition.
11. And ambition begat intrusion into the Church right.
12. And intrusion into the Church right begat symonie.
13. And simonie begat universall superintendencie.
14. And universall superintendencie begat the Pope, the Cardinalls and all his brethren.

And these are foureteene Generations, in the transmigration of abhemination.

1. AND the Pope beget the mistresse of [illegible]
2. And divine sophistrie begat rejection of the Scripture.
3. And rejection of the Scripture begat tyranny.
4. And tyranny begat murder of the Saints.
5. And murder of the Saints begat the despising of God.
6. And the despising of God begat dispensation.
7. And dispensation begat licence to sinne.
8. And licence to sinne begat abomination.
9. And abomination begat confusion.
10. And confusion begat travell in the spirit.
11. And travell in the spirit begat disputation.
12. And disputation begat matter to write of:

By which arising the sonne of perdition Antichrist specified in so many places of Scripture was revealed.

The Protestants Conclusion.

THe Pope, himselfe (the simple to beguile)
Servum servorum Dei doth instile,
The servant of Gods servants, who (we finde)
To seeme his masters better is inclin'd,
Christ humble was, humility requiring,
The Pope is prowd to honour still aspiring;
Christ was content to weare a crowne of Thornes,
But the Popes head a crowne of gold adornes,
A triple crowne which hardly him sufficeth
But of his foule ambition what ariseth?
Hunc capit infernus, quem deserit ordo supernus.
Forsaken by the Quire supernall,
Hee's taken by the fiends infernall,
For let false Catholicks say what they can
Hee's neither God nor angell, nor a man,
But a prodigious beast or monster fell
With all [illegible] hurle to beggre in hell.

THREE
Alamode SONGS.
OR,
VVIT and FANCY
REVIVED.

The Ladies Delight.

1

MY lodging is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare:
But that which troubles me much is,
The unkindneſſe of my deare?
But Still I crye come turne love,
And I Prethey love turne to me.
For thou art the lad that I long'd for.
And alaſſe what remedy.

2

I'le Crowne thee with garlands of ſtraw then,
And marry thee with a ruſh ring:
My froſen hopes ſhall thaw then,
And merrily will I ſing:
O turne to me my deare love.
And I preathee love turne to me
For thy love is the thing that above can,
Procure my liberty.

3

But if thou will harden thy heart ſtill,
And be deafe to my pitifull mone.
Then I muſt indure the ſmart ſtill:
And tumble in ſtraw alone.
Yet ſtill I cry oh turne love,
Oh turne from thy cruill-ties;
For thou art the man that alone art
The cauſe of my miſeries.

The Jovial Hector.

1

HOw happy and free is Plunder,
When we care not for *love* nor his (Thunder?
Having entred a Town,
The laſſes go down,
And to their O're-comers lie under
Then why ſhould we ſtudy to love and look pale
And make long addreſſes to what will grow ſtale?

2

If her fingers be ſoft, long and ſlender,
When once we have made her to render,
She will handle a Flute
Better far than a Lute,
And make what was ha-rd to grow te-nder.
Then why ſhould we ſtudy to love, and look pale
And make long addreſſes to what will grow ſtale?

3

When the Houſes with flaſhes do glitter,
We can ſever our ſweets from the bitter,
And in that bright night
We can take our delight,
And no Dam'ſel ſhall ſcape but we'le hit her.
Then why ſhould we ſtudy to love, and look pale
And make long addreſſes to what will grow ſtale?

The Loving Shepard.

1

AMarillis told her Swain,
Amarillis told her Swain
That in love he ſhould be plain
And not think to deceive her.
Still he proteſted on his truth
That he would never leave her.

2

If thou do'ſt keep thy vow quoth ſhe,
And that thou ne'r Do'ſt leave me,
There's ne'r a Swain in all this plain
That ever ſhall come neare thee
For Garlands and enbroyder'd Scrips,
For I do love thee dearly.

3

But *Colin* if thou change thy love
But *Colin* if thou change thy love
A Tygreſſe then I'le to thee prove
If e're thou doſt come near me.
Amarilis *fear not that*,
For I do love thee dearly.

FINIS.

A Description

OF THE

Four Seasons or Quarters of the YEAR;

AS

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN and *WINTER*,

Likewise of Beautie, the Bees and Ants, and also on Prodigality.

SPRING.

THE *Pleiades* their influence now give,
And all that seem'd as dead afresh, do live.
The croaking Frogs, whom nipping Winter kill'd,
Like Birds, now chirp, and hop about the field;
The Nightingale, the Black-bird and the Thrush,
Now tune their layes on sprayes of every bush;
The wanton frisking Kids, and soft-fleec't Lambs,
Now jump, and play before their feeding Dams;
The tender tops of budding Grass they crop,
They joy in what they have, but more in hope.
This is that part, whose fruitful showers produces
All Plants and Flowers for all delights and uses;
The Pear, the Plum, and Apple-tree now flourish;
The Prim-Rose pale and Azure Violet,
Among the verduous Grass hath Nature set;
But chief of all the pleasant fruitful *May*,
Wherein the Earth is clad in rich array:
All Flowers before the Sun-beams now disclose
Except the double Pinks, and matchless Roses.
Now swarms the busie buzzing Honey-Bee,
Whose praise deserves a page, from more then me:
The Meads with Cowslips, Honey-suckles dight,
One hangs his head, the other stands upright:
For fruit my Season yields the early cherry,
The early Pease and wholesom red Strawberry.

On Beauty.

WOuld foolish Females, with their Features,
Remember they're but mortal Creatures,
Of which rightly Man may say,
They're but beauteous Clods of Clay;
Or refined, though pure dust,
From whence they came, and thither must.
And that as their great Grand-dame dy'de before,
Even so must they, and then be seen no more.
And all their Gaudy Glory be forgot,
Whilst they must lie, consume, yea, stink and rot.
If these things they would to remembrance call,
Their Honey'd Pleasures would be mixt with Gall,
And all and every one their course would bend,
Within themselves, what is amiss to mend.
The Memory unto the soul is food,
That thinks, and says, and doth the things that's good.
But Showes of Virtue, hiding of their Vice,
Bring simple Ga lants to th' Fools Paradise:
For when the Heart thinks Lust abomination,
Sense nick-names it but Youthful Recreation.
Reason delights in Liberality,
Which Sense perverts to Prodigality.
And thus this little Kingdom, Man, doth fade,
With hearing Traitors when they do perswade.

SUMMER.

Spring being past, then *Summer* must begin,
With melted Tawny face, and Garments thin.
Now go those frolick Swains, the Shepherd-Lad,
To wash their thick-cloath'd Flocks, with Pipes full glad.
In the cool streams they labour with delight,
Rubbing their dirty coats till they look white:
Whose fleeces, when purely spun, and deeply dy'de,
With Robes thereof Kings have been dignifyde;
This part the Roses are distill'd in Glasses,
Whose fragrant Scent all made-Perfume surpasses;
The Cherry, Goos-berry, is now in th' prime,
And for all sorts of Pease this is the Time.
On goes the Mowers to their flashing Toyle,
The Medows of their burdens to despoil;
The Forks and Rakes do follow them amain,
Which makes the Aged Fields look young again;
The loaden Carts do bear away this Prize
To Barns and Stacks, where it for Fodder lies,
With Sickles eke, the painful Reapers go,
The ruffling Tress of *Terra* for to Mow;
And bundles up in sheaves the weighty Wheat,
Which after Manchets make for Kings to eat;
Now's ripe the Pear, Pear-Plum and Apricock,
The Prince of Plums, whose stone is hard as Rock.

On the Ants.

I Walk't, and did a little Mole-hill view,
Full peopled with a most industrious Crew
Of busie Ants, where each one laboured more,
Then if he were to bring home *Indian* Ore;
Here wrought the Pioneers, there marcht the Bands,
Here Colonies went forth to Plant new Lands:
These hasted out, and those supplies brought in,
As if they had some sudden siege foreseen:
Until there came an angry Spade, and cast
Countrey and People to a Pit at last.

And therefore as *Solomon* saith, *Go to the Ant thou Sluggard, consider her ways and be wise*, Prov. 16.6. *For though they are not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the Summer*, Prov 30.25.

On the Bees.

AGAIN I view'd a Kingdom in an Hive,
Where every one did work, and so all thrive;
Some go, some come, some war, some watch and ward,
Some make the works, and some the works do Guard.
These frame their curious waxen Cells, and those
Do into them their *Nectar*-drops dispose:
Until the greedy Gard'ner brought his smoke,
And for the Work, did all the Workmen choke.

AUTUMN.

THE Vintage now is ripe, the Grapes are preſt;
Whoſe lively Liquor oft is curſt and bleſt:
The Raiſins now in cluſters dried be,
The Oringe, Lemon dangle on the Tree;
The Fig is ripe, the Pomegranate alſo,
And Apples now their yellow ſides do ſhow:
Of Medler, Quince, of Warden and of Peach,
The Seaſon's now at hand of all and each;
The fruitful Trees, all wither'd now do ſtand,
Whoſe yellow ſapleſs leaves by wind are fann'd:
Which notes, when youth and ſtrength have paſt their prime,
Decrepit Age muſt alſo have his time:
The ſap doth ſlily creep towards the Earth,
There reſts until the Sun gives it a birth:
Almoſt at ſhorteſt is the ſhortned day,
The Northern pole beholdeth not one Ray!
Now *Greenland*, *Groenland*, *Lapland*, *Finland*, ſee
No Sun to lighten their obſcurity.
This Month is Timber for all uſes fell'd,
When cool'd, the ſap to the roots hath low'ſt repell'd:
Beef, Brawns and Pork are now in great'ſt requeſt,
And ſolid'ſt meats our ſtomacks can digeſt:
This time warm cloaths, full diet, and good fires,
Our pinching fleſh, and appetite requires.

On Prodigality.

I Dread when I do ſee a Prodigal,
On whom a fair Eſtate of late did fall:
When as is ſpent his Credit and his Chink,
And he quite waſted, to a ſnuff doth ſtink,
Who in the Spring or Summer of his Pride,
Was worſhipt, honour'd, almoſt deifi'd:
And whilſt the Golden Angels did attend him,
What ſwarmes of Friends and Kindred did befriend him:
Perſwading him, that give, and ſpend, and lend,
Were Virtues which on Gentry do depend.
But though of late he ſeem'd in wealth to ſwim,
Yet many hote occaſions do ſuck him.
The Prodigals Eſtate, like to a Flux:
The Mercer, Draper, and the Silk-man pluckst;
The Tailor, Millener, Dogs, Drabs and Dice,
Trey-trip, or Paſſage, or the moſt at thrice:
At Iriſh, Tick-tack, Doublets, Draughts or Cheſs,
He flings his Money free with careleſsneſs;
Ruff, Slam, Trump, Nod, Whisk, Hole, Saut, New Cut,
Unto the keeping of four Knaves he'll put.
Bowles, Shove-groate, Tennis, no Game comes amiſs,
His Purſe a Nurſe for any body is:
His main Expences daily ſuck and ſoak,
And he himſelf ſucks only drink and ſmoak:
And thus the Prodigal, himſelf alone
Gives ſuck to Thouſands, and himſelf ſucks none.

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WINTER.

COLD, Moiſt, young Phlegmy Winter now doth lie
In ſwadling Clothes, like new-born Infancie;
Bound up with Froſts, and Fur'd with Hails and Snows,
And like an Infant ſtill he taller grows.
December is the firſt; And now the Sun
To th' Southward Tropick her ſwift Race hath run:
This Month he's Hous'd in horned *Capricorn*,
From thence begins to length the ſhortned Morn:
Through *Chriſtendom* with great Feſtivity,
Now's held, a Gueſt, (but bleſt) Nativity.
Old frozen *January* next comes in,
Chilling the blood, and ſhrinking up the skin.
In *Aquarius* now keeps the loved Sun,
And Northward his unwearied Race doth run,
The day much longer then it was before,
The Cold not leſsned, but augmented more.
Now Toes, and Ears, and Fingers often freeze,
And Travellers ſomtimes their Noſes leeze.
Moiſt ſnowie *February* is my laſt,
I care not how the Winter-time doth haſt:
In *Piſces* now the Golden Sun doth ſhine,
And Northward ſtill approaches to the line;
The Rivers now do ope, and Snows do melt,
And ſome warm Glances from the Sun are felt,
Which is increaſed by the lengthned day,
Until by's heat he drives all Cold away.

Printed and ſold by *Rob. Walton* at the *Globe* and *Compaſſes*, at the Weſt-end of *St. Pauls* Church, turning down towards *Ludgate*, where you may be fitted with *All ſorts of Maps and Copy-books, large or ſmall, Coloured or not, the Marrow of Humane Learning, the Lawrel of Metaphyſick, an Artificial Deſcription of Logick, the Tree of Mans Life, His Majeſty in Armour on Horſback, and underneath the Manner of his Riding through* London *the day before his Coronation, another of him in Parliament Robes, and underneath the Manner of his going to his Coronation, the King and Queen, the Story of* David *and* Abigail, Orpheus *Playing on his Muſick, and Beaſts about him, the Manner of the tortures uſed by the Heathen Emperours of* Rome *on the Chriſtians, and a Compariſon of the like bloody cruelties uſed by the Pope and that Party ſince they got up, a Deſcription of the four Ages of Man,* Childhood, Youth Middle-Age *and* Old Age, *a Deſcription of the four Elements,* Earth, Water, Fire *and* Air, A *Looking-Glaſſe for Youth, 1. The Devil entices Youth. 2. Wiſdom gives good Advice to Youth. 3. Time declares his Experience to Youth. 4. Death ſounds an Alarum to Youth. 5. Youth Reaſons with Death. 6. The Soul ſpeaks to the Devil. 7. All is Vanity. And 8. Of the Chief Good. The four Elements, each with Borders about them, and Verſes, all theſe in large ſheets, and many others, that here is not ſpace to mention. And he is the oldeſt in* London *in that way, and dot'h truly ſay, as the Poet,*

That when each Man keeps to his own Trade,
Then all things will be better made.

God's Judgments shewn unto Mankind.

BEING

A True and Sorrowful Relation of the Sufferings of the Inhabitants of the City of Marseilles *in* France, *now under the Dreadful Calamity of the Plague, Pestilence and Fevers, with the manner of its infesting them by Vomiting, Pains in the Head, or Purple Boils under their Arm Pits, the Number of the Dead being above Fifty Thousand. And lastly the Cause of it, and from whence it came, by a strict Order from the Regent to the College of Physicians at* Capentras.

Tune of, *Aim not too high.* Written by *Tho. Gent.*

LAment, *Good Christians*, when *you hear this Thing*,
A woful Tragedy I mean to sing;
And tho' it's happen'd in another Place,
'Twill make you weep when you *shall hear their Case*.

We shall not here now set before your View,
The Plague of *Athens*, and of *London* too:
Some living are can tell what we may Read,
Those woful Cries, alas! *Bring out your Dead!*

Then in the Middle of the silent Night,
The Carts were fill'd, O wretched was the Sight!
" No decent Mourners, and no Friendly Groan,
" Neglecting others Fates, all wept their own.

In *France* there is a City I declare,
Call'd *Marseilles*, most beautiful and fair;
From whom this sad Account, alas! we have,
The Plague has thousands sent unto their Grave.

Some say it by a treacherous Merchant came,
Whom God did cause to suffer by the same;
Who as some Silks were opening, he dy'd,
And others struck with Death were then beside.

But wise Men say it is *Unwholsome Air*,
Driven from Land to Land by Winds, that were
So violent, as thro' that Place it past,
Until at length it laid the City waste.

The twenty fourth of *June* it did begin,
When for to punish Mortals for their Sin,
Thunder and Lightning then from Heav'n did come,
As if it was the Dreadful Day of Doom.

" First, fierce unusual Heats did seize the Head,
" The glowing Eyes with *Blood-shot Beams looks red*;
" Like Blazing Stars approaching Death foreshew'd,
" The Mouth and Jaws were fill'd with *clotted Blood*.

Next they'd be taken with most grievous Pains,
By Vomiting, which all the Body strains;
And falling down, their dearest Lives avoid,
And many in this manner were destroy'd.

Lastly, sad purple Spots would soon appear,
Under their Arm-Pits, swelling greatly there;
A certain Sign that they should lose their Breath,
And very soon be in the Arms of Death.

Others again, that happen'd for to break
In painful Boils, Death would not Victims make:
They wou'd revive, when they some time had laid,
Depriv'd of Sense, as tho' they had been dead.

Alas! how dismal was't in every Street.
Where if you walk'd, Grass grew beneath your Feet;
The Country People could not bring them Food,
Nor dare the Healthful go, as things then stood.

For 'twas the Regent's Order, not to come
From thence, unless they met their speedy Doom;
However many did that Thing disdain,
And flew from Plague and Famine into *Spain*.

Thus did the Plague continue, we do find,
Death fled before, and Ruin stalks behind:
Sad Sight it was, and gave a mighty Dread,
Physicians came, and saw, and shook their Head.

In this Condition, Villains ventur'd down,
And slighting Plagues, did plunder all the Town:
Thus adding unto their Afflictions great,
More than, alas! what was design'd by Fate.

Some of 'em, being wrack'd, did then confess,
And Pardon begged for their Wickedness,
Saying, That they Five Hundred too had slain,
That they their Riches might for ever gain.

Thus every where the scatter'd Bodies lay,
The very Carrion Birds forsook such Prey;
None were to comfort, none could give Relief,
Here was both Universal Death and Grief.

Methinks I see a tender Mother die,
And hear her pretty Infants how they cry!
Dear Mammy, do not die, and leave us here,
And then burst out in Rivers of salt Tears.

Or else methinks I see the Children die,
And tender Mother weeping standing by,
Expecting every Moment for to fall
Into the Earth, which must receive us all.

Here dying Parents on their Children cast,
There Children on their Parents breath'd their last;
Like Rotten Sheep they die in wretched State,
And none to pity, or to mourn their Fate.

The very Plague did seize the lab'ring Ox,
And ragingly destroy'd the tender Flocks;
It walk'd thro' every Wood, and every Den,
Where Beasts did sigh, and groan, and die like Men.

The faithful Dogs did lie in every Street,
And dy'd at their Expiring Masters Feet;
The pretty Birds did from the Air fall down,
And lay in Heaps both in the Field and Town.

Some in the streets, some near the Fountains lay,
And drinking Water, wash'd their souls away;
No Burial us'd, no decent Order there,
But unregarded lay in open Air.

If any fled, the People run amain,
As cunning Deer from Buck that's to be slain;
In short, poor Souls they could not find Relief,
Not one but suffer'd Death, Disease or Grief.

The very *Sailors*, gallant, stout and brave,
In two Days Time were sent unto their Grave;
Few do escape to suffer five Days Pain,
Which if they do, they may alive remain.

But if the Plague's too weak to reach the Heart,
'Tis very rare, but what it takes a Part;
Either a Limb is lost, or precious sight
Deprived is of comfortable Light.

No less than Fifty Thousand there did die,
Besides the Plague made Numbers for to fly;
And still it rages, as we truly hear,
Which strikes the Neighb'ring Nations into Fear.

From what we've heard, Dear Christians, let us pray,
That God may drive the fatal Plagues away;
And let their Fate more plainly to us show
The Thankfulness that we to Heaven do owe.

How soon may he oppress this fruitful Land!
How soon may he the dreadful Plague command,
To come to London, *where it rag'd before,*
And punish us, 'till we shall be no more.

Be mindful then, ye pious Christians all,
And while we do lament their tragick Fall,
Let Us, according to our LITANY,
From Plague and Famine, pray we may be.

AN

ADDRESS

TO

Sir *JOSEPH JEKYLL*, Lord Chief Juſtice of *Cheſter*

SIN' the Queen has doon with Addreſſes,
Each Mon here among us, juſt [a] gloppen'd, profeſſes
Himſelf at yore Service, for finding the Bill,
And [b] fetling *Sacheverell*, who lately did fill
With peſtilent Doctrine this large [c] wheady Nation,
So full of, and famous for [d] frum Moderation.
An't pleaſe yore good Lordſhip, we of the Grand Jury,
With Hearts truly Low-Church, may boud to aſſure ye;
Nay mayn' we ſpue up, an we ſpeak not aur Hearts,
That yo' been a Mon of moſt marvellous Parts,
Yore Lordſhip mun think too, that we be not ſprung
Of baſe Parents noather, no pitifod [e] Bung-
Hole vented us out, nor been we ſo loyal
But we conn, for need, ſet abroach the Blood-Royal.
Aur Forefathers, looke yo', of Memory bleſt,
K. *Cha.* and his Orphans moſt daintily dreſt;
Sent young ones a Graiſing into foreign Marſhes,
With Paſſive Obedience knit meet to their A——r——s:
They robb'd the Ungodly, pray'd ſore Night and Morn,
Their Throats with Pſaum-ſinging were meet welldytorn,
Had yore Lordſhip been there, you'd ha made one ween beſworn.
Fro' their goodly Garbage we dra aur Deſent,
Reet natural Sprigs of the Rump Parlement.
Aw Kinſman o' [f] *Bradſhaw*'s, true bred by the Maſs,
Aur Noddles aw fleetings, aur Foreheads aw Braſs:
In ſhort, we for Liberty and Property ſtond
Agenſt the Higher Pow'rs with Hatchets in Hond:
We heed noather Princes nor Prelate two Groates,
Ween [h] tent aur Eſtates, and let them tent their Throats;
Shud her MAJESTY grumboo, and pearuſly prate,
([k] Simpoo as we ſtond)——Let her chew upon that;
But to come to the Point, and ſhone aur ſells Men,
Ween heartily thank yo' agen and agen,
For [l] Cobbing the Doctor, and publiſhing too,
That to Crown'd Heads no Obedience is due.
'Twas rarely conſider'd, 'twas what e'ry Mon
That lov'd weele his Country in Forty and One
Pray'd, Preach'd, and Practis'd, they no more hed the King
([m] Then here's to be ſaid,) we heed the Q——n.
Fare [n] faw a free Liberty in e'ry Reſpect,
Ween noather by Crowns nor Mitres be checkt;
Tis Conſcience mun [o] ming us of what is ill weele,
And ween follow Conſcience, an't were to the Deele.
When [p] neuſt yo' [q] brun Books, [r] dang into the Fire
Paul's throtteenth o'th' *Romans* we mainly deſire;
Nay aw his lung Letters, for wee'n ſwear before ye,
That this very *Paul* we ſpeak on was a Tory;
A down-right High-Church Mon, an ou'd [s] moider'd Loon
That [t] gaup'd up and doon Mon, 'bout Hoſe, and 'bout Shoon;
A Catholick Convert, a right *Roman* bred,
E'en impeach and ſuſpend him, although he be dead.
We dearly, moſt dearly doon love Moderation,
And with Tooth and Nail ween defend Toleration
And allow Foke to lie too, upon an Occaſion;
(Becauſe, [u] dun yo' mark,) weak Conſciences hate
In common Diſcourſes the Troth to relate,
So lung as yore Lordſhip, and Brother i' Laa
Rule [v] Roſt, (as't ou'd Saying is) ſurely we may,
In a ſpiritual manner, rebel and betray.
May he that once made yo', if God ever did,
Fro the Mob and Malignants yore Intellects rid;
We each [w] ſhun pray for yo' upon our bare Knees,
And, when we bin [x] aboo, ween ſend yo a Cheeſe.

FINIS.

[a] *Surpriz'd.*
[b] *Taking to Taſk.*
[c] *Populous.*
[d] *Firm.*
[e] *Dregs or Mob.*
[f] Cheſhire *Men*, Bradſhaw *being a* Cheſhire *Man.*
[h] *Look to.*
[k] Proverb, *Simple as we ſtand.*
[l] *Maſtering.*
[m] Proverb.
[n] *We like or deſire.*
[o] *Remember, or mind us.*
[p] *Next.* [q] *burn.* [r] *throw into the Fire.*
[s] *Reſtleſs and unſettl'd in Mind.*
[t] *Preach'd or talk'd.*
[u] Proverb.
The Lord Summers.
[v] Proverb.
[w] *Shall.*
[x] *Able.*

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A New BALLAD.

The Triumph of Juſtice.

Being the Laſt SPEECH and CONFESSION of Nine Malefactors, and Betrayers of the Lives and Liberties of the Good People of *ENGLAND*.

But few Examples here are made } { *The reſt that have as ill Deſerv'd,*
Of ſuch as have our Laws betray'd: } { *For the next* Seſſions *are Reſerv'd.*

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

I Am glad the happy Time is come, when Juſtice dare appear in open view. I am blind indeed, to ſignify my impartial Diſpenſation of Juſtice to all the World; but tho my Eyes are ſhut, my Ears are always open to the Complaints of Mankind; and amongſt all the Countries I preſide over, no Place has ſo bewailed my Abſence as England. *This has been the moſt unhappy Nation in the World. This Place has bred the Monſters of Mankind, and under what Villanies has this brave People groan'd for many Years? But now, my Friends, I* JUSTICE *am return'd; and ſo long as you maintain your Noble Engliſh Principles, I will never forſake you: And that you may believe I reſolve to eſtabliſh you upon the firmeſt Foundation, I have brought ſome of the Betrayers of your Country to be puniſh'd in the ſight of this Great People. I have weighed theſe Men in my Ballance, and have found them the lighteſt that ever theſe Scals bore; therefore now my Sword takes place, I have brought them to Judgment, and will attend their Execution, and let all the Nation Triumph: for by ſuch Sacrifices Heaven is appeaſed.*

GOOD *Engliſh*-men, Women, and Children give ear,
Unto the Confeſſon that we ſhall rehearſe,
'Tis the dolefulleſt Story you ever did hear,
By our ſelves writ in Proſe, by Friend *Bayes* put in (Verſe.
To be great was my Scope,
To the Devil and Pope,
A Slave to Ambition, that ends in a Rope;
For betraying Fair *London*, her Gates claim my Quarters,
Take warning by me ye Supplanters of Charters.

I car'd not for Precedent, Conſcience or Law,
Bear witneſs all you whom I have hang'd in the *Weſt*,
If ever I valu'd Mens Lives of a Straw,
But could ſentence a Priſoner, and then break a Jeſt.
The Sword and the Gun
Left the Work but half done,
My Breath more deſtructive, ſlew Ten for their One;
For I never gave Quarter where once I did ſeize,
The World curs'd me for't, but I knew whom to pleaſe.

On the Bench I could roar till I made the Walls ſhake,
In Court Eccleſiaſtick could hector the Church;
An Evidence too for a need I could make,
E're I'd ſuffer the Cauſe to be left in the Lurch.
'Twixt the Curtains I got,
Spy'd a Child reaking hot,
Which the Mother n'ere bore, nor the Father n'ere got:
My Eyes are the Vouchers of what I depoſe,
If you queſtion my Eyes, I appeal to my Noſe.

In *Wapping* at laſt I was ſnap'd by ſurprize,
Thence dragg'd like a Varlet before my Lord-Mayor,
Where I had the Honour, in ſpight of Diſguiſe,
Out of his ſmall Senſes his Lordſhip to ſcare:
Thus much by the way
Of Caution to ſay,
Seem'd needful, for thoſe that their Country betray,
'Twill ſooner or later bring hanging about,
So farewel, and take notice that now my Dream's out.

'TIS Matter of wonderment, how ſuch a Varlet
As I am, and of ſo vile Reputation,
Should all on a ſudden be clothed in Scarlet,
Of Old none but Lawyers were fit for that Station:
'Tis beſt to be plain,
To conceal't is in vain,
It was to hang *Armſtrong* that thither I came.
And if you'l know more, give ear, I beſeech,
To the words of Lord *Wem*, in an Eloquent Speech.

The Office of Judg, 'tis true, it a Truſt is,
And that you, Brother *Hol.* are not fit for that Place,
Becauſe, it is plain, you want Senſe, Law, and Juſtice.
Diſpence with the Laws, we'll diſpence in that Caſe:
Do but do as you'r bid,
You ſhall never be chid;
I may ride *Tantivy*, but you muſt be rid.
Young *Jack* will get practice, who at preſent has none;
So that I'm to be hang'd for the Good of my Son.

ABhorring Petitions brought me into Play,
It dubb'd me a Knight, and it made me a Judg,
I reſolv'd for Advancement, I car'd not what way;
And now have Preferment that no Man will grudg:
To comply with the Court,
Without Precedent for't,
I thought three miles Whipping a Progreſs too ſhort:
A Sentence that made me abhorr'd by Mankind,
Yet was ſorry that I no worſe Penance could find.

On *Jefferies* I faſtened, and ſtuck like a Bur,
Like a Dog lick'd his Feet, ſlunk my Tail, hung my Ears;
But at laſt my Patroon kick'd me out like a Cur;
A Misfortune that then coſt me many Salt Tears.
Ye Perverters of Law,
Before I withdraw,
Take a word of Good Counſel to keep you in awe:
Diſpenſers with Laws may eſcape for a Time,
But *Tyburn* will never diſpenſe with the Crime.

SUborners were we, by ſome call'd the *Pope's Mutes*,
Enrich'd by deſtroying of Free Corporations,
And now of our Treachery reap the Juſt Fruits
Who for Pelf made no Bones of d—n
Such an infamous Brace,
Does the Gallows Diſgrace,
And makes ev'n the Hangman aſham'd of his Place:
He grudges his Office on ſuch wicked Elves,
And could wiſh for his Part we had hanged our ſelves.

Like Villains abandoning Conſcience and Shame,
No Practice we baulk'd, but could Bribe, Forge and Lie;
Like Blood-hounds could dext'rouſly find out the Game,
While a Kennel of Witneſſes kept up the Cry.
To Collogue with the Court,
Of Mens Lives we made ſport;
Old Dogs at Intrigues, but now muſt ſwing for't,
With a Leaſh of vile Foremen of Juries that follows,
Whom we then brought to Murders, and now to the Gallows.

MAke room for ſuch Varlets as n'ere cumber'd Sledg,
The perjur'd vile Juries three Foremen are we,
Our Number falls right, and we claim priviledg
T' have each Man his Beam on the Triangle Tree.
In Verdict agreed,
Like a true Tory Breed,
To ſhew our ſelves Loyal, made th' Innocent Bleed:
And after like Miſcreants bragg'd of our Jobbs,
But we muſt give place to our Orator *Nobbs*.

ROom, room for Old *Roger*, the Scourge of the Nation,
Through all my Diſguiſes I cannot eſcape,
I had better have ſtuck to my Trade of Tranſlation,
Than have undertook to be guide to the Crape:
I inſtructed the Raw,
And taught them to draw
Good ſound true Divinity out of falſe Law:
Till Preachers and Pleaders came down with their Guinies,
Which I pocketed up, and then laugh'd at the Ninnies.

The Rights of the Subject by me were well known;
The Frame of our Government none better knew:
I wrote 'gainſt my Conſcience, and Knowledg, I own,
But with Fools, not Philoſophers, I had to do.
Take warning each Wight
That for Penſions do write,
The practice may make a poor Scoundrel a Knight:
But when you have Scribled, Buffoon'd, and Harangu'd,
Th' next ſtep of Preferment will be to be Hang'd.

FINIS.

Spectrum Anti-Monarchicum.

OR, THE

Ghoſt of Hugh Peters,

AS

He lately Appeared to his Beloved Son, the whole Aſſembly

OF

Fanatick Preſbyters.

LO! from the dark Receſs of deepeſt Hell,
Where nought but Souls of blackeſt Traytors dwell,
Thy Faithleſs Father comes, whoſe Curſed Change,
Has made him farr more Active for Revenge.
Awake! and ſee how (wrapt in flames) I ſtand
With Injur'd Head lopt off by Hangman's hand.
Lo! its Wiſe Tongue that ſpoke that God-like Reaſon.
Which Daunted Chits and Loyal Fools call Treaſon.
See! how 'twixt feſter'd lips it doth Lament
Of Pains Impatient as of Government.
Ah! Pity Son, Pity thy Father's Caſe,
Who ſo unjuſtly has been doom'd this Place;
A Thouſand Tortures hurry through my Blood
Black with Infection as the *Stygian* Flood.
Now ſportive Devils with their tricks of youth,
Naked as (what I never knew) the Truth,
With Senſes too too Apt for Life, 't expire,
Drag my unwaſting Carcaſe through the fire.
Then Brawny Fiends full grown for Painful blow
With Rods of Sulphur laſh me to and fro ----

All

All Anguiſh as I run this Diſmal Chaſe,
The Aged Imps ſpit Nitre in my Face.
Thus Plung'd in griefs when I for Mercy cry,
Inſatiate Hell Eccho's Eternity!
This, this, All this, my Darling boy! I feel
Only for Hatching up a Common-Weal.
For th' Pious Reſcue of your Raviſh'd Laws,
And nobly fighting for the good old Cauſe.
For making room for Conſcience 'gainſt your Prince,
For which it has been larger ever ſince.
For frugal Building up a Tub, in which
The Spawling Sot might Brew as well as Preach.
For Cropping Ceremonies, pulling down
The Church, that We might circumciſe the Crown.
For Caſting Lots upon the Biſhops *Lawn*,
And making their Poſſeſſions *Puritan*.
For turning Top of Houſe to'th Houſe of *Prayer*,
And ſighing till the Organ-Pipes came there.
For Robbing Sinful Steeples of their Mettles
Beat into Honeſt Non-Conformiſt Kettles.
For Sweeping Choirs of Prebendaries clean,
Led by a great fat Bell-Wether, a *Dean*.
For boldly Levelling theſe Proud Degrees,
And burning Car-mens *Frocks* call'd *Surplices*.
For long defending of your harmleſs Lives,
Your Precious Liberties, and Pious Wives.
For ſuch bleſs'd Deeds, ſuch Meritorious things;
Nay! and for this, which greater Anguish brings,
The little Venial Crime of Killing Kings.
And can'ſt thou hear my troubled Spirit groan
For ſpeedy Vengeance on that Guilty Throne,
And want that ſaving Vertue to Rebel,
And Damn it with that Law by which I fell?
Art thou not Tyrant-Cruſh'd? art thou not hee
Would'ſt blaſt Succeſſion for thy Liberty?

Art

Art thou not Prelate-bound? art thou not one
Would'ſt Smite that Beaſt? nay! art thou not my Son?
That Matchleſs Name of Iſſue may ſuffice:
'Tis my Malignant Blood that Qualifies
For ſtrict Revenge, and can your Soul Poſſeſs
With Ills as Damn'd as is my Damn'd Diſtreſs.
You told me once you would my Griefs abate,
And then Petition'd Hell to vindicate
My Wrongs with thee. What dire Conſults? how foul
Were thy Reſolves? ſuch as made Fury's houl,
Dread Devils ſhrink, freſh Judgments rage about,
And Caverns burſt to let its Poiſon out.
'Twas in the Sulphry Womb of *Acharon*,
Where theſe delightful Counſels firſt began.
A Thouſands Legions Conventicl'd there,
All Sons of Envy Sullen with deſpair.
Whilſt you the Miſtery of my Cauſe diſcuſs'd,
And *Rhadamanthus* Cry'd, Revenge was Juſt.
'Twas here, thou didſt Recount and Whiſper me
Your Years of Falſhood, Days of Loyalty.
Didſt thou not tell me thou could'ſt wiſely ſound
Riddles of State, that thou might'ſt States confound,
That thou could'ſt Set the Trampled Subject free,
And boldly Muzzle Awful Majeſtie;
Raiſe new *Aſylums* and Protect our Lives,
By Rifling Kings to Steal Prerogatives?
If theſe thy Virtues are? lo! then to dye,
Turns my ſad Conflict into Victory:
No more I will my Wretched doubts Purſue,
My bloody Principles I find in You.
You and We Devils did together fall.
Rebellion is the Eſſence of us All.

FINIS.

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The GENEVA BALLAD.

To the Tune of 48.

OF all the *Factions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemiſh Wheels*,
None treads *Religion* upſide down,
Or tears *Pretences* out at heels,
Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps
Whoſe Conſcience might be ſcan'd per-
By the Dimenſions of his Chaps. (haps

He whom the Siſters ſo adore,
Counting his Actions all Divine,
Who when the Spirit hints, can roar,
And if occaſion ſerves can whine;
Nay he can bellow, bray or bark.
Was ever *ſike a Beuk-larn'd Clerk*,
That ſpeaks all *Lingua*'s of the Ark.

To draw in Proſelytes like Bees,
With *pleaſing Twang* he tones his Proſe,
He gives his Hand-kerchief a ſqueez,
And draws *John Calvin* through his Noſe.
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With *Slip-ſtocking Similitudes*,
Eight Uſes more, and ſo concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
And *Treaſon* had a fine new name;
When *Thames* was *balderdaſh'd* with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did like Beacons flame;
When *Jeroboam*'s Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This *Goſpel-Comet* firſt appear'd.

Soon his unhallowed Fingers ſtrip'd
His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land,
And having ſmote his Maſter, ſlip'd
His Sword into his Fellows hand.
But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Oftimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then
Out-weigh'd Queen *Mary*'s many grains;
His very Preaching ſlew more men,
Than *Bonner*'s Faggots, Stakes and Chains.
With *Dog-ſtar Zeal* and Lungs like *Boreas*,
He fought and taught; and what's notorious,
Deſtroy'd his Lord to make him *Glorious*.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parlement*.
As if the Wind could ſtand *North-South*;
Broke *Moſes*'s Law with bleſt intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his mouth.
Oblivion alters not his caſe,
Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace
Can blanch an *Æthiopian*'s Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally up the Saints in ſwarms,
He bauls aloud, *Sirs, leave your Sins*,
But whiſpers, *Boys, ſtand to your Arms*,
Thus he's grown inſolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be ſubdu'd,
Money, I mean, and *Multitude*.

Magiſtrates he regards no more
Than St. *George* or the Kings of *Colen*;
Vowing he'l not conform before
The Old-wives wind their Dead in Woollen.
He calls the Biſhop, *Grey-beard Goff*,
And makes his Power as mere a Scoff,
As *Dagon*, when his Hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Halloo my Hearts, beware of ROME.
Cowards that are afraid to die
Thus make domeſtick Broils at home.
How quietly Great *CHARLES* might reign,
Would all theſe Hot-ſpurs croſs the Main,
And preach down Popery in *Spain*.

The ſtarry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no Diſſenſion in the Sky:
And can there be a Mean betwixt
Confuſion and Conformity?
A Place divided never thrives:
'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives,
But worſe where Children play with Knives.

I would as ſoon turn back to Maſs,
Or change my Phraſe to *Thee* and *Thou*;
Let the Pope ride me like an Aſs,
And his Prieſts milk me like a Cow:
As buckle to *Smectymnuan* Laws,
The bad effects o'th' Good Old Cauſe,
That have Dove's Plumes, but Vultur's Claws.

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that nurs'd
The *Browniſts* and the *Ranters* Crew;
Foul Errors motly Veſture firſt
Was Oaded in a Northern Blue.
And what's th' Enthuſiaſtick breed,
Or men of *Knipperdoling*'s Creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to ſeed?

Yet they all cry, they love the King,
And make boaſt of their Innocence:
There cannot be ſo vile a thing,
But may be colour'd with Pretence.
Yet when all's ſaid, one thing I'll ſwear,
No Subject like th' old Cavalier,
No Traitor like *Jack*------

The *GENEVA* BALLAD;

OR THE

Occaſional Conformiſt Diſplay'd.

I.

OF all the Factions in the Town,
Mov'd by French Springs or Flemiſh Wheels,
None treads Religion upſide down,
And tears Pretences out at Heels,
Like *Splaymouth*, with his Brace of Caps,
Whoſe *Conſcience* may be ſcann'd, perhaps,
By the Dimenſion of his Chaps.

II.

He whom the Siſters ſo adore,
Counting his Actions all Divine,
Who, when the Spirit hints, can roar,
And, if occaſion ſerves, can whine;
Nay, he can bellow, bray and bark;
Was ever ſike a Beuk-learn'd Clerk?
Can ſpeak all Lingua's in the Ark.

III.

To draw in Proſelytes like Bees,
With pleaſing Twang he tones his Proſe;
He gives his Handkerchief a Squeeze,
And draws *John Calvin* through the Noſe.
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With Slip-ſtocking Similitudes;
Eight Uſes, and ſo he concludes.

IV.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
And **Treaſon** got a fine New Name;
When *Thames* was Balderdaſh'd with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did like Beacons flame;
When *Jeroboam*'s Calves were rear'd,
And Lord was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This **Goſpel-Comet** firſt appear'd.

V.

Soon his Unhallow'd Fingers ſtript
His Sov'reign Leige of Pow'r and Land,
And, having ſmote his Maſter, ſlipt
His Sword into his Fellow's Hand:
So he that wears his Eyes, may note
Oft-times a Butcher binds a Goat,
But leaves his Boy to cut his Throat.

VI.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then
Outweigh'd Q. *Mary*'s many Grains;
His very **Preaching** ſlew more Men
Than *Bonner*'s Faggots, Stakes or Chains.
With *Dogſtar-Zeal*, and Lungs of *Boreas*,
He fought and taught, and what's notorious
Deſtroy'd his Lord, to make him *Glorious*.

VII.

Hark! how he opens with *full* Cry!
Haloo, my Hearts! beware of *Rome*.
Cowards that are afraid to dye,
Thus make Domeſtick Broils at Home.
How quietly Great *ANNE* might Reign,
Wou'd all their Hotſputs croſs the Main,
And preach down *Popery* in *Spain*.

VIII.

The Starry Rule of Heaven's fix'd.
There's no *Diſſention* in the Sky;
And can there be a Mean betwixt
Confuſion and *Conformity*?
A Place divided never thrives;
It's bad when Hornets dwell in Hives,
But worſe when Children play with Knives.

IX.

I wou'd as ſoon turn back to *Maſs*,
Or change my Phraſe to *Thee* and *Thou*,
Let the Pope ride me like an Aſs,
And his Prieſts milk me like a Cow,
As buckle to th' *Smectimnuan* Laws,
The *bad Effects* of th' *Good Old Cauſe*.
That has *Doves Plumes*, but *Vultures Claws*.

X.

For 'twas the Holy Kirk that Nurs'd
The *Browniſts* and the *Ranters Crew*,
Foul Error's Mothy Veſture firſt
Was woaded in the *Northern Blue*:
And what's the Enthuſiaſtick Breed,
But Men of *Knipperdoling*'s Creed?
Th'are *Covenanters* run up to Seed.

XI.

Yet, they all cry they love the Queen,
And make boaſt of their Innocence;
Nothing ſo vile is to be ſeen,
But may be colour'd with Pretence.
But when all's done, one thing I'll ſwear,
No Subject like th' *Old Cavalier*,
No Traitor like **Jack Preſbyter**.

Printed for the Uſe of the Obſervator.

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AN

ANAGRAM

UPON

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FRANCIS LORD

GUILFORD.

Ana{THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS LORD GUILFORD / DID NOBLE GRATEFUL THINGS FOR HARLOW CHOIR.}gram.

OUR Choir in Sables Clad, and drench'd in Tears,
Our Organ Silent ſtood for Seven-ſcore Years:
No skilful Voice, nor warbling Tongue to Chant,
Nor Hand to touch the Sacred Inſtrument.
Muſick her ſelf was quite giv'n o're for Dead,
Till Noble GUILFORD *rais'd her drooping Head.*
HE *gave the Willing, Ready, Powerful Word,*
And all her former Glories were Reſtor'd.
For which our Thanks in meaſur'd Feet we'l pay,
And gladly Solemnize this Joyful Day.
Ages to come their Voices ſtill ſhall Raiſe,
And Chant Aloud the Great Lord GUILFORD's *Praiſe.*

By J. T. V. H.

THE

The Good Old Cauſe REVIVED.

POets of old, about to write, did uſe
T' invoke th' aſſiſtance of ſome friendly Muſe:
But now the Faſhion's almoſt laid aſide
And Muſes place by Painter is ſupply'd:
Each puny Brother of the Rhiming Trade,
At every turn, implores the Painters aid;
And fondly enamour'd of his own foul Brat,
Crys in an extacy, Paint this; Draw that;
Draw Couclaves, Fights, Plots, Fires, and in a Ring
Draw evil Councellors about the King.
I fear, leſt being at every Fools command,
Painter, th' haſt ſpent thy Colours, tir'd thy Hand.
T'le not augment thy Labours, only ſee
If thou canſt find an ancient Draught for me,
A Draught which taken forty years ago,
Contains the Origine of *Englands* woe.
Look! here it is; now view a while with me
How far thoſe Diſmal Times and ours agree.
Seeſt thou a ſort of Men, Demure, Preciſe,
With Faces Scru'd, and turn'd up whites of Eyes,
Black Cloakt and double Capt, that Mounted ſtand
Aloft, with ſacred Comment in their Hand,
Teaching with new coind Phraſe, and uncouth Tone,
Till holy Siſter weep, and Brethren groan;
From theſe, thou'lt ſay, is any danger nigh?
In theſe fair Flowers do Aſps in Ambuſh lie?
Alas! Thoſe Wolves cloath'd like the harmleſs Sheep
Scatter that Flock which they pretend to keep.
Peace flies their Aſpect wereſoere they come;
By them God Scourges ſinful Chriſtendom,
Againſt *Romes* tiranny they Preach, in hope
Of being one day each Man a petty Pope.
Nothing can ſtand before their high-flown Zeal,
But down it muſt, be't Church or Common Weal:
Puft up with ſelf eſteem, they think that none
Heav'n Gates can enter, but their Sect alone.
They're Gods true *Iſrael*, Saints that never fall
When once enlightned by his Heavenly call.
Whatever oppoſite to them, doth ſtand,
With *Egypt*, *Sodom*, *Babilon*, they brand,
Hence tis when Fire, and Sword, and civil Hate,
Stird up by them, have overturnd a State;
When Horſes feed in Temples, where before *St. Paul's.*
With Prayers and Praiſes Men did God Adore;
When Kings and Churches, ſacred Lands are ſold,
T' enrich the Rebel Saints with ill-got Gold;
Themſelves by no leſs Guide, they Fancy led,
Than *Jacobs* Seed, when they from *Pharaoh* fled:
Crying, while hourly they new Babels build,
Babel's orethrown, the Scriptures are fulfild.
Thus were they heretofore, thus are they ſtill;
Give them but Power i'le warrant for their Will.
But Painter lets a little farther view;
Next in the Scene appears a long rob'd Crew,
Who, 'gainſt the King Rebellious Arms to move,
Can out of *Magna Carta*, Treaſon prove.
As heretofore ſome Commentators thought
That all things were in *Homers* Poems taught;
All Acts of Peace and War, each uſeful Trade,
Even how the *Grecians* well-ſoal'd Boots were made:
So can theſe Sages of the Law, with eaſe,
In *Magna Carta* find out what they pleaſe.
They torture her to ſpeak againſt the King
Where ſhe her ſelf (good Soul) means no ſuch thing: *Rich.*
From *Burdeaux*, *Winſors*, and *Carnarvans* Raign, *2d. Hen. 6.*
Weak Monarchs all, their Preſidents are tane. *Edw. 2.*
What grants, arm'd force did from thoſe Princes draw,
They now eſteem as Fundamental Law.
Thoſe Kings, their Subjects firſt depos'd, then ſlew,
And are we therefore bound to do ſo too?
Where Treſons paſt, freſh Treaſons juſtify,
That Nations Ruin cannot, but be nigh.
What the fourth *Henry* and third *Richard* gave *Both Uſurpers.*
To gain the People, now as due they crave.
Thus, what Uſurpers and forc'd Kings have done,
Urging as firm, they undermine the Throne.
What ſerves the Royal Cauſe, they blaſt it all
At once, by ſaying 'twas Tirannical.
A pretty way Objections to unty!
Like him that anſwerd, *Bellarmine* 't's a lie;
Who thus what makes againſt him may refuſe,
Ile call him Bungler if the day he looſe:
Is there no way then left, whereby to bring
Theſe popular Champions over to the King?
Preferment is their end, their only Aim,
Stop but their mouths with this, they'l ſoon grow tame.
But Princes, by experience rendred wiſe,
Should ſcorn to uſe thoſe feeble remedies.
For one bought off, the yet remaining Tribe
Will louder bark, in hopes to get a Bribe.
Next theſe, the popular Nobles march along,
Painter I almoſt think thou'ſt done them wrong.
For their own Intereſt ſure they ought to be
The Bulworks to defend our Monarchy.
Of all mixt Prodigies, none more abhorr'd
Should juſtly be, then a Plebeian Lord.
And where ſuch monſtrous Births do oft appear,
Sad ſigns they are of ſome Diſaſter neer.
Part of th'ignoble Maſs, obſcure they ly
Till quickned by a ray of Majeſty.
As out of *Chaos*, when the old World began,
Rude Clay, by God inſpir'd, became a man:
So, by the Royal Word theſe Men refin'd,
Start up new Creatures of another kind;
Yet now ungratefully they ſeek t' orethrow
That Power, to which their Origine they ow.
Lucifer, once brighter than the Morning Star,
The Rabble of Heaven ſeduc'd 'gainſt God to War:
Nobles, who in a Kingdom diſcord breed,
Like him in manners, like him may they ſpeed.
They'd fain be Princes, fav'rites if they might,
Since not, reſolve to be Enemies for ſpight.
Againſt ill Government they daily cry,
Make long Harangues, and ſcripture Texts apply.
Kings, to your coſts they'l teach you, how unwiſe
It is, ſuch Polititions to deſpiſe.
But Painter feign, for you and Poets dare
Do all things, that theſe Men Court-minions were,
Should we then happier, than at preſent be?
Should Prince and People then nere diſagree?
'Laſs! Of the booty might they have a ſhare,
They'd ſoon conſent to fleece the Nation bare.
Painter till then, lets bid them all goodbwye,
And on the following Object caſt an eye.
Seeſt thou a needy rout, that next march ore
The Stage by Fate, or their own Folly poor?
Theſe Men, by want made bold, ſeek to repair
Their ſhattered Fortunes, by a civil War.
They care not be the Quarrel wrong or right;
Where there's moſt hopes of gaining there they fight.
Peace as a lazy Vertue they eſteem,
But love to Angle in a troubled Stream.
To Pleas of right, they no reſpect afford,
Nor knew a better Title than the Sword.
Unleſs emploid abroad in Forreign Wars;
For want of work they raiſe Domeſtick jars.
Religion in their Hearts they all deride,
But make a ſhew, as Intreſt them doth guide.
Hence tis that they for ruling Elders ſtand,
In hopes one day of ſharing Biſhops Land.
Who elſe would mind Church-government at home,
No more than I care who's made Pope at *Rome*.
Now Scholar go, with one of theſe Diſpute,
By Scriptures, Councils, Fathers, him confute:
Say what thou canſt; Church-lands in t'other ſcale
Will above all thy Arguments prevail.
The hairbraind Rabble next the canvaſs fills,
By Airy words ſeduc'd to real Ills.
Cheated of Souls, Eſtates, Lives, all that's dear,
Taught Arms againſt the beſt of Kings to bear.
Fighting for freedom, till a Yoak they drew
On their own Necks, worſe than ere yet they knew
Swearing they knew not what, yet changing ſtill
Their former Oaths for new, though quite as ill.
Oh! Fatal blindneſs, could we clear thoſe Eyes?
Could we but make the ſimple Vulgar wiſe?
Then might old Albion give proud *France* the Law,
Of whom the Chriſtian World now ſtands in aw.
Then factious Spirits at home, by all accurſt,
Might ſpit their Venome till for rage they burſt,
We ſhould not then, by home-diviſions torn
To our Friends cauſe pity, to our Enemies ſcorn.
Ah! Might I ſee thoſe happy days no more;
For Earthly Joys high Heaven would I implore.
Theſe are fond Dreams, but Painter lets awake,
And of the fartheſt North a Proſpect take.
Scotland a barren Climate, there doth ſtand,
Poſſeſt by People fit for ſuch a Land.
A Race whom mother Nature wiſely hurl'd
Into that narrow corner of the World.
She never meant that they abroad ſhould roam,
But live among their ragged Hills at home.
Impatient of her Doom, they oft have tty'd,
T' enlarge their Borders on the Engliſh ſide:
But ſtill repulſt, they to their grief have known
Their Neighbours Valour, far above their own.
Floddens and *Muſcleburgs* unhappy Scene
Yet mark with red, the Scottiſh Calenders.
Hence 'tis although both Scepters now are joyn'd,
That they retain ſtill a Revengeful Mind.
Bred up in Troubles which they wiſh, not fear,
They'd fain diſturb our peaceful quiet here.
They're grev'd that Brittains Sun doth never chear
With his bright Rays their Nothern Hemiſphere.
But ſhining by reflexion from afar,
Lets them be govern'd by a leſſer Star.
Still for the Kirk, they Prelacy deſpiſe,
And call it Popery in a new diſguiſe.
They've heard how *Knox*, and his *Genevian* crew
Of old, the Royal Diadem overthrew:
And now they long to ſee thoſe days again,
Brave days when Saints did over Princes raign!
Theſe Cauſes thus concurring all in one,
Joyn'd with a Nature to Rebellion prone.
No wonder if from that Tempeſtuous Sky,
Storms to diſturb our Neighbours quiet fly.

Concluſion

Thus Painter have we ſeen from whence aroſe,
The fatal Series of our former Woes;
Noughts left; but firſt to meditate, then tell
How far thoſe times and hours run Parallel.

To the KING.

Great *Charles*, againſt whoſe Crown on either h
Rome and *Geneva* all their forces band,
Thou ſeeſt what Clouds the Airy Regions fill;
Stand firm; the times now come to ſhew thy ſk
In Calms each Paſſenger the Ship may Guide,
By Winds and Storms an Artful Pilot's try'd.
Keep faſt the Helm, on either ſide to err,
Is alike dangerous, in the middle Stear.
This People common Father, hold on ſtill;
To do them good, although againſt their will.
What real Prudence dictates that purſue,
But ſlight the Murmurs of a giddy Crew.
Thus had thy Father done, we nere had know
A Tyrant ſitting on the Royal Throne.
Thus may thy Reign juſt, long, and proſperou
Thou in thy Subjects, Happy they in Thee.

FINIS.

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ADVICE

To a Wavering FRIEND.

THough 'twere a Sin to doubt a Righteous Cauſe,
Supported by what all but Rebels awes,
A Peaceful Prince, and Uncorrupted Laws;

Yet ſince ſome Sons of Darkneſs dare invade
It, with what Subtil Arts hath ſpecious made,
Pretended Zeal dreſt up in Maſquerade;

'Tis but an Act of Goodneſs to adviſe
All that their own, or Countries Safety prize,
To ſhun the Fiend, though in the Saints diſguiſe.

You are too young more than by Rumour to
Know, what their Bloody Anceſtors did do,
When they their Sovereign to a Scaffold drew:

But thoſe that ſaw thoſe Diſmal Times can tell,
Their Actions then and now run Parallell;
If different, theſe in Villany excell.

Thoſe Sandy Props of State, the Common Rout,
Were then, as they are now, hurried about
With Fears and Fancies till the Flame burſt out.

They then, as now, unjuſtly did complain
Of Popiſh Prelates, Arbitrary Reign,
And all that might the Royal Ermins ſtain.

But here our Modern great Projectors have
Got ſome Advantage; here's a Plot to ſave
The Presbyter from being th' only Knave.

A Real Plot, by Subtil Jeſuits drew,
Whoſe Ruine Faction but pretended to,
Whilſt they erected One more ſtrange and new.

Here the White Devil puts on Innocence,
Makes Zeal and Loyalty the falſe Pretence,
As his Friends Ruine were the Kings Defence.

The Popiſh Lords with Caution lain aſide,
As if their twiſted Intereſt would divide,
Should they before more Loyal Men be try'd.

Thoſe Sons o'th' Earth they brought (the Devil knows
To be the Kings Undoubted Evidence, (whence)
Will ſwear to what they ſay in either ſence.

For though the Blinded People will not ſee
What 'tis they drive at, there's no Good Man free
From Danger, where the Crime is Loyalty.

There is no Means their Sovereign to annoy,
Nor Biſhops Lands again to re-enjoy,
Leſt His Great Council do His Good deſtroy;

Impeach His Loyal Lords, Biſhops ſuſpend,
And ruine him that to the Crown's a Friend,
And then Rebellion hath its wiſht-for End.

Then they'll diſcover what is now th' Intent,
That a Damn'd Faction only ſtrives to rent
Religions Veil, and Civil Government:

A Private Stab which brings Authority
From *Rome*'s dark Conclave of no uſe will be,
When the King's made His Kingdoms Enemy.

When the Deluded Rout *Their Own* they have,
Let Him but Grant what they are bold to Crave,
They'll Lop that Head, they now pretend to Save.

The Zealous Veil they'll then caſt off, and in
Their Native Colours to the World be ſeen,
As Black without, as they are now within.

What now you're flatter'd to, you then will hate;
Perhaps turn Convert, but 'twill be too late:
You may repent, but not retrieve your Fate.

Return in time then, and forſake that Way,
Which theſe Falſe Guides direct thee to, whilſt they
Their King, their Country, and the Church betray.

When Black Rebellion burſts into a Flame,
And Treaſon's known by 'ts own Prodigious Name,
Though pale with Sorrow, then you'll bluſh for Shame.

Bluſh that thy eaſie Faith did e'er conſent
To favour Thoſe that Ruine Government:
Be wiſe in time then, and the Ill prevent.

F I N I S.

A VINDICATION of a Marriage Life:

In Answer to the Broadside against

MARRIAGE.

THou dull insipid Wretch, who could'st not choose,
An apter Theme for thy Prophaner Muse:
Thy limping *Pegasus* though shod with Rime
Flounders and halts ev'n in the second Line.
As if like *Balaam*'s Ass, he durst not go
His usual Pace against *A Godly Foe*.
Thou Mercinarieſt Rhymer of the Town,
Thou Pimp to all Debauches for a Crown,
Who for a Strumpet's Fee dost thus dispence,
With breach of Laws of God and Conscience.
And rather then thy Luxury controul
Wilt sell the noble Charter of thy Soul,
Nay had the other poor half Crown'bin giv'n,
I dare to swear Th'adst sold thy claim to Heav'n!
From the dull Poem we collect no more,
But only that thou art, *A Son of a Whore*
The Harlots Champion and her part dost take
Because thou lov'st her for thy Mothers sake.
And who can think him less who thus derides
The holy Priviledges of happy Brides.
Who 'cause himself's a Bastard won't allow
The blest effects of a conjugal Vow.
So Thieves and Rogues who boast their own esteem
Would have her honest, though as bad as them.
And with loud Oaths applaud that very crime,
For which perhaps they're hang'd another time,
Which just deserved Fate since 'tis his due;
I wish may reach our Poetaster too:
Who by a long accustom'd trick of thieving
Is the known Robber both of th' Dead and Living,
When hir'd Verse hath worn his fancy bare,
His Brain as Empty as his Pockets are.
Made desperate through want, like some mad Lad,
That's driven by necessity to Padd:
He rifles all the Poets in the Town,
And what he rudely seizes, makes his own.
No Play or Character, e're yet was Writ;
But suffers by this *High-way man of Wit*.
Who where so e're he meets it bids it stand
And quietly resign at his Command.
No wonder then if such as he degrade
The spotless pleasures of a Marriage Bed;
Whose Infamous Progenitors ne're knew
What honours to that happy 'state is due:
But still ran on in an Incestious Line,
And knew their Parentage no more than Swine.
Thus I dare swear, *Incorrigible Sot*,
Thou was't not got by any holy Plot;
But as a hated Judgement did'st proceed
To punish those who did so ill a Deed.
By thy own Parents Recon'd a mishap
Whose Birth they dreaded worser than A Clap.
Thy Mother curst thee in her very womb,
And wish'd her belly might have been thy Tomb:
So passionately mad she was to see,
That thou shoul'st spoil her 6 Months Letchery:
What shall *I* say thou thing of low Estate!
The longest Curse's too short to reach thy Fate,
To make comparison 'twixt Hell and thee,
Were but to complement thy misery,
And by so mild a simily to press,
Too modest thoughts on thy unhappiness.
Enjoy thy self, thy Royots and thy Wenches,
Thy Pocky Pills, thy Dyet, Drink and Drenches;
Commend thy Plaisters, Seringes, and Fluxes,
And swear there's no such pleasure as the Pox is:
Thy snuffling Eloquence shall ne're disswade
Me from the Pleasures of my Nuptial Bed.
Marriage the Noble Center of the Mind,
Wherein an Heaven we only quiet find:
The even Calme of fifty pleasant Years,
Wherein no storms but those of love appears,
And repetitions of our Chast delights,
Which we like Gods enjoy without affrights,
We run no hazards, but go to't with ease,
Squenching our Souls, and leaving when we please;
Cloy'd with the pleasures of the active Night,
Our minds next day repeat the blest delight;
Flush'd with sweet kisses, our desires move
So high we drown our Duty in our Love.
Marriage, the holy order which confines,
Our straggling faculties to good designes,
That wise retreat which bids us take a View,
Both of our selves, and of our fortunes too,
Which busie Youth could ne're abide to do.
A Wife! that sweet divider of our cares!
Doubles our joy and half our sorrow shares:
If angry Destiny our Fortune shakes,
She smiles, and heals those wounds which Fortune makes:
Sugar'd within humble Language, she
Calmly diverts our Growing misery.
In short a Vertuous Wife's a good estate,
And he who has her is secur'd by Fate,
To Live in Credit, and be Fortunate.

Printed for *J. L. T. Ashfield.*

LOGOMACHIA: A Harmony in Discord,

SHEWING

The mutual submission of the Episcopal party in the City, and the Independent Souldiery, To *CHARLES*, by the Grace of God, King of *England, Scotland, France & Ireland, Defender of the FAITH.*

City. WHere am I now! upon some unseen wing,
Hither I have been brought; the presence of a King
Ere long will grace my bulwarks, and adorn
My brow with lustre, like the gray-ey'd morn.
Though wayward fortune had malign'd my State,
And crost my Noble Actions out of date,
Yet I am metropolitan, and my Name
Shall live, and stand equivalent with fame.
Rouze up yee slumbring Lions, hollow
My war-like hearts, go, and your General follow;
You whose undaunted valour has been crown'd
With Noble Victories the world around,
Come forth, and with your fiers chase away
The night, and meet the Chariot of the day.

Sould. Presumptuous wretch! to call mee from my bed,
And with vain thoughts perplex my troubled head;
A dullness shuts mine eyes, I fain would rest
A while secure; how happy, Oh how blest,
Are those that sleep eternally! and hee
That lives and dieth in obscurity!
Bear mee thou gentle Earth, for ever I
Would press thy flowry green; alass to dye,
Is less than to bee born; life is a bubble,
A minutes joy, and full of pleasing trouble;
Let mee alone; ah mee, that I could take
So kinde a sleep, that I might never wake.

City. What pale-fac'd discontent doth seize thee now?
Or why does anger furrow up thy brow?
Or is't despair, opinion, timorous fear
Makes thee look through the glasses of a tear?
Whose valour and brave fortitude aspires
Above the Earth in circles of blew fires.
The King grants mercy, wilt thou now refuse
T'imbrace it, and his Royal Love abuse?
The branded slave, that tuggs the weary Oar,
Having the Sabbath of a welcome shore
Procured for him by his Gracious King,
To free him from his slavery, and bring
Him home again, but hee in love with pains,
Huggs his tormentors, and does kiss his chains,
Let him work on, till for his dull delay,
With torturing whips hee weeps himself away.
How was this poor and pining City pained
With burdens, when the many rabble reigned?
When they had grasp'd in their greasy hands
The Kings, Lands, Bishops, Deans, and Chapters Lands,
And the Rates of all Commodities did rise
By Taxes, Sesments, Customes, and Excise,
With wars, imprisonments, turmoils, vexations,
Changing, and clashing, death and sequestrations.
The Right of Government most did suppose
Lay first in one mans head, then th'others nose;
Mean while the people flock'd in numerous swarms
Of double tongues, false hearts, divided arms,
And a distracted brain, a poisonous breath
Of envy, and a life-expecting death,
Or death in midst of life. Oh were not wee,
The only Monuments of misery?
But now wee are approach'd to that wee call
The good, if there bee earthly good at all;
All earthly happiness those people gain
'Bove others, where a prudent Prince doth reign.
Kings are not dismal Comets, but as fair
As *Phœbus*, burnish'd with his morning hair,
That from his flaming chariot sends his beams,
To wake dull mortals from their drowzy dreams,
Though oft, his glorious face, when they grow proud,
He hides, and leaves them mantled in a cloud.

Sould. Dishevill'd hair I'le tear thee from my Crown,
Poor tangled Ornament; mans Renown
Is but a dream; be gone, I'le fill thy room
With dust, and break thee like a Spiders loom.
It is his Right, but wherein now do yee
Make famous his immortal memory?
What singular service now? that Heaven may deign,
To glorifie him with a happy Reign,
On Earth? that his Illustrious Majesty
No more, may not in black oblivion lye?
Will drinking, swearing, singing roundelaies,
With Bonfires, May-polls, Garlands, Fidlers, Plaies,
Deriding, scoffing, persecuting too
Those that are good, are these the things will do
The King such honour? what, is this the thing
Required as solemnity for a King?
Will lust and rapine, madness, folly, pride,
In them who all true piety deride?
Whose poisonous breath, while they prophanely call
To Heaven, would kill a Spider to the wall,
And hurt the wholesome Air; is this the thing
Required as Solemnity for a King?
No, come Great *Charls* and welcome, let thine eyes
A little check these numerous fooleries,
Rule us aright, and thou shalt prove that wee,
Though scorn'd, the best of all thy Subjects bee.
Kings are Earth's Gods, sometimes their law their will,
They can incourage virtue, punish ill;
Thy lips are lips of knowledge, in thine eye
Is both Humility and Majesty;
The boisterous wind, that in its fury raves
Aloft, to beat the ebbing flowing waves,
Lockt up in *Eolus* Gaol, sends gentle Gales
Of perfum'd Air, to court the pregnant Sails,
That the recoyling Seas as still may lye
As Virgins, while our Soveraign passes by.
The Sun invest with Majesty will flee
The concave of the spangled Canopy,
Leaving the Southern Chambers, as he rides
Through *Gemini*, his flaming Chariot guides,
From bright *Aurora*, hee will lash away
His horse, to view the triumphs of the day.
Where when thou art inthron'd, if any woo
For Justice, then remember Mercy too;
So shall loud Acclamations lift thy Name
'Bove the resounding trump of flying Fame;
So shalt thou flourish in th'inlarged store,
Of wealth and peace, thy temples arched ore
In a victorious Orb, which when lai'd down,
Because 'tis but a transitory Crown,
Thou shalt bee crown'd above in streets of gold,
Where thou thy Royal Father shalt behold,
In everlasting glory uncontroull'd.

By *JEREMIAH RICH.*

London, Printed for *Peter Dring*, at the Sun in the *Poultry*.

The Second Part to the ſame Tune;

OR,

An Anſwer to the Lady of Qualities POPISH BALLAD of the POPISH PLOT.

Like you my Song, or like it not,
I ſing the Down-fall of the PLOT;
The PLOTTERS Characters I ſhew,
The Devil by his Paw you'l know.
God bleſs our KING, our CHURCH Preſerve;
Whilſt TRAYTORS have what they deſerve.

To the Tune of PACKINGTON'S POUND.

1.

SInce Hell is broke looſe, and the Preſs ſet a work,
By Jeſuit, by Jew, by Chriſtian, and Turk;
By Fools, and by Fops, by Raſcals, and Knaves,
By Counterfeit Ladies, and by Scribbling Slaves:
Each Mome, and each Sot,
Now talks of the Plot,
Some cry it is true, and ſome ſwear it is not:
New Fire-balls in Pamphlets and Ballads are hurl'd,
To cajole the People, and amuſe the World.

2.

And among all the reſt, there ſtarts up for one,
A Prieſt under Petticoats, Jeſuit *Joan*;
Who in a lewd Ballad, does ſing a loud Lye,
And to o'erthrow the Plot by fooling would try:
And though very bold
The Plotters ſhe told,
The trick is too ſtale, the deſign is too old;
For no honeſt man in whom Reaſon doth dwell
But ſcents the Popes breath, and the ſ

3.

The people deceiv'd by Jeſuitical Glaſſes,
No longer now will be ridden like Aſſes;
They won't be deceiv'd, by their old fooliſh Lyes,
But the Plot, and the Plotters, ſee with their own Eyes:
For it is too plain,
For all their falſe Train,
The Plot was firſt hatch'd in a Jeſuitical Brain:
And you ſhall without *Romiſh* Spectacles ſee,
Who both the Contrivers, and Actors ſtill be.

4.

A Politick States-man that doth all confound,
Who the Head of all true Religion does wound;
Who was the firſt Rebel, that e're did rebell,
And who ſtill advances all Traytors in Hell:
The Father of Evil,
And named Don Devil,
A very Fanatick, though he can ſeem Civil,
Of this wicked Plot firſt laid the cloſe Train,
And the Cockatrice hatch'd in a Jeſuits Brain.

5.

The Politick States-man in Councel did ſit,
With Legions, to find out ſome Inſtruments fit;
And picking and chooſing, he form'd a whole Rabble,
Who ſtink at St. *Omers* like Goats in a Stable:
Their Fortunes were low,
The Devil did know,
The bate of Preferment he therefore did ſhew:
He adopted theſe Tools, to give the Train fire,
For which ſome receiv'd a Rope for their hire.

6.

The next he prepar'd was a proud prating Knave,
Who long ply'd the Court, to Great ones a Slave;
He fed with great Hopes, kept up a great Table,
For Money from *France*, did make the Knave able:
He went and he ran,
Did many Trepan,
And for the Popes ſake, a whole Nation did ban:
He loſt his Reward if he gaped for Uburn,
For he with an Halter was Sainted at *Tyburn*.

7.

Like Rat in a Chamber another he found,
Who had from the Fathers got many a pound;
This Pick-lock of Law, to be the Book drudge,
Was made, with great hopes, at laſt to be Judge:
He loved Applauſe,
Perverted the Laws,
And filled with Zeal he grew ſtout for the Cauſe:
Leſt Drawing and Hanging ſhould not make him Martyr,
He laſh'd his own Back like a terrible Carter.

8.

The next were five bloudy and murtherous Fellows,
Who tempted by Money, made haſte to the Gallows;
By whoſe cruel hands a brave *Hero* did fall,
Sufficiently prov'd, though deny'd by them all:
Give the Devil his due,
The Treaſurer too,
He has Sins of his own, and needs none from you:
The Knight being ſlain, fled the Men of the Church,
And left the poor Lay-men to hang in the lurch.

9.

The next a grave Gown-man in terrible form,
Who with a ſtrong breath, doth blow up this Storm;
He thunders, he tears, he rants, and he roars,
To turn all Heretical Kings out of doors:
He makes a great rout,
And hunts all about,
To turn all Religion and Sanctity out;
Both Biſhop and Presbyter he'l turn to Graſs,
To bring in his Idols, and ſet up the Maſs.

10.

Thus both the Contrivers, and Actors you ſee,
They are not meer ſhadows, but really be;
But 'twas their ill Fortune, and our good Lot,
Or rather Gods Mercy confounded their Plot:
What e're Ladies ſing,
They Murther'd one King,
And now to Confuſion another would bring:
God bleſs our good King, and long may he Reign,
And Jeſuits be Hanged if they Plot again.

F I N I S.

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THE MUSES FIRE-WORKS

Upon the Fifth of November:

OR,

The Proteſtants Remembrancer

OF THE

Bloody Deſigns of the Papiſts in the Never-to-be-forgotten Powder-Plot, &c.

HAil happy hour, wherein that Helliſh Plot
Was found, which, had it proſper'd, might have ſhot
At the Celeſtial Throne; at whoſe dread ſtroke
Atlas had reel'd, and both the Poles had ſhoke:
And *Tellus* (ſympathizing in the woe)
Had felt an Ague and a Fever too:
Hell-gates had been ſet ope, to make men ſay,
S. *Peter*'s Vicar hath miſtook his Key.
Methinks I ſee a diſmal gloomy Cell,
The Lobby-Porch and Wicket unto Hell,
The Devil's Shop, where great had been his Prize,
Had he prevail'd to make his Wares to Riſe.
Say, gentle Drawer, were they Casks of Beer?
Or was old *Bacchus* tunn'd and firkin'd there?
Nay, then the Pope's turn'd Vintner: Friends, behold
What mortal Liquour's at the Mitre ſold!
Fire-ſpewing *Ætna* with good cauſe may fear
That her Diſtemper ſprings from too much Beer:
And old *Enceladus* may well confeſs
That all his Belching's caus'd by Drunkenneſs.
Had wretched *Dives* begg'd a Drop of this,
To allay his heat, the Fool had ask'd amiſs:
His hapleſs Rhet'rick might have done him wrong,
'Twould have tormented, not have coold his Tongue.
Had *Heber*'s Wife but known this Trick of thine,
She'd ſpar'd her Milk, and given the Captain Wine.
Strange, ſure, had been th' Effects; it would have ſped
Our lawful King and left the Pope inſtead.
Right Drunkenneſs indeed, which, for a ſpace,
Steals Man away and leaves a Beaſt in's place.
'T had caus'd a general intoxication,
The ſtag'ring, nay, the downfal of the Nation.
Oh murth'rous Plot! Poſterity ſhall ſay,
His Holineſs oreſhoots *Caligula*.
The Pope by this and ſuch Deſigns ('tis plain)
Out-Babels *Nimrod* and out-butchers *Cain*.
About this time the brave *Munteagle*, whoſe
Firm love to his Religion rather choſe
To break the Roman Yoke, than ſee the Reign
Of deceas'd *Mary* wheel about again,
Receiv'd a Letter in a dubious ſence,
It ſeem'd a piece of Sybian Eloquence:
The Characters look'd juſt like conj'ring Spells;
For this bout Hell here ſpoke in Parables.
The Pope's and Devil's Signets were ſet to't,
The cloven Mitre and the cloven Foot.

But ſhall our State by an unlook'd-for Blow
Receive a mortal Wound; and yet not know
The hand that ſmote her? ſhall ſhe ſigh and cry,
Like *Polyphemus*, Out is quench'd mine Eye?
Is *England* by the angry Fates ſad Doom
Condemn'd to play at Hot-cockles with *Rome:*
No, Man of Myſt'ries, no, we underſtand
Thy Gibb'riſh, though thou art confounded, and
Have found thy meaning; Heav'n can read thy hand.
Thus were our Senate like to be betraid
By a ſtrange Egg which *Peter*'s Cock had laid:
For had the Serpent hatch'd it, the Device
Had prov'd to us a baneful Cockatrice.
Now like proud *Haman* being ſtretch'd upon
The heightned Pegs of vain Ambition,
Above Pride's higheſt *Ela*, how he took
Poor *Mordechai*'s advancement, and could brook
Hanging in ſtead of Honouring; that Curſe
Which made him ſet the Cart before the Horſe:
Juſt ſuch was *Faux*, his baffled hopes bequeath
No comforts now, but thoughts of ſudden Death.
Like *Haman*'s fate, he only could aſpire
To be advanced fifty Cubits higher.
What *Phœbus* ſaid to th' Laurel, that ſure he
Said to the Gallows, *Thou ſhalt be my Tree.*
But didſt thou think, thou mitred Man of *Rome*,
Who belloweſt threatnings and thy dreadful Doom,
And like *Perillus* roareſt in thy Bull
Curſes and Blaſphemies a Nation full,
At one ſad ſtroke to maſſacree a Land,
And make them fall whom heav'n ordain'd to ſtand.
No, though thy head was fire and thou could turn
Thy ten branch'd Antler to a Powder-horn;
Still we are ſafe, till our tranſgreſſions merit
A Reformation from ſuch a Spirit
As comes from thence: our Nation need not fear
Dark Lanterns, whilſt God's Candleſtick is here.
The Purple Whore may lay her Mantle by,
Until our Sins are of a Scarlet-dye.
Thoſe Horns alone can ſound our overthrow,
And blow us up, which blew down *Jericho*,

Chriſt bleſs this Kingdom from inteſtine quarrels;
From Schiſm in Tubs, and Popery in Barrels.

LONDON, Printed for *William Miller* at the Gilded Acorn in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, near the little North Door.

At which Place you may be furniſhed with moſt ſorts of bound or ſtitched Books, as Acts of Parliament, Proclamations, Speeches, Declarations, Letters, Orders, Commmiſſions, Articles; as alſo Books of Divinity, Church-Government, Sermons, and moſt ſorts of Hiſtories, Poetry, Plays, and ſuch like, &c. As alſo Tickets for Funerals ready fitted.

The Sale of Eſau's Birth-right;

OR

The New Buckingham Ballad.

To the Tune of the *London Gentlewoman*, or *Little Peggey Ramſey*.

A Wondrous Tale I will relate,
The like was never told you,
Of *Engliſh* men that *England* hate,
The Town of *Bucks* has ſold you.

To ſerve in Parliament they choſe
Two men I fear to name them;
For if I did, you would ſuppoſe
I told a Lye to ſhame them.

That Beef and Ale ſhould yet prevail
You need no longer wonder;
For men of wit, muſt ſtill ſubmit
To Fools of greater number.

The D—, the Pope, and Tyranny,
Need never fear a Down-fall,
For *Tiege* and *Wakeman* both would be
Elected for a Town-hall.

Theſe Loyal men of *Buckingham*,
(True only to their Purſes,)
Would ſell the Crown t'Inrich the Town,
And laugh at all your Curſes.

When they have ſin'd, and damn'd their ſouls,
Or to the Devil gave them;
Their friend the Pope in him they hope,
VVell knowing he can ſave them.

If *Sc--s* would take off *Oats*'s head,
He need not fear ſucceeding;
But ſend him down unto this Town,
He ſoon might ſee him bleeding.

Of Thirteen men there are but Six
VVho do not merit Hemp-well,
The other ſeven play their Tricks
For *L*—— and *T*——.

The Father is a Reprobate,
And yet the Son's Elected:
The Gawdy Youth comes down in State,
And muſt not be rejected.

Our prating Knight doth owe his Call
To Timber, and his Lady,
Though one goes longer with Town-hall,
Then t'other with her Baby.

Theſe men do to their chooſing trudge
With all the ſpeed that can be,
And make the Son the F[illegible] Judge,
To ſave great *Tom of D*[illegible]

The Bailiff is ſo mad a Spark
(Though lives by Tanning Leather)
That for a Load of *Temple*'s Bark,
He'd Sacrifice his Father.

His Horns do ſhine, his Wife kept fine,
All men would blame him had he
Not made him ſtand, whoſe helping hand
Muſt make him be a Daddy.

He huffs and rants, and calls to Hall,
But will not give men warning:
When drunk o're night, he takes delight
To play the Rog[illegible]' morning.

Next comes the Barber, who will do
Whatever you deſire him;
He for a Groat, will cut your Throat,
A Lowſie, perjur'd hireling.

God damn and rot his Arm, he cries,
And ſwears like any Lover,
For to be true, to three in two,
Poor *Judas* younger Brother.

Of late he huff'd and drank with Lords,
But ſince a ſad Diſaſter
Hath ſummon'd him to Waſh and Trim,
A Rev'rend Owl his Maſter.

Another he hath kiſs'd a hand,
Which puts him in a Rapture;
So have I known a Miſs o'th' Town,
Adore the Fopp that Clapt her.

Since kiſſing hands can ſo prevail,
There's no man need want Riches;
If they'l be kind, and come behind,
They're welcome to our Breeches.

Thus *Buckingham* hath led the way
To Popery and ſorrow;
Thoſe ſeven Knaves who make us ſlaves,
Would ſell their God to morrow.

A Liſt of thoſe who Voted for their King and Country, Proteſtant Religion, and *Sir P.* — *T.* —

Mr. *Rogers* Draper, Mr. *Maſon* Apothecary, Mr. *Robinſon* Laceman,
Mr. *Brown* Gent. Mr. *Everſay* Draper, Mr. *Walter Arnot* Ironmonger.

Honeſt men and True, be not weary of Well-doing.

Mr. *William Hartly* was abſent at the Election, nor was there any need of his Company.

Thoſe who Voted for the L—d. *L*——*r.* for the E. of *D*—, for Popery, and for their Town-hall.

George Dancer Tanner and Bayliff, *Henry Hayward* Knight of the Poſt, and Shaver in Ordinary to her Excellency *Madgl Owlet*, *George Carter* Baker,
Thomas Sheen Farmer,
Pellam Sandwell Maulſter, —— *Stevens* Maulſter,

Good Lord deliver us from.

Thoſe who Voted for Sir *R. T.* his Timber, Chimny-mony and Court, were the ſame with the *L. L-t.* not worth —

☞ *The Charter of this Town was given them by Queen* Mary *for their good Service in the propagation of Popery; Therefore (to give the Devil his due) they are but true to the old Cauſe.*

A NEW-YEARS-GIFT FOR THE

R U M P.

YOu may have heard of the *Politique Snout*,
Or a *tale of a Tub, with the bottom out*,
But ſcarce of a *Parliament* in a *ſhitten clout*.
which no body can deny.

'Twas *Atkins* firſt ſerv'd this *Rump* in with *Muſtard*,
The *Sawce* was a compound of *Courage*, and *Cuſtard*;
Sr. Vane bleſs'd the Creature: Noll ſnufled, and Bluſter'd.
Which no body can deny.

The *Right* was as then, in *Old Olivers Noſe*,
But when the *Devil*, of that did *diſpoſe*,
It *Deſcended from thence, to the Rump*, in the Cloze.
Which no body can deny.

Nor is it likely there to ſtay long,
The Retentive faculties being gone,
The *Fuggle* is *ſtale*, and *Money* there's *none*.
Which no body can deny.

The *Secluded Members* made a *Trial*
To *Enter*, but them the *Rump* did defy all,
By the Ordinance of Self-denial.
Which no body can deny.

Our *Politique Doctors* do us Teach,
That a *Bloud-ſucking Red-coat's as good as a Leech*,
To Relieve the Head, if appli'd to the Breech.
Which no body can deny.

But never was ſuch a *worm* as *Vane*;
When the *State ſcour'd* laſt, it *voided* him then,
Yet now he's *crept* into the *Rump* again.
Which no body can deny.

Iudlow's Fart, was a *Phrophetique* Trump:
(There never was any thing ſo Jump)
'Twas the very *Type*, of a *vote* of this *Rump*.
VVhich no body can deny.

They ſay 'tis good Luck, when a *Body riſes*
With the Rump upward; but he that adviſes
to *Live* in that *Poſture*, is none of the wiſeſt.
Which no body can deny.

The *Reaſon* is *worſe*, though the *Rime* be *Untoward*,
When things proceed with the *wrong end Forward*,
But they ſay their's ſad news to the *Rump*, from the *Nor'ward*.
VVhich no body can deny.

'Tis a wonderfull thing the *ſtrength* of that Part,
At a *Blaſt*, it will take you a *Team* from a *Cart*;
And *Blow* a mans *Head* away with a *Fart*.
VVhich no body can deny.

When our *Brains* are *Sunck* below the *Middle*,
And our *Conſciences ſteer'd by the hey down-Diddle*,
Then things will go round without a Fiddle.
Which no body can deny.

You may Order the *City* with a *Hand-Granado*,
Or the *General* with a *Baſtonado*,
But no way for a *Rump* like a *Carbonado*.
Which no body can deny.

To make us as famous in *Council*, as *Wars*,
Here's *Lenthal, a Speaker for mine* ——
And *Fleetwood is a man of Mars*.
which no body can deny.

'Tis pitty that *Nedham's* Fall'n into Diſgrace,
For he Orders a *Bumme* with a marvellous Grace,
And ought to attend the *Rump* by his *Place*.
Which no body can deny.

Yet this in ſpight of all Diſaſters,
Although he hath *Broken the Heads of his Maſters*,
'Tis ſtill his *Profeſsion, to give 'em all Plaſters*.
VVhich no body can deny.

Let em cry down the Pope, till their Throats are ſore,
Their deſign was to bring him in at the Back-door:
For the *Rump* ha's a mind to the *ſcarlet whore*.
VVhich no body can deny.

And this is a Truth at all hands confeſt,
However unskilfull in any of the reſt,
The *Rump ſpeaks the Language of the Beaſt*.
Which no body can deny.

They talk that *Lambert* is like to be *try'd*
For *Treaſon*, and *Buggerie* beſide,
Becauſe that he did the *Rump* beſtride.
VVhich no bodie can deny.

The *Rump's* an *old ſtorie*, if well underſtood,
'Tis a thing dreſs'd up in a Parliaments Hood,
And like't, but the Tayl ſtands where the Head ſhould.
Which no bodie can deny.

'Twould make a *man ſcratch, where it does not itch*,
To ſee forty Fools Heads in one Politique Breech,
And That, —— *Hugging the Nation as the Devil did the witch.*
VVhich no bodie can deny.

From rotten-Members preſerve our VVives:
From the mercie of a Rump, our Eſtates and our Lives:
For they muſt needs go, whom the Devil Drives.
VVhich no bodie can deny.

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THE ROTA

OR,

News from the Common-wealths-mens Club,
Written by Mr. Henry Stubb;
'Tis better then a Syllybub.

1.

AT *Weſtminſter* where we take Boat,
There on the left hand you may note
The ſign of the *Turks Head* and *Throat*.

2.

What heads and throats therein there be,
If you'l have patience to ſee,
Theſe few lines here ſhall notifie.

3.

Here *Harrington* breeds up his youth
To the diſcovery of *no truth*,
All *Commonwealths-men* in good ſooth.

4.

A queſtion here, though nere ſo rude,
Is ſo belabourd, and ſo tewd,
And into ſundry pieces hewd.

5.

If unreſolvd by *I*, or *Not*,
It muſt be put to the Ballot,
Tis Mr. *Harringtons* own plot.

6.

The fineſt thing that ere was ſeen,
The one ſide white, the other green,
And there you muſt put in a Bean.

7.

Firſt *Harrington* doth hawk and hum,
And tells a ſtory of old *Rome*,
Which from his own ſtore never come.

8.

He cites *Sigonius* and *Lampridius*,
Authors which to the Club are hideous,
And he in quoting moſt perfideous.

9.

But there a ſad miſhap befel,
Which much doth grieve me for to tel,
But I am glad it was ſo wel.

10.

The learned man ſtood up and ſpoke,
That by two Loſſes he was broke,
His Reputation and his Cloak.

11.

Quoth he, My Reputation
I hear is tumbled up and down,
Much like a Foot-ball through the town.

12.

And for my Cloak, by this good light,
This Raſcal *Miles* but yeſter-night
With Coffee did it all bedite.

13.

Next *Polixſen*, that Politician,
Yet ſurely he is no *Hebrician*,
And (as I take it) a worſe *Grecian*.

14.

Whom Αυτοκράτωρ did ſo fright,
He was not himſelf again that night,
Twas thought he did his Chair beſhite.

15.

Theres *Poultney* too, that man of Law,
In Politicks he is but raw,
But prattles more then a Jack-daw.

16.

Who ſpeaking once of *injuſtice*,
Made a diſtinction ſomewhat nice,
It was between a *ſin*, and *Vice*.

17.

Next comes in *Gold* that brazen-face,
If bluſhing be a ſign of grace,
The Youth is in a woful caſe.

18.

Whilſt he ſhould give us Sol's and Ob's,
He brings us in ſome ſimple bobs,
and fathers them on Mr. *Hobs*.

19.

Nay, he hath got the prettieſt feat,
Monarchs out of the world to beat,
Thus proves thei're all a *tacite Cheat*.

20.

If man in ſtate of nature be,
And one imparts his Right to me,
I cheat him of his property.

21.

The like, if many men poſſeſt,
To one give all their intereſt;
He muſt be deem'd a Cheat at beſt.

22.

We want not an Attourney hight,
Lawe Collins, (if I name him right)
Oh! 'tis a very learned Wight.

23.

The ſubtleſt man that ere I ſaw,
Did Arguments from Scripture draw;
Religion was before the Law.

24.

If ſo Sir *Harrington's* miſtane,
Religion doth the Law ſuſtain,
Law property, it is moſt plain.

25.

A *Parſon* too, of no ſmall note,
His ſenſe as thred-bare as his coat;
And neither of them worth a groat.

26.

The man doth hope in time to be,
Chaplain to the Academy;
Hee's fit, for he can ſcarce tell three.

27.

Morley, who thought to have been one
Of the Committee, but was none;
For had he, they'd been all undone.

28.

'Twas well foreſeen, for the wiſe *Knot*
Thought that the man might have a plot,
For to have dipped their *Ballot*.

29.

One in a Speech he did reherſe,
'Gainſt the Popes-land, he was ſo fierce,
He cut it off at leaſt a teirce.

30.

He ſaid hee'd quote Authority,
That the full length of *Italy*,
Contain'd but threeſcore miles and three.

31.

A Cambrobritain here god-wot,
Muſt needs make one of this learnd knot;
But twere as good that he were not.

32.

Taff Morgan, God her Worſhip ſave,
Doth ſhit among them very grave,
He's no great States-man, but great K---

33.

Laſt, *Skinner* of his Chaire grown proud,
Doth gravely weild the buſie croud,
And ſtill to Orders cries aloud.

34.

To tell you more of Mr. *Skinner*,
He'd rather talk, then eat his Dinner;
Tis that which makes him look the thinner.

35.

But whilſt the man to *Stafford* cryd,
Sir you to Orders muſt be tyd,
Or elſe you muſt not here abide.

36.

For our courſe here, is not to prate
Of things that do too near relate
To the Affairs of preſent ſtate.

37.

Speak to the queſtion, it is ſound,
In what of Government the Ground,
Or the Foundation may be found.

38.

Stafford with that did lowly bow,
Good Mr. Speaker calm your brow,
And of my Argument allow.

39.

For had your queſtion any ſence,
I ſhould not take the confidence
To give your Worſhip ought offence.

40.

But ſince for non-ſenſe it may paſſe,
To ſpeak to you in *Country-Phaſſe*,
Your Worſhip is a learned Aſſe.

41.

Which words he took in ſo much ſcorn,
That nothing elſe would ſerve his turn,
But preſently he muſt *Adjourn*.

42.

Adjourn, *quoth Stafford*, in a fright,
Are you a Burgeſs, or a Knight?
Sure I ſhall to the Tower to night.

43.

But loe, the worſt of all diſaſters,
A *Youth* ſtood up, *My learned Maſters*,
All Governments are *much like plaſters*.

44.

Plaiſters, quoth *Stafford*, let me die;
If not, this poor Academy,
Have not ſome grand infirmity.

45.

And ſince it happens to be ſo,
I may chance be infected too;
Therefore *my Maſters all*, adieu. *Exit.*

A POEM

TO

His Sacred Majesty,

ON THE

PLOT.

Written by a Gentlewoman.

HAil Mighty Prince! whom Providence designed
To be the chief delight of Humane Kind:
So many Virtues crowd Your Breast, that we
Do almost question Your Humanity:
Sure every Planet that o're Virtue Reigns,
Shed it's best Influence in Your Royal Veins.
You are the Glory of Monarchal Pow'rs,
In Bounties free, as are descending Showrs;
Fierce as a Tempest, when engag'd in War,
In Peace more mild than tender Virgins are;
In Mercy, You not only Imitate
The Heav'nly Pow'rs, but also Emulate.
None but Your Self, Your Suff'rings could have born
With so much Greatness, such Heroick Scorn:
When hated Traytors do Your Life pursue,
And all the world is fill'd with Cares for You,
When every Loyal Heart is sunk with fear,
Your Self alone, does unconcern'd, appear,
Your Soul within still keeps its awful state,
Contemns, and Dares, the worst effects of Fate;
The Majesty that shoots from Your bright Eye,
Commands Your Fate, and awes Your Destiny.
And yet thô Your brave Soul bear You thus high,
Your solid Judgment sees there's Danger nigh,
Which with such Care and Prudence You prevent,
As if You fear'd not, but wou'd cross th' Event:
Your Care so Nobly looks, it doth appear,
'Tis for Your Subjects, not Your Self You fear:
Heavens, make this Princes Life Your nearest Care,
That does so many heavenly Virtues share.
If Kings may be allow'd to Copy You,
CHARLES is the likest, Nature ever drew:
Blast every hand, that dares to be so bold!
An impious weapon gainst His Life to hold;
Burst every heart, that dares but think Him ill,
Their guilty Souls with so much Terror fill,
That of themselves they may their PLOT unfold,
And live no longer, when the Tale is told:
Safe in your Care all else would needless prove,
Yet keep Him safe too in His Subjects Love;
Your Subjects view You with such Loyal Eyes,
They know not how they may their Treasure prize.
Were You defenceless, they would round You fall,
And pile their Bodies to build up a wall.
Were You oppress'd, 'twou'd move a generous strife
Who first should lose his own, to save Your Life:
But since kind Heaven these Dangers doth remove,
We'll find out other wayes to express our Love.
We'll force the Traytors all, their Souls resign
To herd with them, that taught them their Design.

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The Country-Man's Fare-vvel to LONDON.

OR,

A Broad-ſide againſt Pride.

LEt's *ſtem* the *Tide*, though *vanity* be grown,
A *Torrent* that quite *over-whelms* the *Town*;
Though horrid *Atheiſm*, and *Bawdy* fits,
Are thought the nobleſt *flights* of *modern Wits*,
Yet thou, *free muſe*! who always didſt *diſdain*
To bear a part in the *illuſtrious* Train
Of *thriveing* Vice; may'ſt with deſerved *Rhymes*
Bleed (whilſt the *Dog-days* laſt) our *Brain-ſick* times:
But ſtay —— To *charm* theſe *Adders* don't engage,
Satyrs are thrown away on *ſuch* an *Age*;
Heaven in loud *Judgements* has proclaim'd it's ire,
Sad *Wars*, dire *Plagues*, and all-amazing *Fire*,
Yet *Wars*, nor *Plagues*, nor *Fire* can us reſtrain,
But ſtill we grow more *giddy*, ſtill more vain;
And think'ſt thou with ſoft ſcratches of a Pen
For to reclaim ſuch *brutified* Men,
They'r reſolutely *Deaf*, and it appears,
Before they'l *hear*, *thunder* muſt *bore* their *Ears*.

Pride, that at firſt made *divels*, now has hurl'd
It's bane on men, and *diveliz'd* the World,
Humility is baniſht, and we meet
Whole ſwarms of *Lucifers* in every ſtreet;
See how the haughty *duſt* and *aſhes* walks
As if he could *unhinge* the *Poles*; and *talks*
Such *Hogan Mogan* words, as might out-vye
(Were they but true) the Laws of *Deſtiny*;
Our ſhaggy Gallants with prodigious Locks,
(Supplies of thatch blown off by early Pox)
Appear like *Hairy Comets*, that fore-ſhow
Effeminated Follies Overthrow;
Our Swaggerers with *Arms a Kembo* Huffe,
And all muſt give the wall to *Mounſieur Puffe*,
That walking Mercers ſhop, a thing that owes
His very Eſſence to *New-faſhion'd* cloaths,
And *them* to ſome confiding *Stitch*, who muſt
As long as *Drapers* for *Nolls mourning* truſt;
Poor painted *Butter-Flyes*, whoſe ſouls ſcarce ſave
Their *Corps* from ſtinking, on this ſide a *Grave*;
Who can but laugh, to ſee theſe pert *Buffoons*
With empty *Pockets*, but *vaſt* Pantaloons:
Whoſe *dangling poynts* rattle about their Trouzes
Like *Hen* and *Chickens* in our Country Houſes:
Their *Copper Hat-bands* counterfeiting *gold*,
And freſh *New Long-Lane Suits* ſome ten years old,
Whole *Lord-ſhips* laid on *up-ſtart Squires* back,
And *Sunday-Cloak* that makes a whole Shop *crack*;
Are theſe, *proud Fool*! thy ways to gain repute,
T'*undo* thy ſelf for credit of a *Suit*?

Reaſon directs our *Cloaths* to regulate,
Suiting our *birth*, our *breeding*, or *eſtate*,
For he that *Flaunts* beyond his *pedigree*,
Forgets his *home-ſpun Parents*, and muſt be
The mark of *Envies* ſhot; he that does wear
A braver *Garb* than his *weak Purſe* can bear,
Undoes his *children*; and the *Gawdy* Fopp,
VVhoſe unbecoming *Fineries* o're-top,
His *courſe* mechanick parts, do what he can,
Is but a *gay incongruous gentleman*;
Nor may we leſs of th'*other Sex* complain,
VVho think it their juſt *priviledge* to be *vain*;
Idols, that half their *precious minutes* paſs
Between the *Dreſſing-box* and *Looking-glaſs*,
Whilſt the ſhort reſidue's ſquandered away
I'th wanton *bed*, vain *viſits*, or a play;
Like *ſpeckled Serpents* ſome of them appear,
And even *borrow* the *faces* that they wear,
March under vices *colours*, patch and Paint,
Whitewaſh and *Dawb* to make the *Devil* ſeem *Saint*,
Diſguis'd with *fruzzled Towers* they look like *Bulls*,
But plant the horns of't on their Husbands skulls;
With *rowling Eyes* they walk, and *powdred* creſts,
Wanton affected Gate, and *plumped breaſts*,
VVhoſe *panting* and inviting motions ſhow
Too plain how much a *ſtray* their fancies go.

Nor is it only the *profaner* Crew
That theſe ſoul-murthering vanities purſue
Thoſe that pretend unto far better things,
VVe find of late this growing *Serpent* ſtings;
They will like *Dinah* too view *Hamors* Land,
And with his Daughters in like *faſhions* ſtand,
Oh! why, *dear ſouls*, will you ſo much decline
Sobriety, which once did make you ſhine
I'th eyes of God, of Saints, and all the world,
VVithout your tawdry *dreſſes*, or *Locks curl'd*,
Suits your *profeſſion* with fond *Toys* and *laces*?
Your *wiggs* and *Fanns*, and *Hoods* like *ſpotted faces*?
Your *Mag-pye gowns*, and *fagotted* up ſleeves,
VVherein your guilty arms are bound like Thieves?
For ſhame forbear, the *wiſe King* tells you all
A proud and haughty *mind* fore-runs a Fall;
Leave off your *gawdy Trifles* and ſtrange dreſs,
Left God refuſe to know you in diſtreſs;
And then ſtript of your wanton plumes you muſt,
Do rueful pennance in Sack cloath and duſt.

FINIS. *with Allowance*

Printed by *A. P.* for *J. Conniers*, at the Sign of the *Black-Raven* in *Duck-lane*.

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To each Gentleman Soldier in the Company of Captain Chriſtopher Parkinſon, *Captain in the* YELLOW *Regiment of Train'd-Bands of the City of* LONDON.

ROuſe up my *Britiſh* Muſe, and ſing once more
Of Glitt'ring Arms, and the Succeſs of War;
Of Sieges, Battles, and remote Campaigns,
Hochſtet, *Ramilly*, *Tournay*, *Mons*, *Blaraignes*,
Let *Chiari* to, and *Turin* have a name,
And mix with *Marlb'rough's* Praiſe Great *Eugene's* Fame;
Two Rival Gen'rals of the World they ſtand,
Both Great in Arms, and equal in Command:
Whilſt Royal *ANNA* does her Laws diſpenſe,
And all *European* Councils Influence.

When our Victorious Monarch ſhall inſpire
Her diſtant Armies with Celeſtial Fire,
All our Domeſtick Bands ſhall bravely ſhew
Britannick Zeal to each Invading Foe:
Where boldly ven'tring for their Countries good,
They'd wade to Battle through a Sea of Blood:
For Loyalty and Virtue none can ſhew,
Such Faithful Subjects, and ſuch Soldiers too.

Where th' YELLOW Regiment does her Enſigns place,
No Enemy dare look 'em in the Face.
Let Honour call, all Danger they'll deſpiſe,
And ready are their Lives to Sacrifice:
And while our Arms Abroad for Conqueſts roam,
Our City Guards will keep all ſafe at Home:
Then ſhall our Love and Loyalty be ſeen,
Both to our GOD, our Country, and our Queen.

May ANNA *ne'er want ſuch t'uphold Her Cauſe,*
To Fight her Battles, and Maintain her Laws:
And may aſſiſting Heaven on us ſmile,
And Peace and Plenty ever bleſs our Iſle.

Prays your Truſty Marſhal, *&c.*
John Browne.

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To each Gentleman Soldier, in the Company of Capt. Matthew Belcher, *Captain in the* YELLOW *Regiment of* Train'd-Bands *of the City of* LONDON.

IN Times of Old, immortal *Homer* ſung
Of *Trojan* Heroes, in the *Grecian* Tongue;
Diſplay'd the Banners of thoſe God-like Men,
And made their Deeds the Wonders of his Pen.
O that my humble Muſe could ſoar as high
In Verſe, as might the Jaws of Time defy!
Then would I ranſack my luxuriant Brain,
To ſing the Praiſe of *London*'s YELLOW Train;
Proclaim the Deeds your Loyal Bands have done,
The Stands you've made, and noble Battles won,
In Times of Yore, when Martial Glory ſhin'd,
And *Britiſh* Valour reign'd in e'ery Mind:
Thus famous have your Fathers been of Old,
When Publick Safety made 'em Juſt and Bold;
That you, like them, when Liberty's at Stake,
Might face all Dangers for your Country's Sake;
Defend the Throne with Loyal Hearts and Hands,
And march with Joy, when Sov'reign Power commands.
But I addreſs in vain, ſince you indeed
No Loyal Virtues want, or Counſel need;
Nor would you fail to fight, or fear to fall,
Should Royal *GEORGE* for your Aſſiſtance call,
But fly to Arms, his Enemies oppoſe,
And ſweat in Buff till you had cruſh'd his Foes:
This you may do as often as requir'd,
And, when you battle, fight like Men inſpir'd;
That *London* may hereafter proudly boaſt
The YELLOW, as the Prime of all her Hoſt.
Then let that noble Dye no longer be
The Emblematick Stain of Jealouſy,
Since Angels are deſcrib'd with Golden Hairs,
And Gold it ſelf a Yellow Tincture bears.

Thomas Bellows, Marſhal.

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SIR, with Submiſſion, I humbly crave
That I may always ſtill your Favour have;
I ſhall e'er ready be to Serve you ſtill,
With all Alacrity and free Good Will:
So hoping ſtill in Favour I remain,
Make bold to come and Viſit you again
For Cuſtom-ſake; (not able to forbear)
Becauſe a Thing that's us'al once a year.

O *LONDON!* thou inſpirer of my Breaſt,
To thee my grateful Numbers are Addreſt;
Thy Trade, thy Beauty, and thy Buildings Charms,
Great Miſtreſs of the World, for Arts and Arms;
Whoſe Loyal Bands Triumphantly appear,
Like Ancient *Romes*, the Sinews of the War:
While Conqueſt does from diſtant Regions come,
You Guard our Laws and Liberties at Home.

But 'tis enough —— None dare deny your Worth,
Which I but faintly in my Verſe ſet forth,
Who knows not th' YELLOW Regiment's Report?
The Citizens and City's happy Fort?
A Race of Heroes, that in Arms dare ſtand
Againſt the proudeſt of our Veteran Bands:
They who, for March and Exerciſe, appear
To be the Darlings of the God of War.

No more my Muſe, thy Praiſes muſt not paſs
Th' appointed Limits of my narrow Verſe:
To you brave Soldiers I'this little ſing,
Summing Great Acts in compaſs of a Ring,

May ANNA *with ſuch Subjects e'er be bleſt,*
And UNION, *Laſting* UNION *crown the reſt.*

Prays your Truſty Marſhal,

John Browne.

To each Gentleman Soldier in the Company of Captain Samuell Robinſon, *Captain in the* YELLOW *Regiment of Trained-Bands of the City of* LONDON.

HAil Sons of War, accept the Muſes Praiſe,
And take the Preſent which your Marſhal pays;
Verſe is the only Off'ring he can give,
And 'tis the Heroes Claim in Verſe to live,
Survive his Triumphs in the Liſt of Fame,
And fill the Mouths of Ages with his Name.

In vain I ſtrive in my unpoliſh'd Verſe,
The YELLOW's Noble Actions to rehearſe:
What Men can do your daring Souls perform,
Cool in Debate, in Reſolution Warm;
Ready for Action, when your Countries Harms
Call forth your Courage, and demand your Arms:
While ev'ry Officer performs his part,
And perfects Nature by the help of Art.
How can theſe Eyes the Glorious Proſpect view,
Without my Mite of Thanks to Heav'n and you?

Oh! may the QUEEN that has theſe Changes made,
And reſcu'd Piety tho' juſt decay'd,
That Her own Principles in yours defends,
And ſtands by *Stuart*'s Rights in *Stuart*'s Friends,
Still find your Hearts as She now finds your Hands,
Loyal and Bold as Her Domeſtick Bands;
While ev'ry Soldier for Her Fights and Prays,
And diff'rent Subjects ſerve by diff'rent ways.
While he that waits your Marching Orders ſings,
And Ranks the beſt of QUEENS with beſt of KINGS.

Your Truſty Marſhal,

John Browne.

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The MARSHAL's *humble Offering to each Gentleman Soldier, in the Company commanded by*

Lieut. Col. Ellis, *Esq*;

Lieut. Col. in the BLUE *Regiment of* Middlesex, *whereof the Hon. Sir* THOMAS MEDLICOTT, *Kt. is Colonel.*

SInce the black Storms, which threat'nd hard our Trade,
Are now in peaceful *Halcyon* Quiet laid,
In our glad Hearts may ſtern Reſentments ceaſe,
And Arms laid down, to cultivate the Peace;
Yet let the Foes of *Britain*'s Iſle beware,
Nor, dallying with her gen'rous Lyon, dare
To tempt their Fates — leaſt, when he does awake,
Succeeding Ruin proves their raſh Miſtake!

Mean while the Valiant B L U E, the County Band,
For *Britain*'s Good will reſolutely ſtand;
For, tho' not practic'd in advent'rous Fights,
Our Hearts are firm, which Loyalty unites;
Faithful as any in our Country's Cauſe,
And zealous for its Liberties and Laws!
While Gracious *George* remains our Sovereign Head,
Or *Carolina* governs in his Stead:

For ſuch a King and Queen, we'll keep our Poſts,
'Gainſt Home-bred Factions, or invading Hoſts;
Their Worth an Ardour to our Minds imparts,
And claims Dominion o'er our Hands and Hearts.

JACOB HALL, *liſted Drum*

LONDON: Printed by *R. Phillips* in *Tarts*'s-*Court*, *Weſt-Smithfield*.

To each Gentleman Soldier in the Company of Captain John Hulls, *Captain in the* YELLOW *Regiment of Trained Bands of* London.

THO your great *Actions* I need not rehearſe,
(They ſpeak your *Worth* beyond my home-ſpun Verſe,)
Yet *Cuſtom* once a Year obliges me
T'applaud your long-experienc'd Loyalty:
Wherefore, Great Sirs, all that's deſir'd by me,
Is, that my Offering may accepted be;
Being made unto you with a free good Will,
Altho I can't pretend to th' Poet's Skill.

When the Bold *French* (laſt Year) had an Intent
Us to Invade, the *YELLOW* Regiment
Firſt took up *Arms*, meaning thereby to ſhew
All Loyal Subjects what they ought to do
For their dear Country, and its Warlike King,
Whoſe Valour through th' whole Univerſe doth ring.
When the Six Regiments March'd unto *Hide-Park*,
(Each Man accoutred like a Warlike Spark)
You were the *Van*, the Place of Honour due
(Brave Heroes of the *YELLOW*) unto you:
Th' admiring Crowd afforded you Applauſe,
Crying, Behold the Glorious *YELLOW* Boys,
Whoſe Loyalty has ever ſtedfaſt been
Unto our moſt auſpicious King and Queen,
William and *Mary* whoſe great Worth will be
Recorded unto all Poſterity.
And when their Majeſties were pleas'd to ſay
They'd grace the Triumph of the *Lord Mayor's Day*,
The *YELLOW* then was pitch'd upon to be
Their chiefeſt Safeguard and Security.
Thus upon all Occaſions you are free
To ſignalize your Zeal and Loyalty
To your Dear Country and His Majeſty.
For which long may you live, untill you ſee
All Enemies to *England's* Monarchy
Fall down before your Arms and Loyalty.

May ſacred Heav'n always propitious be
To Great King *William* and his Conſort *Mary*,
Is the good Pray'r, and ſhall be to the End,
Of your moſt faithful Marſhal and your Friend

Thomas Hawkins

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To each Gentleman Soldier in the Company of Captain William Hulls, *Captain in the* Yellow *Regiment of Trained Bands of* LONDON.

AMongſt the Brave, the Gallant, and the Bold,
Thoſe worthy Names in Honours Liſt enroll'd,
You, *Gentlemen*, that Rightful Challenge claim,
To Lead, and March in the Firſt Front of Fame.
I'th' Art of Arms, you bear a fair applauſe:
And wear thoſe Souls as Glorious as your Cauſe.

The *TELLOW* then! (whoſe Fame and high Renown,
Juſtly acquir'd, doth ſound through all the Town!)
With the whole Field may Honourably vye;
What Sons of *Mars* can bear their Heads more high!

Permit me then, where Worths ſo much deſerve,
(Proud of the Noble Captain that I ſerve)
My Duty and my Gratitude t' expreſs;
So great your Merit, and my Zeal no leſs;
But whilſt your Marſhal does attempt to raiſe
His Humble Muſe to your exalted Praiſe,
Theſe worthleſs Tributary Lines I bring,
Are ſo beneath the Subject that I ſing,
That 'tis a Work I faintly muſt fulfill,
So much your Pen of Steel's above my Quill.

With ſuch True Hearts then to ſupport the Crown;
Great WILLIAM *and Fair* MARY's *high Renown,*
May they to all thoſe heights of Glory riſe,
As ſhall at once France, Rome, *and Hell deſpiſe:*
Tread on the Necks of all their Treacherous Foes,
He Britains *LYON, She the* Britiſh *ROSE.*

Your Truſty Marſhal,

Richard Leech.

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MORNING HYMN: From the DEATH of ABEL.

Ex Διὸς ἀρχωμεσθα, ϗ εἰς Διὰ λήγεσε, Μοῖσαι.

Θεοκρ.

Ab Jove principium, Muſæ, Jovis omnia plena.

VIRG.

O Night-born ſleep, from ev'ry ſight retire;
No more, ye flitting dreams, the mind inſpire.
As now the ſun cheers nature with his ray,
So reaſon re-aſſumes her grateful ſway.
We hail thee, glowing orb, whoſe peerleſs light
The eaſtern clouds adorns with purple bright;
Among the cedars glorious are thy beams,
And far extended in ethereal ſtreams;
The rapt ſpectator ſees new charms ariſe,
While beauty ſports in ever-varying dies.
O night-born ſleep, retire from every eye,
And to impervious ſhades, ye viſions, fly.
Where are the ſhades that lately made the night?
To gloomy caverns they have taken flight!
They wait us in the thick o'er-arching grove,
If there at noon for coolneſs we ſhould rove.
Behold! the ſmiling dawn triumphant ſprings,
Waking the eagles on their ſoaring wings:
On rocky tops devolve the ſolar tides,
And ſtream refulgent down the mountains ſides:
While duſky vapours in the air ariſe,
Like an oblation's incenſe to the ſkies.
Thus nature hails the ſun's returning rays,
And renders nature's God her grateful praiſe.
Let the wide ranks of being God extol;
Wiſdom and goodneſs he hath pour'd on all.
Ye fragrant flowers, that ſcent the paſſing gale,
To celebrate his worth, your balm exhale.
Ye minſtrels gay, that in the foreſt fly,
With thankful melody ſalute the ſky:
While the grim lion dreadful homage pays,
And makes the rocks reverberate his praiſe.
Thy great creator hymn, my trembling ſoul,
To thy preſerver let loud carols roll.
Firſt of all beings ſhould man's voice ariſe,
O Lord, to thy pavilion in the ſkies.
Before the dawning light the orient fills,
Tinging the ſummits of the azure hills:
While ſlumber binds the tenants of the field,
May my lone ſong accepted incenſe yield!
Thence let creation catch the lofty lays,
God the kind parent and preſerver praiſe.
Magnificence ſpeaks nature's wonders thine,
Wiſe art thou, heavenly ruler, and benign.
With admiration, rev'rence and delight,
I trace the God where e'er I turn my ſight.
Thy beauty by theſe lower charms I find,
And the bright maker captivates my mind.
Though ſhort my knowledge, and tho' frail my frame,
Fain would I ſpeak the glories of thy name.

Primeval architect! ſupremely bleſt
In thy eternal ſelf-depending reſt;
What could induce thy wiſdom to diſplay
The vaſt, ſtupendous riches I ſurvey;
From nothing riſing at thy mandate's ſound,
Beauty complete, and ſymmetry profound?
What motive won thee, from the duſt to form
The human frame, and with thy ſpirit warm?
From all vacuity thy ſtate is free,
Firm art thou thron'd, nor borrow'ſt leave to be.
When boundleſs goodneſs perfected the plan,
Scarce leſs than angel roſe thy fav'rite, man:
Hope elevated his exulting breaſt,
Thou gav'ſt him being, and pronounc'd him bleſt.
Propitious morn, whoſe gems the meadow ſtrew,
In thee an image of thy God I view.
When the ſun darts his glory from the eaſt,
The ſcenes of nature are from night releas'd;
The gloomy clouds in broken volumes fly,
The radiant monarch triumphs in the ſky.
Th' Almighty ſpoke, and night and ſilence heard,
Myriads of creatures inſtantly appear'd;
From earth they ſprung, a gay äerial throng!
And ſpread their varying plumes, & tun'd their choral ſong.
'Twas their creator that inſpir'd the lays,
The wond'ring woods grew vocal in his praiſe.
Earth hears again the mandate of the ſky,
No more the clods in ſenſeleſs ſlumber lie;
Unnumber'd forms their dull confinement ſcorn,
Shake off the duſt, and are to pleaſure born.
The prancing ſteed bounds o'er the verdant plain,
And, neighing, waves the honors of his mane;
While the ſtrong lion burſts his gleby cell,
And makes the caves with dreadful roarings ſwell.
With life impregnate toils a mountain's breaſt,
Th' enormous elephant thence ſtalks confeſt.
Theſe are thy works, Omnipotent, thy ſkill
Level'd the plain, and ſhap'd th' aſpiring hill!
Cheer'd by repoſe, the animated race
Obey thy voice, when morn unveils her face.
Slumber non-entity may repreſent,
Creatures awaking thy creation paint.
At thy myſterious call, they ſleep reſign,
They wake to rapture, and in praiſes join.
The time will come when men the earth ſhall fill,
And pealing ſongs from every plain and hill,
Waft tuneful thanks to the propitious ſkies,
While curling ſmokes from blazing altars riſe;
The morning zephyrs ſhall inſpire the lay,
Nor end their carols with the ſetting day.

Sold by W. CAVELL, *Holborn*; T. SCOLLICK, *City-Road*; J. SUDBURY, *Tooley-Street*, and the Pamphlet Shops at the *Royal Exchange*. Price 1d.

Entered at Stationer's-Hall.

K..
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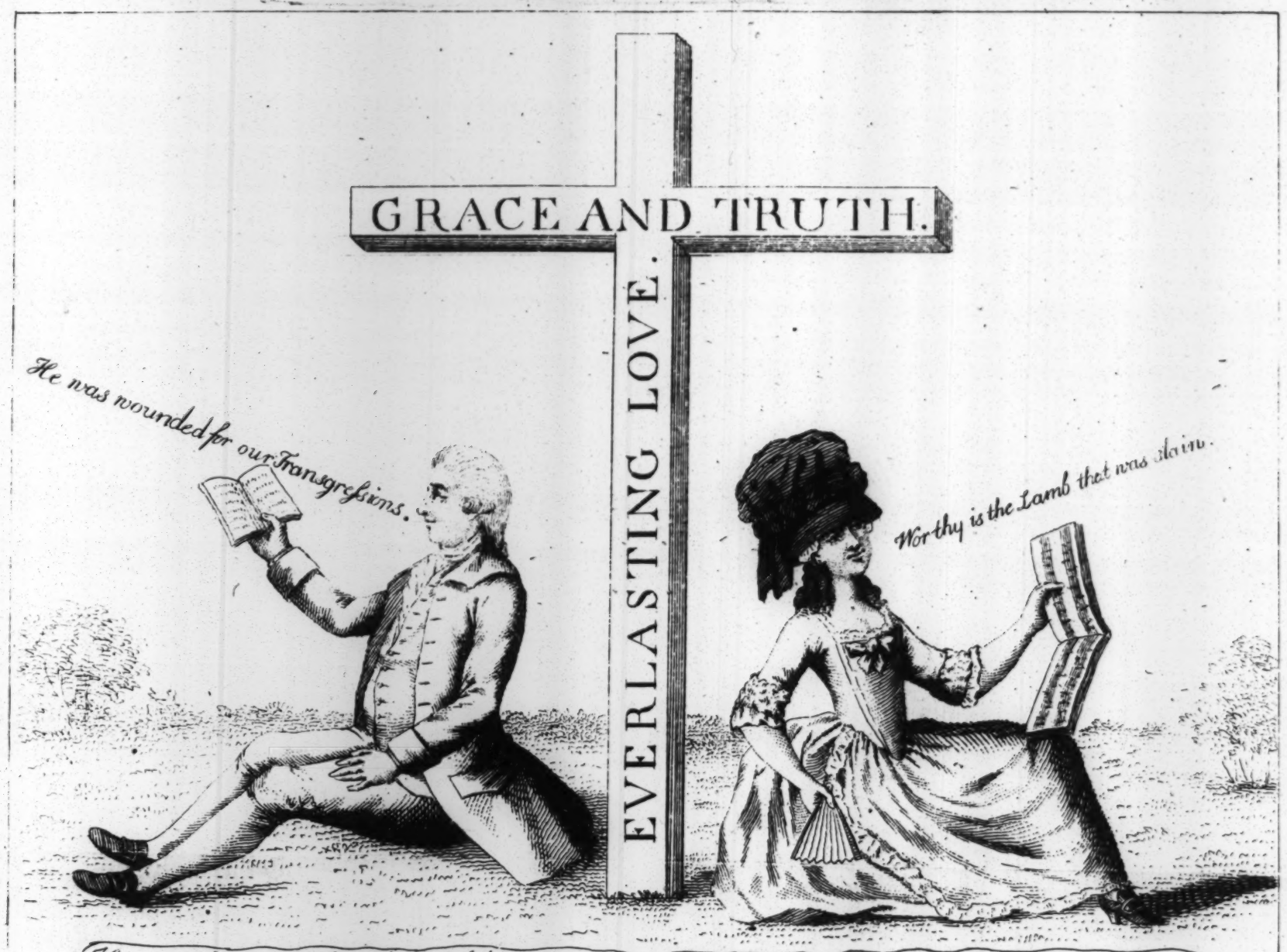
THE EVANGELICAL RETREAT.



He that beneath this Tree of life retreats
Finds full protection and a thousand sweets.

Come Youth and Age, the Sacred Rest approve
Taste Heaven below, until you feast above.

1

How naked the Croſs doth appear
By dim eyed reaſon ſurvey'd!
No fruit we can find for to chear,
Nor a leaf a poor pilgrim to ſhade.
The mind that for happineſs pants,
If ſteer'd by dark reaſon and ſenſe,
Says, The Croſs cannot furniſh my wants,
I'll ſeek out a ſafer defence.

2.

But O if the faith from the ſkies
Deſcends for an eye to the mind,
The Croſs we ſurvey with ſurpriſe,
And all that is charming we find:
The things that we riches eſteem'd,
We count but as ſulphur and droſs,
We ſhout we are fully redeem'd
Alone by the Grace in the Croſs.

3.

The Croſs is the peaceable road
That leads to the regions of day,
With flowers and laurels 'tis ſtrew'd,
The travellers ſmile and are gay;
The Croſs is a fountain divine,
The Croſs yields angelical meat,
The Croſs is a heavenly mine,
The Croſs is a happy retreat.

4.

The Croſs is a bank that can bleſs
With riches that cannot be told,
A wardrobe of moſt royal dreſs,
Fine linen, and raiment of gold.
The Croſs is the bed that gives eaſe,
Diſpenſary where there abounds,
All med'cine for curing diſeaſe,
And balſam for healing our wounds.

5.

The Croſs is a temple of grace,
A ſcience of knowledge profound,
An enſign, a ſtandard of peace,
Diſplay'd to the nations around,
The Croſs can our paſſions control,
Our guilt and our ſorrows remove,
The Croſs can inſpire our ſoul,
With harmony ſuch as above.

6.

The Croſs is the circle, and ſphere,
In which I'll delight and abide,
The compaſs, by which I will ſteer,
The anchor at which I will ride:
Thus calmly I'll ſail to the ſkies,
With JESUS for ever to dwell,
But all who the Croſs do deſpiſe,
Shall toſs in the ſtorm and the ſwell.

N.B. By the Croſs, underſtand the atonement of Christ: in which we are bleſt with Grace and Truth for ever.

Sold by James Kerrow, April 9: 1785. Gilt Stairs Surrey Side Black Friars Bridge, Sold by Pardey near Christ Church Surrey Road.
Entered in Stationers Hall.

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THE AMBITIOUS CHRISTIAN.

1.

TO what do the Carnal aſpire?
To ride in their carriage no doubt,
To pleaſures they greatly admire,
A maſquerade, ball, or a rout:
To me theſe are bubbles of air,
More high's my ambition and aim,
Let me mount in the heavenly Car,
And triumphantly fly to the Lamb.

2.

The kings of the earth when they ride
In royal eſtate through the throng,
Domeſticks attend at their ſide,
And horſemen eſcort them along:
I'm ſtill more ambitious than they,
A royaler guard ſhall me keep,
Bright angels ſhall 'tend me by day,
And guard me at night when I ſleep.

3.

How vain is the Ribbon of blue!
How gaudy the Star on the breaſt!
I have ornaments higher in view,
More royal I aim to be dreſt.
Above all a monarch here wears,
Ambition has got ſuch a height,
My crown muſt out-glitter the ſtars,
My clothing out-glitter the light.

4.

My ambition is much above gold,
Or Title, or glittering Gem;
I've a ſtone with a name that's untold,
That's worth fifty thouſand of them.
I loftily carry my Eye,
Above the fond ſports of the plain,
And commune with the King of the ſky,
For with him I ever ſhall reign.

5.

In manſions of ſtate on the earth,
The Grand, who in riches excel,
In plenty, in ſplendour, and mirth,
For ever, and ever would dwell:
This only ſhall ſettle my flame,
The city of glory and grace,
That ſounds with the fame of the Lamb,
And ſhines with the ſmile of his face.

6.

If I in the Kingdom were now,
Ambition is ſo on the wing,
I'd not to a Cherubim bow,
For, I am a Prieſt and a King:
But all my ſoul's powers ſhall join,
The Lamb to ſubmiſſively greet,
O come the great pleaſure divine,
The pleaſure to lie at his feet!

Sold by J. Barrow May 1795 Bull Stairs Surrey Side Blackfriars bridge. Sold by Pawley near Christ Church, Surrey road.
Enter'd in Stationers Hall.

7.96.196

THE CAPTIVE KING.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

RECIT. Mr. INCLEDON.

Dead is the dream of life that calm'd my care,
And dim'd the beam of hope that charm'd deſpair!
Yet let my ſoul be firm,—paſs one ſhort hour,
And Louis ſcorns the arm of ruffian Pow'r!

SONG.

Adieu, thou PARTNER of my Woes,
Where ſpectred SILENCE reigns around;
And nought awakes the dread repoſe,
But moans that deep with horror ſound.

" No more theſe walls my grief ſhall hear,
" And to a captive KING reply;
" Where morning roſe upon his tear,
" And night deſcended on the ſigh.

" Forbear, my Love, thoſe drops to ſhed,
" And joy to think my woes ſhall ceaſe:
" Lo! when the Vale of Death I tread,
" I wander from the Storm to Peace!

Ye too, my idol Babes, farewell!
Like me, whoſe tender forms may bleed;
The gloomy crimes of Murder ſwell,
While Nature ſhudders at the deed.

Yet know, we only fall to riſe,
And ſtart to glory from the duſt;
To claim alliance with the ſkies,
The ſacred refuge from th' *unjuſt*!

My SPIRIT, lo! for YOUR's ſhall wait:
Together will we ſeek that ſhore,
Where SORROW dies, and ruthleſs FATE
Can give the parting pang no more!

CHORUS.

Go, injur'd KING, with Seraphs ſhine,
Behold, a *brighter* crown is thine!
And ſee appear with glad'ned eyes,
A *hoſt* to hail thee midſt the ſkies!

N. B. The ſtanzas with inverted commas are omitted in the Performance.

C20fr 364 25 in 9 22

The Harmleſs Warriors.

To the Tune of—JACK CHANCE.

MONSIEUR no more your Jokes renew,
To our Pudding and Beef now bid adieu;
If further Favours they require,
We'll give them Blows to their Hearts Deſire.
Our Foes of late, each Day they dine
At our Expence, on good Sirloin;
By Politicks they got our Bread,
And ſupperleſs we went to Bed.

With Frize and Curl, and fine lac'd Cloaths,
And Watch-ſtring dangling on their Toes,
Theſe Macaronies, without bluſhing,
Have ne'er a Watch, but a Pincuſhion;
With Ruffles at their Hands likewiſe,
And Collars round their Necks that ties;
This is the Pride of all the Pack,
And de'il a Shirt upon their Back.

Theſe Heroes are ſuch hardy Stuff,
In Summer they muſt wear a Muff,
With fancy Cane, and Taſſal fring'd,
And Face as brown as Paper ſing'd;
A braſs ſtone Ring they wear in ſight,
Which is at leaſt a Pound, full weight;
The Finger to look fine with all,
And Head you'd ſwear was a Snow-ball.

A thouſand Times a Day at leaſt,
Out of his Snuff-box he muſt taſte;
And o'er his Face White-waſh beſtow,
But ſtill his copper Colour ſhew
And Pig-tail ſtuff'd with Hemp or Tow,
And Shoe String juſt compleat the Beau;
Theſe harmleſs Warriers ſwell with Pride,
Since they the BASTILE have deſtroy'd.

There's Flour and every Kind of Store,
That's lately chalk'd upon the Score;
We'll ſettle the Books, I think but juſt,
We cannot afford any longer Truſt;
Our Cannon we ſhall play by Note,
And clear the Field, and Ships afloat,
And make them ſing as well as dance,
To Thunder that we'll ſpread o'er France.

Entered at STATIONER'S HALL.

LOVE IN A COFFIN,

A NEW SONG to a very old TUNE.

YE modeſt Maids;
Ye ſtirting Jades
Who 're full of ſly devices;
Who ev'ry Hour,
Have ſome Amour,
Directed to your Criſis:
But all your Arts,
With all your Parts,
At ev'ry Siſter ſcoffing,
Could find no place,
So full of Grace,
To kiſs in, as a Coffin.

II.

Sophy's Settees,
Are things of eaſe,
And ſo is Bed Celeſtial.
And tho' a Maid
Is not afraid
Of any thing Terreſtial;
Yet in the dark,
To meet a Spark,
The Robes of Faſhion daffing,
Muſt ſhew the Spunk,
Of Nun and Monk,
To cuddle in a Coffin.

III.

When Death came there,
How he did ſtare,
As all his Thoughts were killing,
To ſee a Pair,
Without a Care,
Stuck cloſe together billing,
The bony Rogue,
In helliſh Brogue,
Fell in a fit of laughing,
To ſee theſe Folks,
Crack ſuch love Jokes,
In his dead Houſe, a Coffin.

IV.

Says Mr. Bones,
Among cold Stones,
Egad, you're bold to face it.
Since Mother Eve,
I now believe,
This is the true Hic Jacit:
For ſuch brave Hearts,
Defy my Darts
And Cupid in the offing,
May gaily ſing,
Upon the Wing
The Victory o'er the Coffin.

Entered at Stationer's-Hall.

C 20 f. 2.
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God ſave the Queen!

A New Song.

WRITTEN BY
Mr. SHILLITO.

WHILE thy loud trumpet, *Fame*,
Sounds royal GEORGE's name
O'er this wide ſcene;
Let us now celebrate
One that adorns the ſtate,
Affable, good, and great!
God ſave the Queen.

Splendid her virtues ſhine,
Bright'ning the Royal line,
Lovely her mien:
O! CHARLOTTE, England's pride,
GEORGE's endearing bride,
Joy ſhall thy footſteps guide,
God ſave the Queen.

See tears of pleaſure ſtart!—
Striking his loyal heart,
Who but is ſeen
Crying to diſtant ſhores
Lo! lovely CHARLOTTE's ours
Shield her ye heavenly powers!
God ſave the Queen.

May her fair progeny
Still this land beautify;—
Blooming and green,
May theſe endearing ties,
Theſe *olive branches* riſe
'Till they mix with the ſkies!
God ſave the Queen.

CHARLOTTE, oh! may thy days
Glow with one general blaze,
Bright and ſerene:
May ev'ry Power combine,
To make thy joys divine,
Health, Pleaſure, Peace, be thine!
God bleſs the Queen!

COLCHESTER: PRINTED BY W. KEYMER, JUN.
Entered at Stationer's Hall.

THE Flanders BALLAD OR, THE D--e of Marlborough's Rare Show,

With a True Diſcovery of all his Covetuous Actions again his Q--n and Country

MOST Men have an Ambition,
In this dead Time of News;
To tell of the Depoſitions
Of *Chriſtians*, and eke of *Jews*.
Againſt *John* Duke of *M——gh*.

Give ear ye Sons of *Britain*,
Of greater Crimes I ſing:
Then ever before was writ on,
Since the Time of a *Queen* or a *King*,
All done by *John* Duke of *M*.

This Man by Conſtitution,
was made for Liberty:
He helped the Late Revolution,
On purpoſe to hurt Popery.
This did *John* Duke of *M*.

And one great Inſtance of many,
His troubleſome Pride to ſhow:
Was marching to *High Germany*,
Where he gave 'em that damnable
O huffing *John* Duke of *M*. [Blow

To ſhow his Whig Devo-ti-on,
In keeping the Sabbath-day:
He the Murther at *Ramellies*,
E'en upon a *Whitſunday*.
O Heathen *John* Duke of *M*.

Tho' buſy in his Slaugh-ter-ing,
His Avarice run ſo high: [King,
That rather than ſpare the moſt *Chriſtian*
He Ten-thouſand Pounds gave to a
O Covetous *John* Duke of *M*. [Spy.

At *Blenheim* ſo ill to treat Foes,
To make poor Widows of Wives:
He took a delight to Beat thoſe,
That never Beat him in their Lives.
O Quarrelſome *John* Duke of *M*.

Boufflers a civil and good Man,
And ſaf'ty his Treaſure choſe:

To every tender Chriſtian Ear,
When Crimes like thoſe ſhall come
I know not how abroad they'll appear:
I'm ſure they ſound odly at home
Theſe Deeds of *John* Duke of *M*

Ghent, *Bruges*, and *Tournay*,
And of late the ſtrong *Bouchain*:
Of his own Head he forced to obey,
There he wanted his Brother *Eugene*
Hot-headed *John* Duke of *M*.

Of theſe Immortal Things he brags,
But we take no Notice at all: [Rag
You ſee with his ſlovenly *French* blood
How he's *littered poor Weſtminſter-hall*
O ſlovenly *John* Duke of *M*.

Nay, more he ſtill would fly at,
And all to mend the Peace:
Oh! how can we e'er live at Quiet,
If we pardon ſuch Crimes as theſe:
In this bold *John* Duke of *M*.

Twelve Years it ſadly true is,
By forcing of Towns and Lines:
And baffling poor *Lewis*,
He has ſpoiled the *Pretender's Deſign*
O meddleſome *John* Duke of *M*.

This Year for War he Voted,
But we reſolved to have none:
For *Monſieur* was ſure to be routed,
And then the *Church* had been *undone*
By this ſame *John* Duke of *M*.

Our Forces, you ſee, don't need him,
He's out, and in *France* they laugh
And ſend any other to Head 'em,
I'll warrant old *Bourbon* is ſafe.
Keep back J. of *M*.

For he, as Fame confeſſes,
That Kingdom
But for all his large

A Feaſt for the Votaries of Comus.

Vide Critical Review for January. 1783.

Dedicated to the PRINCE of WALES, Ld. Cheſterfield, Ld. Moleſworth, Sr. J. Lade, J. Wilkes, Eſq. Mem. of Par. for Lon. Hon. C. Fox, for Weſt. and Ld. Twankum, and Sr. Jeffery Dunſtan, alias Old Wigs, for Garrat, Dr Graham, Parſon Wimp, the Noted Flockton, Gentleman Dick, Black Jack,——in ſhort, Dedicated to every High, or Deviliſh High Fellow, whether Hon. Rt. Hon. Mt. Hon. or Diſ. Hon. Wor. or Rt. Wor. Rev. or Irrev. in or out of either of the Three Kingdoms.

C20 L 2
368.

Printed by and for C. O'BRIEN, *Book, Print and Muſic Seller, Stationer, &c.* Stratford, and Weſtham, ESSEX; and Sold by Mr. Lewis, Covent-Garden; Mr. Durham, Charing-Croſs; Mrs. Peat, Temple-Bar; Mr. Steel, Tower-Hill; Mr. Tomlinſon, Whitechapel; and by moſt other Bookſellers of Town and Country: Price TWO-SHILLINGS and SIX-PENCE, in a neat Octavo Volume, on Superfine Paper,

The Second Edition of the Luſorium,

Or a Collection of Convivial Songs, Lectures, &c. entirely original, as exhibited at the Theatres, Maſquerades, Claret Clubs, Gin Cellars, or other Places, as Interludes, or occaſional *good Things*, with Cuts of the Author in various humourous Characters, Muſic to the Songs, Eſſays on Convivial propriety, Rules to form the *Bon Vivant*, Temporary and Local Anecdotes, Alluſions, &c. &c.

By Eſq. M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A.

Maſter of the Art-mimical, Fellow of the Royal Socials, Fellow of the Society of Anti-*care*-ians EMPEROR of the *Olympians*, GRAND MASTER of the Knights of the *Sun*, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of the *Lunarians*, GRAND of the *Royal Bucks*, NOBLE GRAND of the *Galaxy*, and MOST NOBLE GRAND of the order of the *Wooden Cann*, PONT. MAX. of the *Temple of Momus*, FATHER of the *Innocents*, LORD CHIEF of the Court of *Joculars*, COMPTROLLER of the Board of *Anacreoniſm*, SPEAKER of the Houſe of *Uncommons*, MODERATOR of the *Eccentrics*, COLONEL of the Prince's *Band*, ADMIRAL of the *Tritons*, WHIPPER IN to the *Lumpkins*, STANDARD BEARER to the *Slang Troop*, Perpetual PRESIDENT of the *Nocturnals*, *Nonſuchs*, *Singulars*, *Remarkables*, *Mummers*, *&c. &c.* FOUNDER of the *Blazing Stars*, *Queerities*, *Social Few*, *Antidullicans*, *Luſoriſts*, *Ramblers*, *&c.* late Profeſſor of Lyric and Proſaic Comicality, in Comus's College, Oxon: and Author of the Five following dithyrambic latin Odes, honoured at the above College with Golden Medals; the Origin of Bumper Toaſts, the Anacreoniad, the Ruby Noſe, the Sympoſium, and the Battle of the Still and Wine-Preſs or the Merits of Wine and Punch Contraſted; likewiſe Author of the Ariſtophanian Greek Extravaganza, performed Annually at Cambridge, the well known comico-political Parody on the Foreign Memorials, which was honoured with a Vote of Approbation by both Houſes of Parliament, and the celebrated Burleſque on * * * which, for obvious Reaſons, was bought up as ſoon as Publiſhed, by Command of * * * * * * and the Manuſcript (likewiſe by Command of * * *) purchaſed at the Expence of * * * but which has notwithſtanding found its way to the Continent, and is there Republiſhed in Six different Languages.

IN a great Lexicographer's Beauties of Humour it is ſaid, *the Author of the above was, for ſeveral ſolar gyrations, the prepotent fulciment of the dapatical nocturnal orgies at the Pantheon, Carliſle Houſe, Feſtino, &c. and at whoſe appropinquation, from his obſidional pertinacious determination, algific pallidity and trepidation, ſeized the tardigrators in dominos, and hebetude was ſubitaneouſly in a ſtate of evaneſcency; it is obſerved too, that he is a Choice Spirit of pinnicular celſitude, and coruſcant fulgency, that poſſeſſing amazing muſcular dilatation and contraction, an admirable faculty of aſpective and oral effigiation, an aſtoniſhing euphonical vocality, an inconceivable cataclyſm of plebeianiſms, and an incognoſcible ſcaturiency of aſmotographical APORRHOEA, he forms a PHÆNOMENON of moſt crebrous cacchination exciting hability, and has acquired altitudinous eximiety as dominant bon vivant, in many ſympoſiac as well as merely bacchatory circles, at various civic ænopolies, either as eigne Knight of the centrical luminary, as altra chancellor of the menſtrual dynaſtic ſatellite, as ſupreme of the convivial conclave, or as hyper grandific gubernator of the tranſcendantly luciferous order of the cauline cabbage; and it is further obſerved, that he has occaſionally been irradiated with imperial plenipotency at the* two-penny half-penny *ſubterraneous receſſes of care, oppugning circles in* St. Giles's; *over itinerant eleemoſynarians; bituminated cannabine torch diſplaying noctivagant juniors.; enunciators of patibularian cataſtrophe, &c. in which ortive exaltation, his vivific multiloquency and beneplacity prevented the approximation of oſcitancy, and ſecured the comprobation of his lurid auſcultators; in fine, either in aulic, civic, or ſuburbian circles of ſodality, his ſtrenuity and plenitude of hilarity always prevented the hypnotic Deity from extilling his papaverous ſucculence on the opthalmic organs of any one preſent.*

After the above ſignation and apodixis of the Author's dædal and amplivagant luſoriety, it muſt be ſupervacaneous to ſay any thing of his cerebrumal evagations in this Publication, except that poſſibly they may ſuffer in their typographical luſtration, and that perhaps ſome may deem them in general too miniographical.

In a Periodical Review it is ſaid to be Food for thoſe who are fond of Ludicrous Humour and Mimickry, that the Songs are adapted to the Court of Comus, and will no doubt be reliſhed by his Votaries.

In another it is obſerved that the Author was for Years the Champion againſt Dullneſs at Maſquerades, and that by the delivery of theſe drolleries, he formed a moſt Laughable Character, and acquired much Fame as a bon Vivant.

In a Critical Paper of high repute, (the Morning Chronicle of January 14th, 1783,) a Philoſophical Drinking Song, is extracted from the Work, and the Author complimented on his Characteriſtic Humour.

But the greateſt Compliment on the Work (as every Bon Vivant muſt allow) is its having been thought Important enough to be attacked by an eminent Divine, Dr. Off——gt——n, in the European Magazine, for January, 1783, Page 62, as deſerving Oppoſition from Magiſtracy.—By Mr. R——ne, in a Sermon, calling it a diabolical Stink-Pot, and by Mr. W——y, in a Pamphlet, ſaying the Author is the Devil's Agent for propagating Drunkenneſs and Profaneneſs in Taverns and other Hot-Beds of Sin; all which, however ſtrained, is granted may be well meant, in fact it is not to be expected that a mere Moral Animadverter, much leſs a profeſſed Zealot will commend a Work fit only to exhibit, when Auſterity and Care give Way to Convivial Hilarity, and the *double refined* Critick is diſplaced by the Good Fellow, in a Word, thoſe who treat it as aiming at higher Notice, muſt be defective in Judgment, or biaſſed by Prejudice, and are here frankly deemed downright Fools or Aſſes.

N. B. The lovers of unreſtrained Humour, and them only, are informed that in conſequence of the favourable reception the Luſorium has met with, a Second Volume will be Publiſhed the 1ſt October, 1783.

☞ This Edition is Entered at Stationers Hall.

FLOS INGENII

VEL

Evacuatio Diſcriptionis.

Being an Exact DESCRIPTION of EPSAM, and EPSAM WELLS.

IT is a ſorry Town, ſhituate in a good aire, naturally bounded with *Bumſteed* downs on the Eaſt, and *Arſteed* on the South, the reſt lyes open like a bare Buttock, to be laſht by the Deſcriber of it. The Heath or Common where the Well ſtands cannot but be a bluſtring place, the wind blowing from ſo many corners at once; Tis naturally barren, but being well dung'd it cauſeth it in great abundance to produce divers *Drug's* and Vegetatives, as Arſnick, Aſſa fætida, Water-creaſſes, and Scurvy graſs. There are few Nettles to be found, but many Dock's, reſembling Muſhrooms, only theſe ſhoot up in a night and the other ſhite up in the morning. The Well it ſelf repreſents ſome great Farm houſe having ſo many fair back-ſides belonging to it. The Trees that will grow there are ſuch as bear your *Piſtaccoes*, and *Medlers*, commonly called Open-arſes. The Birds that frequent it, are the *Bunting*, the Thruſh in Latin called *Turdus*, and the Water-Wagtails; as for the Rookes they hover about the Bowling-green in the Town. The *Heath* or Common on which the Well ſtands, is a place contra di ſtinkt to Hide-*Park*, for here many ſecrets are diſcloſed. Concerning the virtues of the water they are many, it makes the women that drink it to be Malecontented: and many men that drink it, to have ſuch a ſwimming in their heads that they take other men's wives for their own. How quiet ſoever this water is in the well being drunk it makes its way throw many ſore Breeches of the body. *Being* drunk in the morning it will produce a Quiddiny of what-ſoever you did eat over night, here is the true *Elixar Proprietatatis* to be had of every ones own making. The ſtrength of this water you may judge of by making the ſtouteſt gallants of both Sexes to couch, it being of a ſtoopifying nature. No fiſh, they ſay, will live in this water but Smelts. Let people come never ſo well quallified and ſober to drink this water it will make them looſe in a few hours. Yet how looſe ſoever the drinkers of this water are, hither the Nonconformiſts come ſquirting, this water makes them Conformiſts, to conforme to the old way of evacuation, nay, to cringe and to bow, yea to do reverence in the place. And this they doe with the more confidence becauſe there is none there that can tell tails they are ſo many. When the water drinkers are in a Body on the Common as ſometimes they are poſtur'd you would take them to be the Repreſentatives of the *Rump* Parliament. How different ſoever they are in their judgements they meet there with one Conſent. There are none idle there, but all at their Buſineſs. The *Souldier* he is preſenting, and giving fire. The *Phiſician* caſting of his Water, the Apothcary at his Cliſter, the Lawyer waiting for his motion, the Archer nocking of his Arrows; the Gramarian at his *Ars in preſenti*, the Muſitian at his ſtrain, but none of the ſweeteſt, the Mathematician erecting his *Teliſcope*, the *Seaman* cleanſing his *Scupper* hole, ſo that you would take it for a kind of Cacademy. There Men play at back Gammon without Tables, and Women at Beaſt without Cards. And as the ſilly *Buſtard*, as *Stinkfeildius* ſaith, thinks if his head be hid in a buſh or brake, his whole body is inviſible too, thus theſe water drinkers, ſo their Tayles be hid they care not if their heads, and all the reſt of their bodies be ſeen. Here two diſtant times or ſeaſons of the year do meet in a moment or minute, the Spring and the Fall; for they no ſooner duck down, but they are up againe. There, though a mixt company they are not confus'd for they go in rank, and file, *ordine quiſque ſuo*, every one in his ordure. None can loſe his friend long there, for 'tis but following his noſe, and he'l be ſure to find him: one thing there to be admir'd is this that piece of ground that look's green this moment is all turd the next. One would think the Town of *Epſam* ſhould be a very rich place for no Citizen comes there but he leaves ſomewhat like gold behind him. Take the Town entirely together and you would think it ſome ſtrange beaſt, or monſter having ſuch a devouring *MAW* in it. To draw to a Concluſion, for the more we ſtirr, the more we ſhall ſtink in this buſineſs. *Epſam*, is a place to take the air in.

London Printed in the year 1674.

The BARBER ſhaved cloſe,

A NEW SONG.

Written by SHADRACH SHAVE-ALL.

TOM the Barber, a Welſhman, ſo Goatiſh 'tis ſaid,
When his Wife was from Home, wiſh'd to lay with his Maid;
But becauſe ſhe was chaſte, he with lies did diſpraiſe her,
As pointed as Sciſſars, and keen as a Razor.
Derry down, down, &c. &c.

Dear Polly, (ſays Taffy) thou Oil of my Life,
Thou beautiful, dutiful, kind loving Wife,
Wou'd you think it, our Maid is ſo impudent grown,
She's ready to lay down, down as flat as a Hone.

Each Night when you're out, and my Bed ſhe is warming,
She drops ſuch looſe Hints, which are really alarming;
My Machine is in danger while her you do harbour
So pray turn her away, & I'll cry that's the Barber.

Jealous Moll heard his Lies, but did not believe him,
And ſcolded the Girl, only juſt to deceive him;
Which the Girl took in Earneſt, with ſorrowful Phiz, Sir,
Told the Truth to Moll's Siſter, now that was the Frizzer.

Permit me, dear Miſs, for to tell, I can't help it,
My Maſter oft kiſſes, and tips me the Velvet;
So fulſome, he ſets me a crying and ſpewing,
So I'll e'en quit my Place, to ſave me from Ruin.

Then the Siſter told Moll how her Huſband behav'd
Whoſe Face turn'd like Powder, or one that's juſt ſhav'd;
Then at him ſhe flew, call'd him Blockhead and Ruffian,
And gave him a Dreſſing of huffing and puffing.

Like a new Wig I am tack'd to a Blockhead ſo frowſy,
So ſnuffy, ſo ragged, mean, greaſy and louſy;
Conceited, ambitious, unchaſte, uncompleat,
Save in Selfiſhneſs, Scandal, Self-praiſe & Deceit.

You barbarous Villain, to make it my Fate,
Thro' Life to be dreſs'd with Horns to my Tete;
While you dreſs with Strumpets, G--d curſe 'em, I hate 'em,
No wonder I oft miſs'd my Stick of Pomatum.

" Pan my Word, my dear Molly," (ſays Taff) " I " declare,
" I dreſs none, but juſt run my Comb thro' their " Hair;"
" Aye, your Tail Comb," (cries Moll) " G--d " curſe your falſe Soul,
" I could cut off your Waſh-balls, your Bag and " your Pole."

Go to Bed, hold your Tongue---but remember, dear Wife,
How to pleaſe your d---d Humour, I ventur'd my Life;
" Remember *P P**" but Moll ſcolding went on, Sir,
Till Taff ſqueez'd a Cry, now pray was that the Tonſer.

With a Drop in each Eye, Taff thought for to wheedle,
But Moll was a Comber, and as ſharp as a Needle;
So with genteel Reproof he attempted to huff her,
But ſoon gave it up, now pray wa'n't this the Puffer.

Cunning Taff now perceiv'd it in vain for to cry,
Dry'd his Tears, forc'd a Smile, with a roguiſh cock'd Eye;
Arch Moll took the Hint, aye, but what then did happen,
Why ſhe buſs'd, made it up, and Moll got a good ſtrapping.
Derry down, down, &c. &c.

* *Pariſh Poor.*

An Exact Deſcription of the Growth, Quality and Vertues of the Leaf TEA.

Tt. k. 16
Tt. 2
C 20. 2
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BY

Thomas Garway in *Exchange-Alley* near the *Royal Exchange* in *London*, Tobacconiſt, and Seller and Retailer of TEA and COFFEE.

TEA is generally brought from *China*, and groweth there upon little Shrubs or Buſhes, the Branches whereof are well garniſhed with white Flowers that are yellow within, of the bigneſs and faſhion of ſweet Brier, but in ſmell unlike, bearing thin green leaves about the bigneſs of *Scordium*, *Mirtle*, or *Sumack*, and is judged to be a kind of *Sumack:* This Plant hath been reported to grow wild only, but doth not, for they plant it in their Gardens about four foot diſtance, and it groweth about four foot high, and of the Seeds they maintain and increaſe their Stock. Of all places in *China* this Plant groweth in greateſt plenty in the Province of *Xemſi* Latitude 35. degrees, bordering upon the Weſt of the Province of *Honam*, and in the Province of *Namking* near the City of *Lucheu*, there is likewiſe of the growth of *Sinam*, *Cochin-China*, the Iſland *de Ladrones* and *Japan*, and is called *Cha*. Of this famous Leaf there are divers ſorts (though all of one ſhape) ſome much better than other, the upper Leaves excelling the other in fineneſs, a property almoſt in all Plants, which Leaves they gather every day, and drying them in the ſhade, or in Iron pans over a gentle fire till the humidity be exhauſted, then put up cloſe in Leaden pots, preſerve them for their Drink *Tea*, which is uſed at Meals, and upon all Viſits and Entertainments in private Families, and in the Palaces of of Grandees: And it is averred by a Padre of *Macao* Native of *Japan*, that the beſt *Tea* ought not to be gathered but by Virgins who are deſtined to this work, and ſuch, *Quæ nondum Menſtrua patiuntur: gemmæ quæ naſcuntur in ſummitate arbuſcula ſervantur Imperatoriè, ac præcipuis ejus Dynaſtis; quæ autem infra naſcuntur, ad latera, populo conceduntur.* The ſaid Leaf is of ſuch known vertues, that thoſe very Nations ſo famous for Antiquity, Knowledge and Wiſdom, do frequently ſell it among themſelves for twice its weight in Silver, and the high eſtimation of the Drink made therewith hath occaſioned an inquiry into the nature thereof among the moſt intelligent perſons of all Nations that have travelled in thoſe parts, who after exact Tryal and Experience by all wayes imaginable, have commended it to the uſe of their ſeveral Countries, for its Vertues and Operations, particularly as followeth, *viz.*

The Quality is moderately hot, proper for Winter or Summer.

The Drink is declared to be moſt wholeſome, preſerving in perfect health untill extreme Old Age. See *Lovell*, Herbal.

The particular Vertues are theſe.

It maketh the Body active and luſty.

It helpeth the Head-ach, giddineſs and heavineſs thereof.

It removeth the Obſtructions of the Spleen.

It is very good againſt the Stone and Gravel, cleanſing the Kidneys and Vriters being drank with Virgins Honey inſtead of Sugar.

It taketh away the difficulty of breathing, opening Obſtructions.

It is good againſt Lipitude Diſtillations, and cleareth the Sight.

It removeth Laſſitude, and cleanſeth and purifieth aduſt Humors and a hot Liver.

It is good againſt Crudities, ſtrengthening the weakneſs of the Ventricle or Stomack, cauſing good Appetite and Digeſtion, and particularly for Men of a corpulent Body, and ſuch as are great eaters of Fleſh.

It vanquiſheth heavy Dreams, eaſeth the Brain, and ſtrengtheneth the Memory.

It overcometh ſuperfluous Sleep, and prevents Sleepineſs in general, a draught of the Infuſion being taken, ſo that without trouble whole nights may be ſpent in ſtudy without hurt to the Body, in that it moderately heateth and bindeth the mouth of the Stomack.

It prevents and cures Agues, Surfets and Feavers, by infuſing a fit quantity of the Leaf, thereby provoking a moſt gentle Vomit and breathing of the Pores, and hath been given with wonderful ſucceſs.

It (being prepared and drank with Milk and Water) ſtrengtheneth the inward parts, and prevents Conſumptions, and powerfully aſſwageth the pains of the Bowels, or griping of the Guts and Looſeneſs.

It is good for Colds, Dropſies and Scurveys, if properly infuſed, purging the Blood by Sweat and Urine, and expelleth Infection.

It drives away all pains in the Collick proceeding from Winds, and purgeth ſafely the Gall.

And that the Vertues and Excellencies of this Leaf and Drink are many and great, is evident and manifeſt by the high eſteem and uſe of it (eſpecially of late years) among the Phyſitians and knowing men in *France*, *Italy*, *Holland* and other parts of Chriſtendom; and in *England* it hath been ſold in the Leaf for ſix pounds, and ſometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in reſpect of its former ſcarceneſs and dearneſs, it hath been only uſed as a *Regalia* in high Treatments and Entertainments, and Preſents made thereof to Princes and Grandees till the year 1657. The ſaid *Thomas Garway* did purchaſe a quantity thereof, and firſt publickly ſold the ſaid *Tea* in Leaf and Drink, made according to the directions of the moſt knowing Merchants and Travellers into thoſe Eaſtern Countries: And upon knowledge and experience of the ſaid *Garway*'s continued care and induſtry in obtaining the beſt *Tea*, and making Drink thereof, very many Noblemen, Phyſitians, Merchants and Gentlemen of Quality have ever ſince ſent to him for the ſaid Leaf, and daily reſort to his Houſe in *Exchange-Alley* aforeſaid to drink the Drink thereof.

And that Ignorance nor Envy may have no ground or power to report or ſuggeſt that what is here aſſerted of the Vertues and Excellencies of this pretious Leaf and Drink hath more of deſign than truth, for the juſtification of himſelf and ſatisfaction of others, he hath here innumerated ſeveral Authors, who in their Learned Works have expreſly written and aſſerted the ſame, and much more in honour of this noble Leaf and Drink, *viz. Bontius*, *Riccius*, *Jarricus*, *Almeyda*, *Horſtius*, *Alvarez Semeda*, *Martinious* in his *China Atlas*, and *Alexander de Rhodes* in his Voyage and Miſſions in a large diſcourſe of the ordering of this Leaf, and the many Vertues of the Drink, printed at at *Paris* 1653. part. 10. Chap. 13.

And to the end that all Perſons of Eminency and Quality, Gentlemen and others, who have occaſion for *Tea* in Leaf may be ſupplyed: Theſe are to give notice, that the ſaid *Thomas Garway* hath *Tea* to ſell from ſixteen to fifty Shillings the pound.

And whereas ſeveral Perſons uſing *Coffee*, have been accuſtomed to buy the powder thereof by the pound, or in leſſer or greater quantities, which if kept two dayes looſeth much of its firſt Goodneſs. And foraſmuch as the Berries after drying may be kept if need require ſome Moneths; Therefore all perſons living remote from *London*, and have occaſion for the ſaid powder, are adviſed to buy the ſaid *Coffee* Berries ready dryed? which being in a Morter beaten, or in a Mill ground to powder, as they uſe it, will ſo often be briſk, freſh, and fragrant, and in its full vigour and ſtrength as if new prepared, to the great ſatisfaction of the Drinkers thereof, as hath been experienced by many in this City. Which Commodity of the beſt ſort, the ſaid *Thomas Garway* hath alwayes ready dryed to be ſold at reaſonable Rates.

Alſo ſuch as will have *Coffee* in powder, or the Berries undryed, or *Chocalata*, may by the ſaid *Thomas Garway* be ſupplied to their content: With ſuch further Inſtructions and perfect Directions how to uſe *Tea*, *Coffee* and *Chocolata*, as is, or may be needful, and ſo as to be efficatious and operative, according to their ſeveral Vertues.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Advertiſement.

That *Nicholas Brook*, living at the Sign of the *Frying-pan* in St. *Tulies*-ſtreet againſt the Church, is the only known man for making of Mills for grinding of *Coffee* powder, which Mills are by him ſold from 40. to 45. ſhillings the Mill.

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The Vertue of the *COFFEE* Drink.

First publiquely made and ſold in England, by *Paſqua Roſee.*

THE Grain or Berry called *Coffee*, groweth upon little Trees, only in the *Deſerts of Arabia.*

It is brought from thence, and drunk generally throughout all the Grand Seigniors Dominions. 372

It is a ſimple innocent thing, compoſed into a Drink, by being dryed in an Oven, and ground to Powder, and boiled up with Spring water, and about half a pint of it to be drunk, faſting an hour before, and not Eating an hour after, and to be taken as hot as poſsibly can be endured; the which will never fetch the skin off the mouth, or raiſe any Bliſters, by reaſon of that Heat.

The Turks drink at meals and other times, is uſually *Water*, and their Dyet conſiſts much of *Fruit*; the *Crudities* whereof are very much corrected by this Drink.

T[illegible]ality of this Drink is cold and Dry; and though it be a D[illegible] neither *heats*, nor *inflames* more then *hot Poſſet.*

[illegible]th the Orifice of the Stomack, and fortifies the heat with- good to help digeſtion. and therefore of great uſe to be a Clock a[illegible]oo[illegible]1 the morning.

[illegible]ens the *Spirits*, and makes the Heart *Lightſome.*

g [illegible]ſore Eys, and the better if you hold your Head o-, an [illegible]ne Steem that way.

It ſuppreſſeth Fumes exceedingly, and therefore good againſt the *Head-ach*, and will very much ſtop any *Defluxion of Rheums*, that diſtil from the *Head* upon the *Stomack*, and ſo prevent and help *Conſumptions*, and the *Cough of the Lungs.*

It is excellent to prevent and cure the *Dropſy*, *Gout*, and *Scurvy.*

It is known by experience to be better then any other Drying Drink for *People in years*, or *Children* that have any *running humors* upon them, as *the Kings Evil.* &c.

It is very good to prevent *Miſ-carryings in Child-bearing Women.*

It is a moſt excellent Remedy againſt the *Spleen*, *Hypocondriack Winds*, or the like.

It will prevent *Drowſineſs*, and make one fit for buſines, if one have occaſion to *Watch*; and therefore you are not to Drink of it *after* Supper, unleſs you intend to be *watchful*, for it will hinder ſleep for 3 or 4 hours.

It is obſerved that in Turkey, where this is generally drunk, that they are not trobled with the Stone, Gout, Dropſie, or Scurvey, and that their skins are exceeding cleer and white.

It is neither *Laxative* nor *Reſtringent.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

Made and Sold in St. *Michaels Alley* in *Cornhill*, by *Paſqua Roſee*, at the Signe of his own Head.

A Cup of
COFFEE:
OR,
Coffee in its Colours.

FOr Men and Chriſtians to turn Turks, and think
T' excuſe the Crime becauſe 'tis in their drink,
Is more then Magick, and does plainly tell
Coffee's extraction has its heats from Hell.
Pure Engliſh Apes! ye may, for ought I know,
Would it but mode, learn to eat Spiders too.
Should any of your Grandſires Ghoſts appear
In your Wax-Candle-Circles, and but hear
The name of Coffee ſo much call'd upon,
Then ſee it drank like ſcalding *Phlegeton*;
Would they not ſtartle, think ye, all agreed,
'Twas Conjuration both in Word and Deed;
Or *Catiline*'s Conſpirators, as they ſtood
Sealing their Oaths in Draughts of reeking Blood?
The merrieſt Ghoſt of all your Sires would ſay,
Your Wine's much worſe ſince his laſt yeſterday:
He'd wonder how the Club had giv'n a Hop
O'er Tavern-Bars, into the Farriers Shop;
Where he'd ſuppoſe, both by the ſmoak and ſtench,
Each Man a Horſe, and each Horſe at his Drench.
That y' are no Poets, nor their Friends, I vow
Without an Oath I'd credit: for ſhould now
Ben Johnſon's ſtrenuous Spirit, or the rare
Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s in your Rounds appear,
They would not finde the Air perfum'd with one
Caſtalian Drop, nor Dew of *Helicon*;
But fleeing, cry out, *Sulphur*, *Liquid Fire*,
Fetcht from *Cocytus*, and the *Stygian Mire*:
When they but men, would ſpeak as the Gods do;
They drank pure Nectar as the Gods drink too,
Sublim'd with rich Canary; they would move
Diſcourſe i' th' Language ſpoke i' th' world above.
But pray Sirreverence Sirs, what wonder drops
Nuncle *Johns* Kettle-houſe in the Coffee-ſhops?
Your Servant, Sir, what News from Tripoly?
Do the Weeks Pamphlets in their Works agree?
Then Dame *Diurnal* goes to th' Pot; if you
But ſay ſhe ſcoulds, ſhe's duck'd in Coffee too:
Oft at your Seſſions b'ing arraign'd and caſt
For petty Theſts, pleading her Book, at laſt
She's with Wax-Candle, or Tobacco-ſtuff,
But burnt i' th' hand, and ſo ſerv'd well enough.
Hear, and admire, Oh Men! theſe are the new
Admirabilia of the Coffee-Crew.
Fie, Friends to the groſs Turky-ſhore, ſhall then
Theſe leſs then Coffee's ſelf, theſe Coffee-men,
Theſe ſons of nothing, that can hardly make
Their Broth, for laughing how the Jeſt does take;
Yet grin, and give ye for the Vine's pure Blood,
A loathſome Potion, not yet underſtood,
Syrrop of Soot, or Eſſence of old Shooes,
Dasht with Diurnals, and the Books of News?
Nay, for ought I know, (I'd not be abſurd)
A meer Decoction of the Devils —— [Aſſafœtida.
If, as the faſhion of your Cloaths, you change
Your Drinks as often, to as new and ſtrange,
Let 'Pothecaries then your cuſtom thank,
And not theſe Munkeys of a Mountebank.
Have by misfortune your croſs-cap'ring Brains
Got either Clap, or Running of the Reins?
Guaicum's infuſion take, and *Turpentine*,
Which but compar'd with Coffee, drink like VVine.
Are ye with Surfeits ſtomach-full? Take then
Warm *Treacle-water*, ſweat, and well agen.
Does *Venus* heat your Bloods too high? Allay
That fire with [illegible] of *Matthew Cumbers*.
Drink whole *Pharmacopeia* o'er, know this,
No Draught ſo loath ſome as foul Coffee is,
Of which this onely is a taſte, and thoſe
Would know its Vertue, may go look't in Proſe,
For 't cannot ſtand in Verſe, (though 't lye in Print)
Becauſe there's neither Rime nor Reaſon in't.
Yet I have heard a grave Grand-Signior tell,
Coffee does dull and yawning Sleeps expel.
Why Frenzie, Fevers, or the Poor Mans Gout,
Will do this feat as well, and that without
A God-a-mercy; nay, 'twill make 'em do
And talk as idly and as frantick too.
Though in the power of this Turkiſh Spell
I'm faithleſs as a Jew or Infidel,
Yet I believe I eas'ly might confeſs
Coffee potential in ſuch Cures as theſe.
Firſt, (for example) are there 'mongſt ye ſome
Have ſoundly had the *Morbum Gallicum*?
Let 'em drink Coffee, and from Whores abſtain,
I'll pawn my Pen they're Pocky well again.
From *Venus* Racks, let's fall to *Bacchus* Stocks:
Are ye dead drunk? ha' ye caught a catching Fox?
Take me then Coffee, drink it ſcalding hot,
(For though it ſcalds, yet know, it burneth not)
Sleep upon't ſoundly; when you re-awake,
Y' are a lives man again, I'll undertake.
Is any of your ſober Signiors ta'en
With Maggot-Meagroms, or the Worm i' th' Brain?
(For though ſuch Worms in Ages heretofore
Sought their forc'd fortunes at mens Poſtern Door;
Yet as the Moon and humane Humours change,
They alter too, and now through th' head can range.)
If any be thus craz'd, and by the Rimples
About his Noſe, you fear he'll fall i' th' Simples,
Well worm him firſt, and take a ſpecial heed
No ſpawn remain of the fly Serpents ſeed;
Then to the noſtrils of the great Mogul
Let him convey a Coffee-kettle full;
And riſe a wonder of the Turkey-ſhore,
As wiſe and well as ere he was before.
Such cures can Coffee work. I could afford
Ye many more; but *to the wiſe a word.*
And now Stew'd Prewen-mongers, and all you
Drink-dablers, that have ſo long kept ado
With *China-Ale*, *Stupone*, *Virgin-Wine*,
Mum and *Metheglin*, and a hundred fine
Devices more, all to no purpoſe, know,
Ye ha' nt the way; theſe are all things that grow
Here, here at home, when as a forraign Fart,
Mixt and miſcall'd according unto Art,
Sells quick as the new Perukes now adays,
Goes off as well, and takes the ſelf-ſame place.
But whine not, Dunces, nor deſpair, ye Fools;
Ye have Back-ſides left yet, and good Cloſe ſtools,
Large as the Coffee-Kettles; make good uſe
Of theſe; they ſhall an equal gain produce.
Remember 'Coff', can ye but Piſs and Cack?
Jumble't together, call it *Scythian Sack*,
Tantavelin, *Fogofarto*, or but ſome
New name, not known in Engliſh *Chriſtendome*;
Or let ſome Jew derive its ſtock and ſtem
At leaſt as far as from *Jeruſalem*,
That ſo it be'nt ſmelt out; let him but frame
Ought but to call 't out of it's Chriſtian Name;
Poſte up its Vertues ev'ry where in good
Strange Hebrew-Engliſh, which not underſtood,
Makes much the better; there lies all the knack,
The Jeſt's pure Hogo, and the Conceit's ſmack:
For in this Age, nothing's cry'd up for good,
Save what's ſtark naught, or what's not underſtood.
So that, I fear, theſe very Rules may run
I' th' compaſs of ſome commendation.
But to the ſcope: There muſt be got mad Boys
For your firſt ſetters, or as't were Decoys,
I' intice the Noviſts, till they've made a Rode
Unto your Door, and your Knack 'gins to mode;
When you'll, I fear, be forced to have wait
Some tall-gown'd-Porter at your thronged Gate
To make diſtinction of your Gueſts, leſt none
Enter but friends, and men of faſhion;
And this will take the Youngſters ſo, you'll ſee
A Leaguer dayly at your Door will be;
You'll be befieg'd with Money and good Words
For the rare Juyce that your Back-ſides affords;
Ye ſhall make Coffee ſtink. In ſhort, be all
Made men at length, for to make men withal.
'T ſhall ne'er be ſaid, a Turdy Turk could do
More with a meer Sirreverence then you.

London, Printed in the year 1663.

NEWS from the COFFE-HOUSE;

In which is ſhewn their ſeveral ſorts of Paſſions, Containing Newes from all our Neighbour *Nations*.

A POEM.

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Ff. k. 16

You that delight in Wit and Mirth,
And long to hear ſuch News,
As comes from all Parts of the *Earth*,
Dutch, *Danes*, and *Turks*, and *Jews*,
I'le ſend yee to a Rendezvouz,
Where it is ſmoaking new;
Go hear it at a *Coffe-houſe*,
It cannot but be true.

There Battles and Sea-Fights are Fought,
And bloudy Plots diſplay'd;
They know more Things then ere was thought
Or ever was betray'd:
No Money in the Minting-houſe
Is halfe ſo Bright and New;
And comming from a *Coffe-houſe*,
It cannot but be true.

Before the *Navyes* fall to Work,
They know who ſhall be Winner;
They there can tell ye what the *Turk*
Laſt Sunday had to Dinner;
Who laſt did Cut *Du Ruitters* Corns,
Amongſt his jovial Crew;
Or Who firſt gave the *Devil* Horns,
Which cannot but be true.

A *Fiſherman* did boldly tell,
And ſtrongly did avouch,
He Caught a Shoal of Mackarel,
That Parley'd all in *Dutch*,
And cry'd out *Taw, jaw, jaw Myne Here*;
But as the Draught they Drew,
They Stunk for fear, that *Monck* was there,
Which cannot but be true.

Another Sweare, by both his Ears,
Mounſieur will cut our Throats;
The *French King* will a Girdle bring,
Made of Flat-bottom'd Boats,
Shall Compas *England* round about,
Which muſt not be a few,
To give our *Engliſhmen* the Rout:
This ſounds as if, t'were true.

There's nothing done in all the World,
From *Monarch* to the *Mouſe*
But every Day or Night 'tis hurld
Into the *Coffe-houſe*.
What *Lillie* or what *Booker* can
By Art, not bring about,
At *Coffe-houſe* you'l find a Man,
Can quickly find it out.

They'l tell ye there, what Lady-ware,
Of late is grown too light;
What Wiſe-man ſhall from Favour Fall,
What Fool ſhall be a Knight;
They'l tell ye when our Fayling Trade,
Shall Riſe again, and Flouriſh,
Or when *Jack Adams* ſhall be made
Church-Warden *of the* Pariſh.

They know who ſhall in Times to come,
Be either made, or undone,
From great St. *Peters-ſtreet* in *Rome*,
To *Turnbull-ſtreet* in *London*;
And likewiſe tell, at *Clerkenwell*,
What *Whore* hath greateſt Gain;
And in that place, what Brazen-face
Doth wear a Golden Chain.

At Sea their Knowledge is ſo much,
They know all Rocks and Shelves,
They know all Councills of the *Dutch*,
More then they know Themſelves;
Who 'tis ſhall get the beſt at laſt,
They perfectly can ſhew
At *Coffe-houſe*, when they are plac'd,
You'd ſcarce beleive it true.

They know all that is Good, or Hurt,
To Dam ye, or to Save ye;
There is the *Colledge*, and the *Court*,
The *Country*, *Camp*, and *Navie*;
So great a *Univerſitie*,
I think there ne're was any;
In which you may a Schoolar be
For ſpending of a Penny.

A *Merchants Prentice* there ſhall ſhow
You all and every thing,
What hath been done, and is to do,
'Twix *Holland* and the *King*;
What *Articles* of *Peace* will bee,
He can precizely ſhow;
What will be good for *Them* or *Wee*,
He perfectly doth know.

Here Men do talk of every Thing,
With large and liberal Lungs,
Like Women at a Goſſiping,
With double tyre of Tongues;
They'l give a Broad-ſide preſently,
Soon as you are in view,
With Stories that, you'l wonder at,
Which they will ſwear are true.

The Drinking there of *Chockalat*,
Can make a *Fool* a *Sophie*:
'Tis thought the *Turkiſh Mahomet*
Was firſt Inſpir'd with *Coffe*,
By which his Powers did Over-flow
The Land of *Paleſtine*:
Then let us to, the *Coffe-houſe* go,
'Tis Cheaper farr then Wine.

You ſhall know there, what Faſhons are;
How Perrywiggs are Curl'd;
And for a Penny you ſhall heare,
All Novells in the World.
Both Old and Young, and Great and Small,
And Rich, and Poore, you'l ſee:
Therefore let's to the *Coffe* All,
Come All away with Mee.

Finis.

London, Printed by *E. Crowch* for *Thomas Vere* at the Cock in St. *John's-ſtreet* 1667. With Allowance.

COFFEE HOUSE

OR

NEWS-MONGERS HALL.

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He Caught a Shoal of Mackarel,
That Parley'd all in *Dutch*,
And cry'd out *Yaw*, *Yaw*, *Yaw myn Heer*;
But as the Draught they drew,
They ſtunk for fear, our Fleet being near,
Which cannot but be true.

There's nothing done in all the World,
From *Monarch* to the *Mouſe*,
But every Day or Night 'tis hurld
Into the *Coffe-houſe*.
What *Lillie* or what *Booker* can
By Art, not bring about,
At *Coffe-houſe* you'l find a Man,
Can quickly find it out.

They'l tell ye there, what Lady-ware,
Of late is grown too light;
What Wiſe-man ſhall from Favour fall,
What Fool ſhall be a Knight;
They'l tell ye when our fayling Trade,
Shall riſe again, and Floriſh,
And when *Jack Adams* firſt was made
Church-Warden of the Pariſh.

They know who ſhall in Times to come,
Be either made, or undone,
From great St. *Peters-ſtreet* in *Rome*,
To *Turnbul-ſtreet* in *London*;

And likewiſe tell, at *Clerkenwell*,
What *Whore* hath greateſt Gain;
And in that place, what Brazen-face
Doth wear a Golden Chain.

At Sea their Knowledge is ſo much,
They know all Rocks and Shelves,
They know all Councils of the *Dutch*,
More then they know themſelves;
Who 'tis ſhall get the beſt at laſt,
They perfectly can ſhew
At *Coffe-houſe*, when they are plac'd,
You'd ſcarce believe it true.

They know all that is Good, or Hurt,
To Dam ye, or to Save ye;
There is the *Colledge*, and the *Court*,
The *Countrey*, *Camp*, and *Navie*;
So great a *Univerſitie*,
I think there ne're was any;
In which you may a Schoolar be
For ſpending of a Penny.

A *Merchants Prentice* there ſhall ſhow
You all and every thing,
What hath been done, and is to do,
'Twixt *Holland* and the *King*;
What *Articles* of *Peace* will bee,
He can precizely ſhow;
What will be good for *Them* or *Wee*,
He perfectly doth know.

Here Men do talk of every Thing,
With large and liberal Lungs,
Like Women at a Goſſiping,
With double tyre of Tongues;
They'l give a Broad-ſide preſently,
Soon as you are in view,
With Stories that, you'l wonder at,
Which they will ſwear are true.

The Drinking there of *Chochalat*,
Can make a *Fool* a *Sophie*:
'Tis thought the *Turkiſh Mahomet*
Was firſt Inſpir'd with *Coffe*,
By which his Powers did Over-flow
The Land of *Paleſtine*:
Then let us to, the *Coffe-houſe* go,
'Tis Cheaper far then Wine.

You ſhall know there, what Faſhions are;
How Perrywiggs are Curl'd;
And for a Penny you ſhall heare,
All Novels in the World,
Both Old and Young, and Great and Small,
And Rich, and Poor, you'l ſee:
Therefore let's to the *Coffe* All,
Come All away with Mee.

London, Printed by *E. Crowch*, for *T. Vere*, at the Angel without *New-gate* 1672.

A Broad-ſide againſt COFFEE;

Or, the

Marriage of the Turk.

COFFEE, a kind of *Turkiſh Renegade*,
Has late a match with *Chriſtian water* made;
At firſt between them happen'd a Demur,
Yet joyn'd they were, but not without great *ſtir*;
For both ſo cold were, and ſo faintly met,
The *Turkiſh Hymen* in his *Turbant* ſwet.
Coffee was cold as *Earth*, *Water* as *Thames*,
And ſtood in need of recommending Flames;
For each of them ſteers a contrary courſe,
And of themſelves they ſue out a Divorce.
Coffee ſo brown as berry does appear,
Too ſwarthy for a Nymph ſo fair, ſo clear:
And yet his ſails he did for *England* hoiſt,
Though cold and dry, to court the cold and moiſt;
If there be ought we can, as love admit;
'Tis a hot love, and laſteth but a fit.
For this indeed the cauſe is of their ſtay,
Newcaſtle's bowels warmer are than they:
The melting Nymph diſtills her ſelf to do't,
Whilſt the Slave *Coffee* muſt be *beaten* to't:
Incorporate him cloſe as cloſe may be,
Pauſe but a while, and he is none of he;
Which for a truth, and not a ſtory tells,
No Faith is to be kept with Infidels.
Sure he ſuſpects, and ſhuns her as a Whore,
And loves, and kills, like the *Venetian Moor*;
Bold Aſian Brat! with ſpeed our confines flee;
Water, though common, is too good for thee.
Sure *Coffee's* vext he has the breeches loſt,
For ſhe's above, and he lies undermoſt;
What ſhall I add but this? (and ſure 'tis right)
The Groom is *heavy*, 'cauſe the Bride is *light*.

This canting *Coffee* has his Crew enricht,
And both the *Water* and the *Men* bewitcht.
A Coachman was the firſt (here) *Coffee* made,
And ever ſince the reſt *drive on* the trade;
Me no good Engalaſh! and ſure enough,
He plaid the Quack to ſalve his Stygian ſtuff;
Ver boon for de ſtomach, de Cough, de Ptiſick,
And I believe him, for it looks like Phyſick.
Coffee a cruſt is charkt into a coal,
The ſmell and taſte of the Mock *China* bowl;
Where huff and puff, they labor out their lungs,
Leſt *Dives*-like they ſhould bewail their tongues.
And yet they tell ye that it will not burn,
Though on the Jury Bliſters you return;
Whoſe furious heat does make the water riſe,
And ſtill through the Alembicks of your eyes.
Dread and deſire, ye fall to't ſnap by ſnap,
As hungry Dogs do ſcalding porrige lap.
But to cure Drunkards it has got great Fame;
Poſſet or *Porrige*, will't not do the ſame?
Confuſion huddles all into one Scene,
Like *Noah's* Ark, the clean and the unclean.
But now, alas! the Drench has credit got,
And he's no Gentleman that drinks it not;
That ſuch a *Dwarf* ſhould riſe to ſuch a ſtature!
But Cuſtom is but a remove from Nature.
A *little* Diſh, and a *large* Coffee-houſe,
What is it, but a *Mountain* and a *Mouſe*?
From Bawdy-houſes differs thus your hap;
They give their *tails*, *you* give their *tongues* a *clap*.

Mens humana novitatis avidiſſima.

London, Printed for *J. L. Anno Dom.* 1672.

A BRIEF

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

EXCELLENT VERTUES

OF THAT

Sober and wholesome Drink,

CALLED

COFFEE,

AND ITS

INCOMPARABLE EFFECTS

IN

PREVENTING or CURING

MOST

DISEASES

INCIDENT TO

HUMANE BODIES.

——Floreſcat Arabica Planta.

WHen the ſweet Poiſon of the Treacherous Grape,
Had Acted on the world a General Rape;
Drowning our very Reaſon and our Souls
In ſuch deep Seas of large o'reflowing Bowls,
That New Philoſophers Swore they could feel
The Earth to Stagger, as her Sons did Reel:
When Foggy Ale, leavying up mighty Trains
Of muddy Vapours, had beſieg'd our Brains;
And Drink, Rebellion, and Religion too,
Made Men ſo Mad, they knew not what to do;
Then Heaven in Pity, to Effect our Cure,
And ſtop the Ragings of that Calenture,
Firſt ſent amongſt us this *All-healing-Berry*,
At once to make us both *Sober* and *Merry*.
Arabian Coffee, a Rich Cordial
To Purſe and Perſon Beneficial,
Which of ſo many Vertues doth partake,
its Country's called *Felix* for its ſake.
From the Rich Chambers of the Riſing Sun,
Where Arts, and all good Fashions firſt begun,
Where Earth with choiceſt Rarities is bleſt,
And dying *Phœnix* builds Her wondrous Neſt:
COFFEE arrives, that Grave and wholeſome Liquor,
That heals the Stomack, makes the Genius quicker,
Relieves the Memory, Revives the Sad,
And chears the Spirits, without making Mad;
For being of a Cleanſing QUALITY,
By NATURE warm, Attenuating and Dry,
Its conſtant Uſe the ſulleneſt Griefs will Rout,
Removes the Dropſie, gives eaſe to the Gout,
And ſoon diſpatcheth whereſoever it finds
Scorbutick Humours, Hypochondriack winds,
Rheums, Ptiſicks, Palſies, Jaundiſe, Coughs, Catarrhs,
And whatſoe're with Nature leavyeth Warrs;
It helps Digeſtion, want of Appetite,
And quickly ſets Conſumptive Bodies Right;
A Friendly Entercourſe it doth Maintain,
Between the Heart, the Liver, and the Brain,
Natures three chiefeſt VVheels, whoſe Jars we know,
Threaten the whole Microcoſme with overthrow;
In Spring, when Peccant Humours Encreaſe moſt,
And Summer, when the Appetite is loſt,
In Autumn, when Raw Fruits Diſeaſes Breed,
And VVinter time too cold to Purge or Bleed;
Do but this Rare *ARABIAN* Cordial Uſe,
And thou may'ſt all the Doctors Slops Refuſe.
Huſh then, dull QUACKS, your Mountebanking ceaſe,
COFFEE's a ſpeedier Cure for each Diſeaſe;
How great its Vertues are, we hence may think,
The VVorlds third Part makes it their common Drink;
The Amourous Gallant, whoſe hot Reins do fail,
Sturg by Conjunction with the Dragons-Tail:
Let him but Tipple here, ſhall find his Grief
Diſcharg'd, without the Sweting-Tubs Relief;
Nor have the LADIES Reaſon to Complain,
As fumbling Doe-littles are apt to Faign;
COFFEE's no Foe to their obliging Trade,
By it Men rather are more Active made;
'Tis ſtronger Drink, and baſe adulterate VVine,
Enfeebles Vigour, and makes Nature Pine;
Loaden with which, th' Impotent Sott is Led
Like a Sowc'd Hogſhead to a Miſſes Bed;
But this Rare Settle-Brain prevents thoſe Harms,
Conquers Old Sherry, and brisk Clarret Charms.
Sack, I defie thee with an open Throat,
VVhilſt Truſty COFFEE is my Antedote;
Methinks I hear Poets Repent th'have been,
So long Idolaters to that ſparkling Queen;
For well they may perceive 'tis on Her ſcore
APOLLO keeps them all ſo Curſed Poor;
Let them avoid Her tempting Charms, and then
VVe hope to ſee the VVits grow Aldermen;
In Breif, all you who Healths Rich Treaſures Prize,
And Court not Ruby Noſes, or blear'd Eyes,
But own Sobriety to be your Drift,
And Love at once good Company and Thrift;
To VVine no more make VVit and Coyn a Trophy,
But come each Night and Frollique here in Coffee.

The *RULES* and *ORDERS* of the

COFFEE-HOUSE.

Enter Sirs freely, But firſt if you pleaſe,
Peruſe our Civil-Orders, which are theſe.

FIrſt, Gentry, Tradeſmen, all are welcome hither,
And may without Affront ſit down Together:
Pre-eminence of Place, none here ſhould Mind,
But take the next fit Seat that he can find:
Nor need any, if Finer Perſons come,
Riſe up for to aſſigne to them his Room;
To limit Mens Expence, we think not fair,
But let him forfeit Twelve-pence that ſhall Swear:
He that ſhall any Quarrel here begin,
Shall give each Man a Diſh t' Atone the Sin;
And ſo ſhall He, whoſe Complements extend
So far to drink in COFFEE to his Friend;
Let Noiſe of loud Diſputes be quite forborn,
No Maudlin Lovers here in Corners Mourn,
But all be Brisk, and Talk, but not too much
On Sacred things, Let none preſume to touch,
Nor Profane Scripture, or ſawcily wrong
Affairs of State with an Irreverent Tongue:
Let Mirth be Innocent, and each Man ſee,
That all his Jeſts without Reflection be;
To keep the Houſe more Quiet, and from Blame,
VVe Baniſh hence Cards, Dice, and every Game:
Nor can allow of VVagers, that Exceed
Five ſhillings, which oft-times much Trouble Breed;
Let all that's loſt, or forfeited, be ſpent
In ſuch Good Liquor as the Houſe doth Vent,
And Cuſtomers endeavour to their Powers,
For to obſerve ſtill ſeaſonable Howers.
Laſtly, Let each Man what he calls for Pay,
And ſo you're welcome to come every Day.

London, Printed for *Paul Greenwood*, and are to be ſold at the ſign of the *Coffee-Mill* and *Tobacco-Roll* in *Cloath-fair* near *Weſt-Smithfield*, who ſelleth the beſt *Arabian* Coffee-Powder and Chocolate, made in Cake or in Roll, after the *Spaniſh* Fashion, &c. 1674.

Rebellions Antidote:

OR A

DIALOGUE

Between *COFFEE* and *TEA*.

C20f.2
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Tea ALL hail kind Friend ſweet Balſom of our Age,
Coff. What mean'ſt thou by ſuch tragick Equipage?
Welcome dear Siſter, Baſis of my Life,
Better than Goodneſs, dearer than a Wife;
Forbear inquiring, leſt thou force to riſe
Tears to a Deluge from my doleful Eyes,
Such are my Plaints, and ſuch my cruel Fate
Tongue can't expreſs their too to Ridged State.

Tea. A Curſe all Curſes elſe below
On thoſe who do produce thy Woe;
Death, Hell and Vengeance on him fall
Who makes thy Fate ſo Tragical.

Coffee. Merit on Merit, loe now I ſee
A Life thou mayeſt command of me,
Command thy Pleaſure, I'll not Decline,
Thy Goodneſs has oblieg'd me thine;
And ſince as *Dido* thou command'ſt my Grief,
I'll with *Æneas* ſum up all in Brief.

Tea. All that I beg is but the Reaſon
What makes thy Viſage out of Seaſon.

Coffee. The Rage and Madneſs of the Nation
Moves both my Heart and eke Compaſſion,
Unto that height I cannot Force
My Horrour to a mean Divorce;
Since all the World does now rely
On Madneſs and Debauchery,
Lewd and Diſtract to ſuch a Strain
As if invoking back again
Grim Chaos of accurſt Confuſion,
The product of our grand Deluſion.

Tea. Truth without Error needs no Oath,
All thou haſt ſaid is Naked Truth;
Thus far th'art gone, but prethy tell,
What 'tis occaſions Death and *Hell*?
Whence ſprings our Dolour, what's the ſourſe
That Operates this Helliſh Curſe.

Coffee. 'Tis *Wine* and *Ale* and eke the *Grape*
Has ſpawn'd this ſpurious beſtial Rape;
What is't but theſe produce, what horrid Fact
But *Wine* and *Ale* and *Beer* will act;
Death *Hell* and Judgment Hand in Hand
[illegible]ith them and theirs do always ſtand;
Rapes, Murders, Thefts, and thouſand Crimes
Are gender'd by foul *Ale* and *Wines*;
Theſe are but Trifles to the Woe
That *Wine* and *Ale*, and *Beer* can do;
From whence unleſs from theſe do daily ſpring
Rebellion, Treaſon, and Sham-ploting Sin;
Theſe Storm the Fort and let the Devil in.
Judge you th' Effect where *Satan* Rules as Chief,
'Tis then too late to cry ſtop Thief, ſtop Thief.

Tea. In theſe Extreams there's but one way I find,
My Life for yours and that will Undermine
The *Devil* himſelf, and give you all a Laughter,
T' expell his Vengeance by an holy Water,
Allay the Billows of the flowing Rout,
One Diſh of *Twiſt* will force the *Devil* out. (Portio

Coffee. Tho' haſt hit the Pin, and *Twiſt*'s the Sovereign
To turn the Tide, reverſe the *Alewives* Oacen,
Diſgorge, God, *Bacchus*, and prepare a Stage
Once more to entertain a Golden Age.

Tea. Thanks noble Sir for this Relation
In order to Retaliation,
I'll force my Muſe to ſuch an height
I'll thy deſerv'd *Acroſtick* Write.

C ome frantick Fools leave off your Drunken fits,
O bſequiens be and i'll recall your Wits,
F rom perfect Madneſs to a modeſt Strain,
F or Farthings four I'll fetch you back again.
E nable all your mene with tricks of State,
E nter and Sip and then attend your Fate;

Come Drunk or Sober for a gentle Fee,
Come ne'r ſo Mad i'll your Phyſician be.

F, C, B. A B.

This may be Printed, *R. L. S.* 168

LONDON,
Printed by *George Croom*, at the Sign of the Bl[illegible]
Thames-ſtreet, over againſt *Baynard's-Caſtle* 1685.

Nicotianæ Encomium;

Or, The GOLDEN LEAF

TABACCO

Diſplay'd in its Soveraignty and ſingular Vertues.

*Ta--- *Ab Inſula* Tabacco *ubi provenit rectius (ni fallor) ſcribitur quam* To--

YE Hot! ye Cold! ye Rheumatick! draw nigh;
In this Rich Leafe a Soveraign Doſe doth lie
Will cure ye All; Phyſick ye need not want,
Here 'tis i'th' Gummy Entralls of a Plant.
To purge the Breaſt from Flegm, to give a Stoole
To coſtive Bodies, glowing Veins to coole;
To rouſe up Spirits, and chill Blood to heat,
To raiſe the Pulſe, and make it nimbly beat;
Each Joynt and Nerve (from Head to Foot) to warme
With Active Vigour———*Her's your Powerful Charme!*
And if th' Grand Bugbear-Toad, the Plague, ye fear,
Lo! under God, your *Antidote* is here.
Brave Leafe! thou act's the Able Doctor's Part,
In thee there's wrapt an *Æſculapian Art.*
Ut Dei Miniſtra, non adulterata, & modicè ſumpta. * Thou * frights Infection, bribes our Fatal Doomes,
Prolongs our Lives, and ſaves us from our Tombes,
Perfumes our Throats, our Mouths, our Cloaths, our Rooms:
Thou Sleep procures, and rock'ſt our Cradle-Beds,
Still'ſt aching Teeth, and cures our aching Heads;
'Tis Salve, no Smoak ſure, which thy Chimney ſheads.
Thy Juice ('tis ſaid) Medicinal is found,
It heals (tho' poyſon'd) any bleeding Wound:
Then ſuch as would Extemp're-Surg'ons be,
Muſt not Box-up, but only Bottle Thee;
Not dry thy Leafe, but Drain't (this underſtood
Prevents abuſe) for them thy Liquor's good.
A Vomit-Broome made of thy Syrupe, ſweeps
(When foule) and clean the Stomack's Kitchen keeps:
Cookes! think of this; ye are by right (ye ſee)
No Smoakers, but as Chimny-Sweepers be;
To clear your Cook-Roomes from Diſeaſed Duſt,
Or make or buy *Tabacco-Broomes* ye muſt.
Now for your uſe, I think they might do well,
If ſome would Cry'om, others keep to Sell:
So 'bout this Oake, like Ivy might ye twiſt,
And each Bro' live on's Bro'—*Tabaconiſt.*
Nee'r fear to Break, ye 'Prentices to th' *Trade!*
Your *Leaf* may *Wither*, but it cannot *Fade*:
By Whole-ſale, Re-tale vend your Hearb; the while
Let ſome Sail o're to the *Tabakian I'le*;
There Plant, and Reape, and fill their builded Cribbs,
And others mince Her Broad Tranſported Ribbs:
Here ſtarts a Paradox;—Thus ſome that do
No Purſes take, may live by *Cutting* tho'.
Then fill your Boxes, ſtore your Shops anew,
And Pipe, and Dance, and Sing, ye Jolly Crew!
For whilſt ye joyne, and each Man drives his *Trade*,
Tho' your *Leaf Wither*, yet it ſhall not *Fade*;
But Coyn ſhall Court ye, and ye ſhall go Brave,
As Merchants do that many Factors have,
And all have Cauſe to cry———*O Vertue rare!*
What Other Leaf may with Our Leaf Compare?
Brave Leaf! thou acts the Able Doctor's *Part,*
In thee ther's wrapt an *Æſculapian Art.*

Thy Bowels Soveraign Balſame drop, when burn'd,
And thou art good to Duſt and Aſhes turn'd;
Thy Sneezing Powder has the art to drain
From all Rheumatick Humours, Head and Brain,
Which trickle down, as Water from the Roſe,
Through th'open Conduits of the Mouth and Noſe.
Come Diſtillations! Tifficks! Coughs! Catharres!
All Colds, all Moiſture's Off-ſpring! that make Warrs.
With Eyes, Gummes, Lungs; Diſeaſes—Hydra! bow
Thy Neck to th'Block, expect the Fatal Blow:
Tabacco! here behold this Monſter lie,
With Apron and with Butcher-Sleeves draw nigh,
Strike with thy Smoakey Axe! Strike! ſtrike!—'tis done!
The Blow is given, off the Heads are gone!
Great *Creature-Word!* Who can thy Letters tell!
Or knowledge has thy Syllables to ſpell!
Thoſe choice Effects thy Vertue yet affords
Swell much beyond the narrow Graſpe of Words:
I faulter here;—Thy Depths are too profound
For Reaſon, and her Line too ſhort to ſound
Or fathome'om; how can my Heart endite
Thy hidden Secrets! or thy praiſes write
How can my *ABC* and ſhort-ſighted Quill!
This claimes ſome Rabby's,—yea an Angel's skill.
The Quickeſt Artiſt verſt in Nature's Mine,
May ſooner read a *Sybil's* Leafe than Thine.
If ſo, how high doth Natures Folio ſwel!
If little Words, large pages ſure excel
The ſtrength and ſtature of the talleſt Sage,
With which no Mortal's able to engage:
Sure theſe *Goliaths* with their Spear and Shield
Challenge the ſtouteſt *David* into th' Field.
What's th' Bark to th' Tree! can none peruſe or look
The Covers o're! who then can read the Book!
What e're the Heav'ns contain, or Earthly Ball,
Perſpectives are to view *Man's All in All,*
Faire Copys of that Great ORIGINAL:
Straight Lines which in this Center are connext,
Sermons that Comment on this Sacred Text.
Even here the Learn'd of Learning ſee their want,
By knowledge learn to know they're ignorant.
My Muſe was nipt i'th' Bud; a Poet's Name
Belongs to ſuch whoſe True-bred Genius flame,
As Lackey by His Side this Ruſh ſhall run,
Whoſe Taper-Muſe is lighted at the *SUN*:
With brighter Beams ſome Noble *Sol* might grace
This Subject, and my *Luna's* ſpotted face.
Riſe, his Orbe, *Brave Luminary!* mine
Shall quickly Set, and give You room to Shine:
Mean time, this Starre, as Harbenger of Day,
Shall March before Your more Refulgent Ray.

Bacchinalia Cœleſtia:

A POEM,

IN PRAISE OF

PUNCH:

Compos'd by the GODS and GODDESSES in Cabal.

THE *Gods* and the *Goddeſſes* lately did Feaſt,
Where *Ambroſia* with exquiſite *ſawces* was dreſt:
The *Edibles* did with their qualities ſuit;
But what they did *drink*, did occaſion diſpute.
'Twas time that *Old Nectar* ſhould grow out of faſhion,
A Liquor they drank long before the Creation.
When the Sky-coloured Cloth was drawn from the Board,
For the *Chriſtalline Bowl* great *Jove* gave the Word.
This was a *Bowl* of moſt heavenly ſize,
In which *Infant-Gods* they did uſe to baptize.

Quoth *JOVE*, we're inform'd they drink *Punch* upon Earth,
By which Mortal Wights out-do us in Mirth;
Therefore our *Godheads* together let's lay,
And endeavour to make it much ſtronger than they.
'Twas ſpoke like a *God*, Fill the Bowl to the Top,
He's *caſhier'd* from the Sky that leaves but a Drop.

APOLLO diſpatch't away one of his *Laſſes*,
Who fill'd us a *Pitcher* from th' Well of *Parnaſſus*.
To Poets new born, this Water is brought;
And this they ſuck in for th'ir Mornings draught.

JUNO for *Lemons* ſent into her Cloſet;
Which when ſhe was ſick, ſhe infus'd into *Poſſet*:
For *Goddeſſes* may be as qualmiſh as *Gipſes*;
The Sun and the Moon we find have Eclipſes;
Thoſe *Lemons* were called the *Heſperian-fruit*,
When Vigilant Dragon was ſet to look to't.
Three dozen of theſe were ſqueez'd into Water;
The reſt of the Ingredients in order came after.

VENUS, the Admirer of things that are ſweet;
Without her infuſion there had been no Treat;
Commanded her *Sugar-Loafs*, white as her *Doves*;
Supported to th' Table by a brace of young Loves.
So wonderful curious theſe *Deities* were,
The *Sugar* they ſtrain'd through a Sieve of thin Air.

BACCHUS gave notice by dangling a Bunch,
That without his aſſiſtance there could be no *Punch*.
What was meant by his ſign, was very well known;
For they threw in a Gallon of truſty *Langoon*.

MARS, a blunt *God*, though chief of the *Briskers*,
Was ſeated at Table, ſtill twirling his Whiskers;
Quoth he, fellow-*Gods* and *Cœleſtial Gallants*;
I'd not give a fart for your *Punch* without *Nants*:
Therefore Boy *Ganymed* I do command ye
To put in at leaſt *two Gallons* of *Brandy*.

SATURN, of all the *Gods* was the oldeſt,
And we may imagine his ſtomach was coldeſt;
Did out of his Pouch three *Nutmegs* produce;
Which when they were grated, were put to the Juyce.

NEPTUNE this Ocean of *Liquor* did Crown
With a hard *Sea-Biſket* well bak'd in the Sun.
This *Bowl* being finiſh'd, a Health was began;
Quoth *Jove*, let it be to our Creature call'd *Man*.

'Tis to him alone theſe pleaſures we owe,
For Heaven was never true Heav'n till now.

Since the Gods and poor Mortals thus do agree,
Here's a Health unto CHARLES *His Majeſty.*

FINIS.

Spite and Spleen:

OR, THE

Doctor run MAD.

To the Worthy Dr. T---s---n.

Sir,

TO your Care we timely would commit
The Grave, the Wiſe, the Mighty Dr. *P----t.*
A Man, erſt while, abounding more in Knowledge
(In's own Conceit) than any Sir o'th' Colledge:
But now (ſad Fate!) the haughty, huffing Tool
Is grown ſtark Mad, and drivels like a Fool,
Starts in his ſleep, and oft is heard to ſay,
He comes, He comes, take *Blackamore* away!
That Upſtart Fiend! that Idol of the Mob!
With's thund'ring *Arthur*'s, and his Maingy Jobb;
Frights more than *Lucifer* or *Beelzebub*!
See how he Rides triumphant through the Streets
In's Coach and Four! Careſt by all he meets;
Girt to his Sword, and jingling in his Spurs!
S'w----ds! ſhall we all be Hector'd by theſe Sirs?
Shall *T.----G*? ſhall *B----* and *H----* and I
For him, and ſuch as he, be thus thrown by?
No, 'tis Decreed, nor ſhall thy Fate, proud Knight
Reſiſt my Vows, I'll talk, look big, and write,
And tho' I ſhow no Senſe, I'll ſhow my Spight.
Nay, I'll go on, and for their ſakes that carry
The Vogue for thee, damn each *Apothecary*,
Ruine their Race, their Wives and Children ſtarve,
And laugh, whilſt thus my ſweet Revenge I ſerve.
I, that ſo oft have ſtemm'd the impetuous Tide,
And ſtopt their Breaches, now will make 'em wide;
Dig down the Banks of '*Pothecaries Hall*,
And with dire Inundation drown 'em All.

I,

I; that for them the Balance held ſo well,
And like *Eraſmus* hung 'twixt Heav'n and Hell,
Have thrown the Vizard off, reſolv'd to try
My Fate, or ſink with the *Diſpenſary*;
There are choice *Noſtrums*, and *Arcana's* made
For vap'rous *Lady*, and for *Chamber-maid*,
(The true *Chalibeats*) who for *Three-pence* may
(If one dear Guinea they the Doctor pay)
Be cured forthwith, and freed from future ills
Of *Chriſtmas* Curſe, th' *Apothecary's* Bills:
Let 'em go melt their Mortars and their Stills.

What if I once (for ſome perhaps may aſk it)
Was link't ſo cloſe with *A---s*, and with *B---t*?
'Twas then my Int'reſt, and I had done it ſtill,
Had they brought Griſt enough into my Mill.
But they, and *R---s*, and *P---t* out of ſpight,
Bore all to *R---f* and the new-made Knight;
(Pox on his Honour!) Oh! That very Name
Confounds my Senſes, and diſturbs my Frame;
My Head turns round, I bellow up and down,
In every *Coffee-Houſe* throughout the Town
That thoſe (who once delighted in my ſtay)
If I approach, do ſcall'd their Chops to pay,
Cry, Sir, *your humble Servant*, and away.

Thus *Proteus* like, I've turn'd to all I can,
I've out-done *Judas* for a true Trepan;
Firſt with the *Tories* I was wondrous big,
Then from the *Tory* ſhifted to the *Whig*---
From every Sort, to every Sect did vary,
Turn'd and return'd from the Apothecary,
That I have got by Turning this Renown,
To be the very ſt Turncoat *in the Town*:
And if theſe Turnings don't advance my Pelf,
I've one Turn more, that is to h---g my ſelf.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS

VINDICIÆ PHARMACAPOLÆ,

OR AN

ANSWER to the DOCTORS COMPLAINTS againſt *APOTHECARIES*.

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Οὐ, ποιεῖ ἓας μία χελιδών.

'TIs ſtrange to me, to ſee Revenging Sheets,
Lambs-Conduit Paper, that in Duel meets
On every Stall, and threaten paſſers by,
Who without Doctors Stamp uſe Pharmacy.
I have not ſeen a Month of Years, and ſo
Th' *Arcana*'s of theſe dayes *I Dare* not know;
Nor dare I now preſume to make preſage,
How preſent Influences Threat this Age.
But I have heard, that 'tis not long agon,
Since *Chaos* ſtriv'd for Reſurrection;
When *Babel* lik'd to have been built again,
Not by dull Bricklayers, but Men of Brain.
The Lawyers left their *Littletons*, to Found
Committee Syſtems on Rebellion's ground:
The Clergy-men deſcry'd new Sects of Gods,
Which made the Desks and Pulpits fall at odds;
But they're now Friends, thanks to a Calmer Fate,
Propitious to an almoſt ruin'd State.
And now Phyſicians, (whom reports do ſay,
By Licence have Authority to ſlay)
Do worry one another, and do ſtrive
To kill themſelves, and others keep alive:
Which is a madneſs, mad as mad may be;
Saver of others is *Felo de ſe*.
And though we do not claim to be a ſhare
Of Doctor's Dignity, of Art we are;
And juſtly may be call'd (without offence)
Appendix to their Practice, though not Pence.
Let them conſult together how to goe,
When the Nice Artery of Little Toe
Is hurt, which (by Phyſicians) hath been ſaid
To Gangrene, and prove mortal in the Head.
Apothecaries Trade is undergon,
For a ſupport, not to be trampled on.
'Tis true, this latter age has far out-done
What former did, or rather but begun.
Great *Helmont* is reviv'd, and who can be
More Volatile, and full of Salt than he.
He's try'd by Fire; and thence it ſeems to ſome,
Gallen's but Phyſick's *Caput Mortuum*.
What if Gallenick Doctor (Eying Pelf)
Doth ſend for Simples, ſimple as himſelf,
And order Antique Compounds, which Innure
To Diſſolution, rather than to Cure.
What if their Bills upon our Files do meet,
Till theirs and ours make Patients Winding-ſheet:
We're not in Fault, we rather are excus'd,
Good Druggs by us are ſold, by them abus'd.
We in the Common Fate of Trade do ſtand;
Buying and Selling doth ſupport the Land.
We but Prepare, Great Doctor doth Adviſe,
He puts the Stuff in that puts out the Eyes.
We hear not *Paracelſian* diſagree,
Though we ſhould know his Art as well as he.
Perhaps ſome Mandat-Doctors poor are grown,
And now would Marr our Trade, to mend their own.
What would the Innes of Court ſay, if they ſee,
One perſon Counſel, Clerk, Atturney be.
Like the *Welſh* Pariſh, without more ado,
Had one man Curate, Clark, and Sexton too.
I thought the Club-Divines had been forgot,
Let Club-Phyſicians have *Smectymnuan*'s lot.
But oh intollerable! Doctor cryes,
He ſees too much, pray put out both his eyes;
He practiſe Phyſick, *ſans* Phyſicians Aide,
Learned *PROFESSION* is outfac'd by Trade:
He's grown a Chymiſt too, and ſo deſpiſe
Our Great *Diana* whence our Profit riſe.
To this we Anſwer, Good Sir Methodiſt,
This is no Eye-ſore to the *Spagariſt*;
Nor to thoſe Sons of Art, whoſe Care and Pains
Regard the Publick, not their Private gains:
Who in the greateſt ſearch of Nature's Deep,
Revive Myſterious Truths, long layn aſleep.
We know that Pyrotechny bears a part,
As well in our Trade, as in your Art.
'Tis that which *ALL* of us are taught to do;
Let half the Doctors in the Town ſay ſo.
Nay let them ſay, after their Bills ſearch'd be,
If half th' Ingredients they did ever ſee:
So that if 'Pothecaries muſt go down,
You'le baniſh half the Doctors from the Town.
And now to Anſwer for the Practick part,
Laid to our charge, and ſo much griev'd your heart;
Though it perhaps might well be Juſtify'd,
By changing Trades with you, yet 'tis deny'd;
Unleſs we muſt not do what things are Common
With every Keeper, Nurſe, or Good Old Woman,
Without the help of Doctor, whoſe Advice
Is (as himſelf eſteems it) of ſuch Price,
That ſuch Diſtempers as by Us are Cur'd,
Are eaſier borne, than Doctors Fees indur'd.
Beſides our great Complainers are too high,
Or ſhould be, then to ſtoop and catch a Fly.
But it's believ'd the noyſe that's ſent about
T' amuſe the people, and affright the rout,
Is like fierce *Corbet*'s Plea for Toleration,
To only ſuch as are of his Perſwaſion;
Yet cannot *Corbet* ſhew how many more,
Are only of his mind, no, not a ſcore.
Let theſe Great *Dons* that thus their Names have rais'd
By others Ruines, and would fain be prais'd,
That into Natures Creviſes have div'd,
And unto great Attainments have arriv'd,
Let them but meet, and parly, and then ſee,
Firſt, if but any Ten of them agree;
Let thoſe Ten Doctors, Ten (no Doctors) try,
Which are the moſt expert in Pharmacy.
Then let them ſearch how many can prepare,
Their proper Medicines without our Care;
Degrade the reſt, and make but them to run,
And for their Companies we'le be undone.

Doctor COOPER at Work

Upon *DAUNCEY'S* Bones:

AND

COOK licking his FINGER'S

After his *Doſe* and *Pill.*

O For the *Doctor's lines*, or *Cleveland's*, *Dauncey*
To truſs thee in, how bravely would I haunſe thee,
Then like a Jack o' *Lent* the firſt of *March*,
In *Cuerpo* thou ſhould'ſt hang under ſome *Arch*,
There to be play'd on by the wind, and noiſe
Of *Fiſh-wives*, *Orange-wenches*, and the *Boyes*.
Was't not enough the brethren felt his whip
So ſmart and keen, but he muſt make thee skip
Thou Jackanapes? think'ſt thou, thou piteous elf,
To draw his anger on thy ſingle ſelf,
And reſcue ſo a number? foul-mouth no,
You are beneath him, hee's more worth than ſo.
Lord, what a holy thing is want of clothes,
How it keeps *Balladers* from drink and oaths!
When there's no more to pawn, an oath were vain,
Your words will go as far in *Chart'r'ouſe* lane.
Thou ſeem'ſt boy to have taken his advice
And gone to ſchool agen, and thou art wiſe
In doing ſo, thou may'ſt be of his ſtables,
Th'art at the Dunghill now in *Æſop's Fables*.
Your mine's Hell deep, we give a gueſſe what's in't,
Poets w'are ſure ſend nothing to the mint.
W'are pleas'd to ſee you wince, y'ave a gauld hide,
Your own breath ſtinks when 'tis to you apply'd.
If your own words reſounded be accurſt,
Your meaning was not wholſome at the firſt.
Mark how this ſaucy *Raſcal* 'gins his prate,
As though the Doctour were an advocate
Of foul debauchery: when in no mans hearing
He ever ſpoke of drunkenneſſe or ſwearing;
Nor thinks there can be ſuch a ſin in faſhion
I'th Clergy, 'ts hatch'd in your Imagination:
There 'tis ye ſlanderous villains that ye frame
An odious abuſe, and then declame.
So *I* have ſeen a Coward draw his ſword
Againſt a Poſt, and every blow a word;
Now if thou wer't a man, *I'de* have thee here,
And then again he cryes I'de have thee there.
Bring forth your *ſwearers*, and your *drunkards* too,
Or on my word this Knight o'th poſt are you.
I a've a *Phyſician* that without perhaps
Shall cure your mouth ſecure of *after claps*.
Down o' your knees, thank God, and thank me too,
'Tis well, 'tis well, now *Gallows* claim thy due;
And when the Surgeons cheſt has brought you fir
Back from that tree, into their Theatre,
The Doctor for a Lecture ſhall not ſtick,
To ſend your bones unto the Devil to pick.
You might have ſeen, had you been ſo inclin'd,
(But as the ſaying is, *haſty Currs are blind*)
The *Doctor* knew your *Aſſe's* meaning ſir,
And needs not you for an Interpreter.
We like no coxeing friend, nor ever will,
Joab and *Judas* both did kiſſe and kill.
Had *Griffin* bray'd againſt a man or two,
Or on a County where ſuch things they do,
His Libel might have gone untax'd: but now
To write at randome thus, and to allow
A roving Kite with full ſpread wings to fly
Over the Nation, carrying infamy
Thus undetermin'd; *Dauncey* 'tis too much,
Ill minds conclude the *Clergy* all are ſuch.
This miſchief he has done, and as we mention,
We had but's own word for his good intention.
This has your pious ſoul done, that can't drink
You ſay, but ſhall *I* tell you what *I* think?
What *I* have heard? *Dauncey* I will take leave,
For all your *affidavit*, t'undeceive
My ſilly Countrymen, who live in doubt
Some Miniſter of worth ſet this Cry out;
Whoſe ſpirit bleeds within him for the ſin
That yet the people, and the Clergy's in.
But come chear up my hearts, 'tis no ſuch matter,
This fellow in Divinity does but ſmatter,
Hangs on the *Preſſe*, and as his learning's ſmall,
His pay's ten groats a ballad, and ſome Ale:
Which not one Stationer alone does pay for
But all the Crowd, which he goes firſt to ſtay for;
The Common ſpunge, a fellow of no reck'ning,
Shall follow you to an Alehouſe but for beck'ning.
And be brought out agen perhaps. But How!
What do I ſee, *Dauncey*, the grizly brow
Of Goblin *Truth*, Fathers in *Truth*, the thing
Undid the Church, and cut the throat o'th King?
Choak us no more you R---- with your minc'd meat,
Fathers, feed's at diſcretion, we will eat,
I and give thanks too for your inſtitution,
And call you fathers without diminution,
Conſervers of Gods Oracles, bring theſe fellows
Truth to confeſſe, where they ſhould do't to'th Gallows.
And mark it *Dauncey*, ſee how thou art catch'd,
As if thine own lye to betray th'adſt watch'd;
When with compariſon thou would'ſt up-cry
The faith of *Griffin*, As hath no reply.
But Mr. *Dauncey*, now y'ave ſhew'd your lack
Of wit and art, let me again go back,
And view the ſubject of your declamation
Not againſt things, but vices O this Nation.
Are vices nothing? and's all this ado
Made about nothing, by you Puppies two.
Now you begin to belch up your diſgrace,
And ſpit foul Language in the *Doctor's* face;
VVhat are you proud of, that you thus be-*Aſſe us*,
And knave us bluntly, is't Land in *Parnaſſus?*
Who would not ſwear you'r drunk? it is no ruth
To conſcience for a man to ſwear the Truth.
Would'ſt thou know what thou art? thou canſt not miſs't,
In the firſt Chapter of the *Alchymiſt*,
Where *Subtl*, *Doll*, and *Face* do ſeem to me
Rayling, to conjure for a name for thee.
There read thy ſelf, th'are thine all, and if't be
Thy chance to ſcape a ſadder deſtiny,
VVhen with the *Stationers* thou haſt ſuck'd ſo long
Scot-free of Ale, as t'other has, whoſe tongue
Thou now defendeſt, mayſt thou by good prayers
Riſe by degrees, from Link-boy, to the Players;
To be their book-keeper, and then grown bold,
Upon thy parts, when thou art blind and old,
Preſume to write a play in thy laſt age,
And have it baſely hiſs'd off o' the ſtage,
For which thy heart muſt break, if it break not
This minute, for thus having play'd the Sot.
VVe are ingenuous, and do not deride
Your poverty, you Knaves, no, but your pride;
And cannot chooſe but laugh, to ſee the *Saints*
Have drunken Atheiſts to defend their plaints.
So *exit Dauncey*. —— Now comes *Cook* in fury,
Lick-ſpit o'th Law: ſpeak ſirrah to the Jury,
There you may find a dozen of the name
You give the Doctor, (Caterpillar of fame:)
Beat me this Buckram Rogue, *Falſtaffe*, to ſeven,
Nay if thou wilt, beat him into eleven,
And if they have no better manners then,
Send them to me, I'le beat them all agen.
Knaves that do nought but quirk upon his Calling,
And quit their cauſe; 'tis time the Aſſe left bawling.

Martial. Ep.
Dic tandem aliquid de tribus Capellis.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Thought I'ad finiſh'd *William* now, but hark,
I'ave commendations to thee from the Clark,
Fogg in Rye dough, thou image of a Lawyer,
Fitter to make a Carman, or a *Sawyer*,
Much more then ord'nary appears in you,
Plead you for Aſſes, and are Aſſes too?
Muſt Readers preach; has the Church no degrees,
Nor order? *Scribes* go take the Lawyers fees.
Hell's where confuſion is, and rotten ſpeech,
The Lawyer took's own pill, and ſpoke at's breech.
The journey-pew ſupplyes his need, as 'tis,
Pray get your Aſſe a pulpit to ſerve his.
He will not be the firſt Aſſe that e're ſpoke
Out of one, and got by't a ſuit and cloak.
I wiſh thy libel might have pleas'd where't came,
And that thou'dſt had a more auſpicious name
At *Weſtminſter Hall* Gate, hee'l ſee that looks,
VVhat's to be thought of diſaffected *Cooks*.
God bleſſe King *Charles*, ſo that he ne'er agen
Be troubled with ſuch *Rogues*, ſpeak Clark, Amen.

Now ſtroake the *Doctor's* beard, ye Libel flingers;
And if ye foule your hands, *Cooke* lick your fingers.

K- By *Nat. Wildoe.*

LONDON. Printed for the Author, 1661.

The DEVIL upon DUN:

OR

The Downfall of the Upſtart CHYMIST:

Being the *Second Edition* of a Late SONG: To the Tune of *Smoak us, and choak us.*

'MOngſt all Profeſſions in the Town,
Held moſt in renown,
From th' Sword to the Gown,
The upſtart *Chymiſt* rules the Roaſt;
For He with his Pill
Does ev'n what he will,
Employing his skill,
Good Subjects to kill,
That he of his dang'rous Art may boaſt:
O 'tis the Chymiſt, that man of the fire,
Who by his Black Art
Does Soul and Body part:
He ſmoaks us, and choaks us,
And leaves us like Dun in the mire.

And firſt for the *Lawyers*, who multiply,
That one can ſcarce lye,
And th' other ſtand by,
Five Grains took of th' grand Preparation,
Their Bodies will maull,
Thin *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
Ceaſe Suits, and give a long Vacation.
O 'tis the Chymiſt, &c.

At th' *Seſſions houſe* he commenc'd his Trade,
Where he aloud pray'd
For th' King, long he ſtay'd
Not there, being burnt in th' hand
To inure him to fire,
He proceeded then high'r,
Reſtleſs in deſire,
Till he of a Chymiſt had the Brand.
O 'tis the Chymiſt, &c.

As for the Parſons, both *Pro* and *Con*,
Diſpute, and Objection,
Can't ſave them, th' *Chymiſt* anon
With th' *Elixir* can ſoon end the ſtrife,
Straight ſilence them both,
Who t' agree are loth,
For th' Ginny-pigs ſake, though
Their quarrels give th' *Old Cauſe* new life.

Alſo the Souldier, that man of Arms,
Who never fears harms,
Nor any freſh alarms,
Let this *Chymiſt* enter the Field
Ev'n with a General,
The brav'ſt Collonel,
A Pill, or Sublimate will make them yield.
O 'tis the Chymiſt, &c.

Dull *Ariſtotle* was an old Fool;
For he went to School
Inſtead of the Stool:
What he wrote, he ſtole from Books;
This myſterie is ſuch,
Say who can too much
In it? whoſe deadly touch,
Makes Bum-foder ſcarce, it who twice brooks?
O 'tis the Chymiſt, that man of the fire,
Who by his Black Art
Does Soul and Body part:
He ſmoaks us, and choaks us,
And leaves us like Dun in the mire.

The learned Univerſities,
Ancient as Mince-pies,
Say that all are lies,
But *Emperick-like* hee'll make them broil
Like Sprats on the cole,
Leaving them no ſoul,
But make a deep hole
To bury their old heatheniſh ſoil.
O 'tis the Chymiſt, &c.

Old Phyſitians never writ
Ought of real wit;
But what was moſt fit
To be refin'd by th' Chymical Art;
Rubarb, Senna, and Drugs
Ev'n like to College Mugs,
Which the Sophiſter oft lugs,
Nothing comes, but a Metaphyſical F—
O 'tis the Chymiſt, &c.

'Gainſt *Hippocrates* and *Galen* eke,
Theſe Saints have a peke,
'Cauſe they wrote in *Greek*;
With Learning they'l not trouble the Brain,
The Mother-tongue alone
Kills dead as a ſtone;
This done with th' fifteenth part of a Grain.
O 'tis the Chymiſt, &c.

The College Doctors with great heat,
Do very much brow-beat
So deſp'rate a cheat,
Uſing prov'd methods ſafe to cure;
Yet theſe *Chymiſts* cry,
Who dares it deny?
At eaſie rates they'l make all ſure.
O 'tis the Chymiſt, &c.

If Wife of Husband, or Husband of Wife,
By reaſon of ſtrife
Are we'ry, Or Fathers life
Hinders th' Heir; his Laboratory
Can perform with haſt,
Without much diſtaſt,
What *Indian* poyſon cann't ſupply.
O 'tis the Chymiſt, that man of the fire,
Who by his Black Art
Does Soul and Body part:
He ſmoaks us, and choaks us,
And leaves us like Dun in the mire.

The learned *Chymiſts* we don't decry,
Natures Myſtery
He moſt faithfully
Unlocks: But our upſtart *Chymiſts* bee
A meer muſhroom ſtrain
Who give Folks their bain
Very *Quacks* in grain,
They, and the Sextons are in Fee.
O 'tis the Chymiſt, &c.

How ſay y' Sirs, ſhall theſe practiſe then,
Very expert men
T' kill, *Dick, Tom,* and *Ben?*
Nay, rather let this Chymical Crew,
Be ſent to *Algier*,
That Trade may be free'r:
They'l outdoe a Navy, give the Devil his due:
O 'tis the Chymiſt, &c.

Then may *New Troy* with Citizens fill,
Being ſecur'd from ill,
Then no printed Bill,
No Almanack; no Tradeſman's Shop
Shall th' *Elixir* vent,
To make Experiment
On liege people, killing with one drop.
O 'tis the Chymiſt, &c.

Now to conclude, let's merrily ſing
God bleſs Our Good KING
From the Dragons Sting,
Heavens preſerve him Ages about:
For none of his Foes
The Common-weal oppoſe,
As every one knows,
By their great hurt, and woes,
Than th' *Quack* and this *Chymical Rout.*
O 'tis the Chymiſt, &c.

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